

DO GET SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S XMAS CARD

SEE PAGE 47

Silver Screen

January

DEC 20 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION



Ginger Rogers

Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!



Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—*when resistance is low.*

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 show that those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than those who did not use it. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

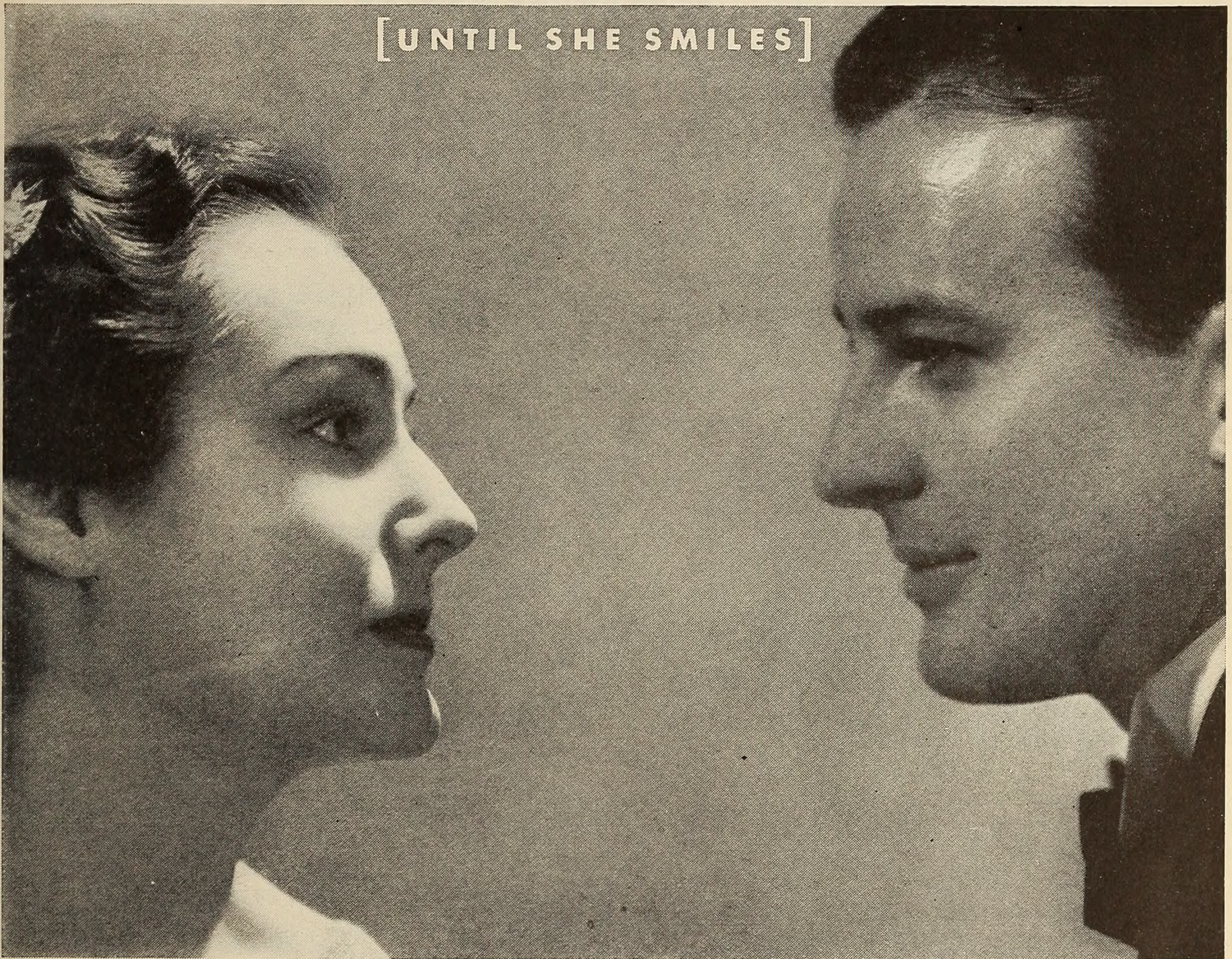


10¢



Enchanted Moment

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups — dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—

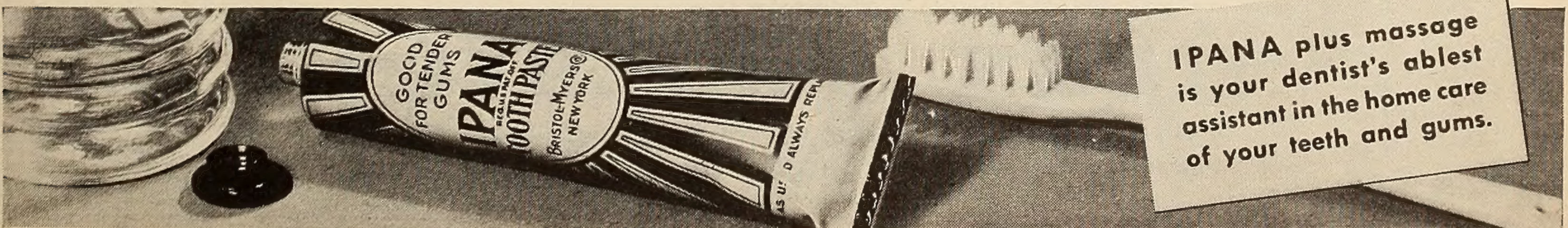
cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thor-

oughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly.

And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.



THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

★ ★ ★

We've gone a long way back
We admit.

But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

★ ★ ★

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

★ ★ ★

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—



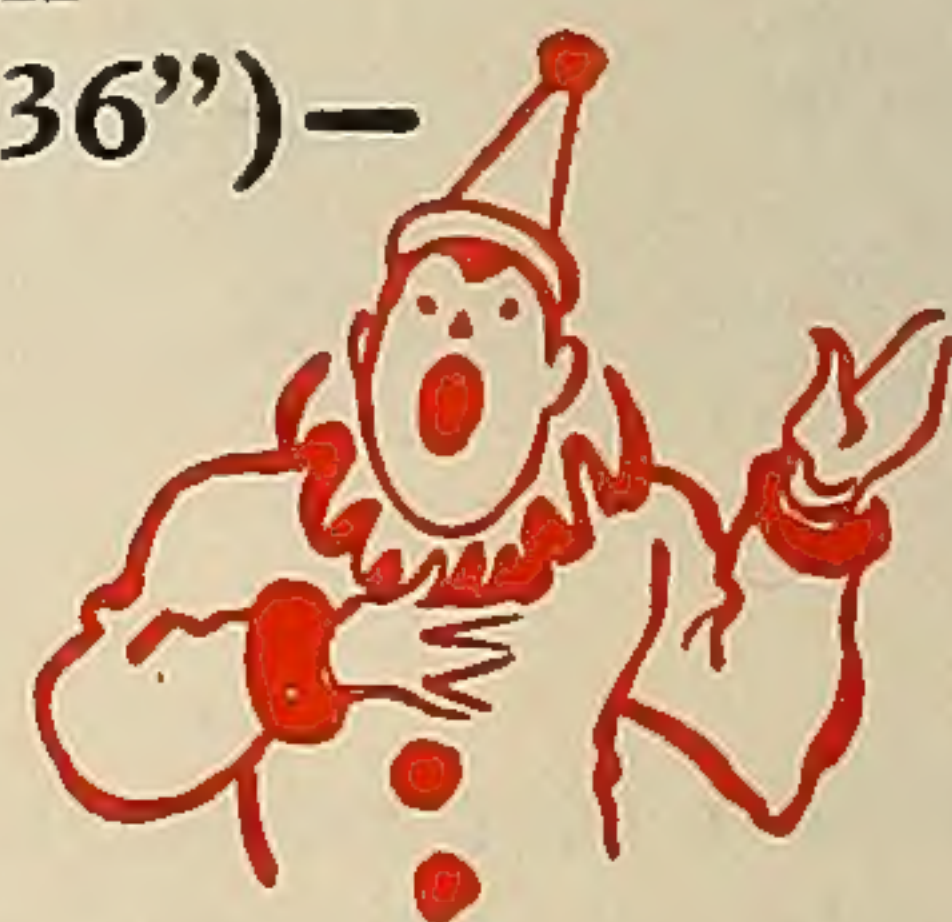
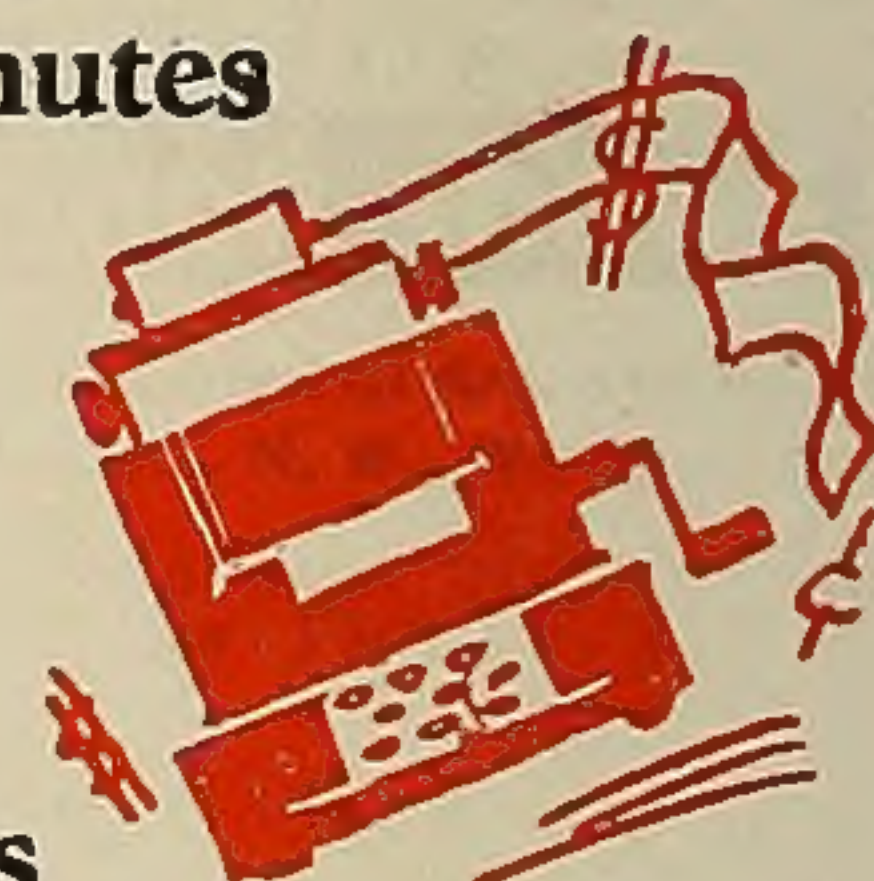
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

★ ★ ★

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put \$1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is \$12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

★ ★ ★

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!



"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY 1936

VOLUME SIX
NUMBER THREE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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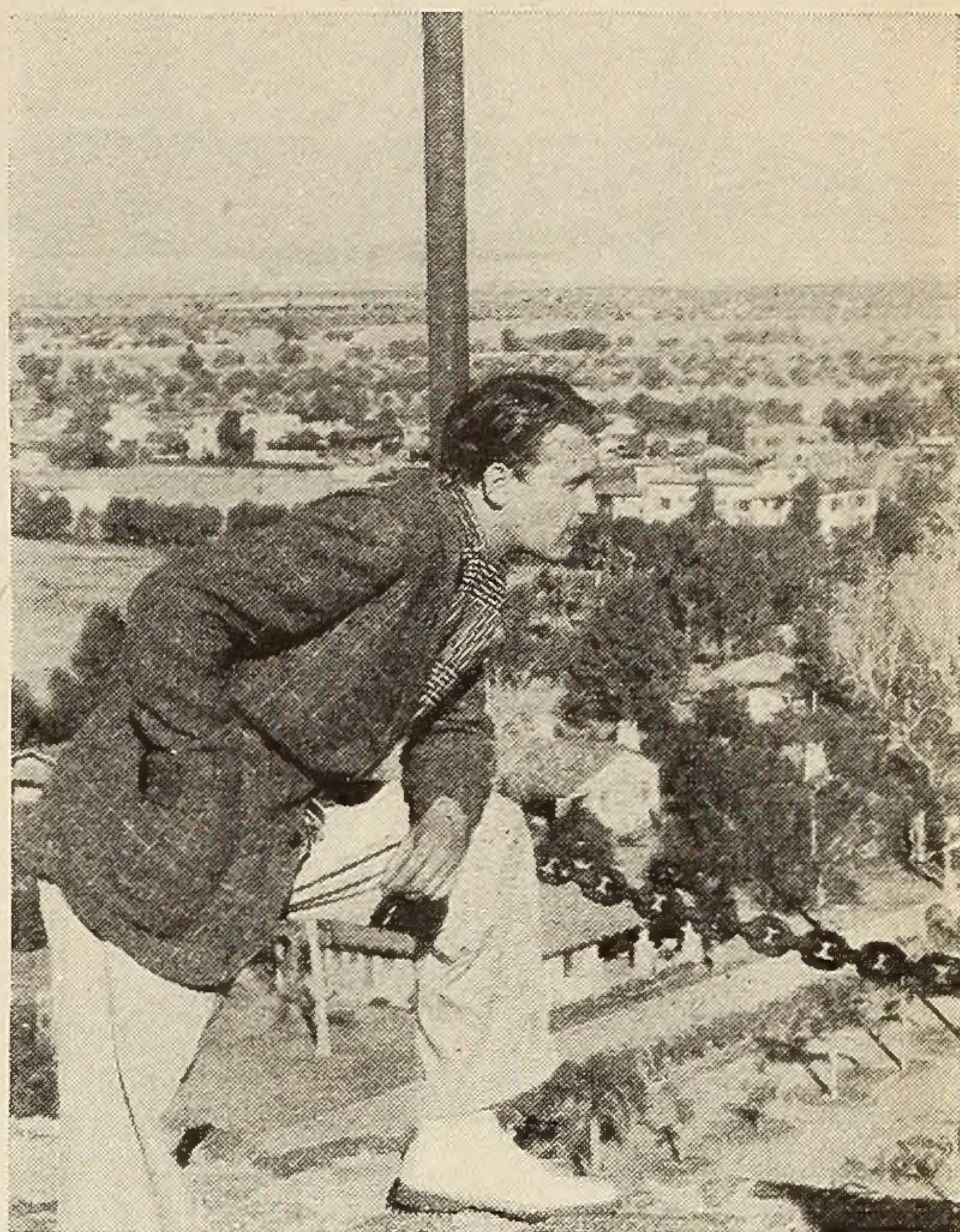
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COVER PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The OPENING CHORUS



Ralph Bellamy looking over his new club at Palm Springs.

A Letter from Liza

DEAR BOSS: Do movie stars ever get in your hair, like bats? I admit they get in mine ever so often, and I am all set to tell off a few of them when it occurs to me that I must not bite the hand that feeds me—so I get in my car and drive like mad to get away from it all.

"Away" last Sunday turned out to be Palm Springs. I just drove until it wasn't raining any more, and there was Palm Springs in the desert. A little Sherry, I said to myself, will warm the cockles of my heart, so, not having any friends among the Upper Crust who hang out at Palm Springs, I drove to the nearest bar, which happened to be the Racquet Club no less. Well I never saw such a swell place to recover from the dumps with doldrums on the side.

The Racquet Club is owned and organized by Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell and was having its official opening the day I wandered in to "get away from it all." It has four championship tennis courts, a swimming pool, a clubhouse and a nifty little bar built out of bamboo and designed by "Mitch" Leisen, one of my favorite directors who did "Hands Across the Table," starring Lombard.

The "tennis crowd" has already adopted the Racquet Club, and sooner or later all of Hollywood "getting away from it all" will wind up there, and from the looks of things I think Messieurs Bellamy and Farrell are going to clean up, besides having a lot of fun.

On the opening day Ralph Bellamy, Charlie Farrell, Paul Lukas and John Mack Brown gave exhibition matches, aided and abetted by several professionals, and all the "tennis crowd" was out including the Charlie Butterworths, Grace Moore, George Brent, Claire Trevor, Mala, George Bancroft, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Herbert Marshall, Countess di Frasso, Elizabeth Allen and Kay Francis.

Now, when I entered the Racquet Club that morning, I would have sold you Hollywood, with Beverly Hills and Garbo thrown in, for a dime with a hole in it, but when I left that evening I was feeling so elegantly Racquet Clubish that I bought a tennis racquet and have decided to become one of the "tennis crowd."

Yours for better racquets,

LIZA.

REVIEWS

Tips On Pictures

BARBARY COAST, THE—Splendid. San Francisco in 1849, when the Gold Rush was on and law and order were unknown quantities. A robust, exciting film, with Miriam Hopkins, Ed. G. Robinson and Joel McCrea.

BORN FOR GLORY—Fair. Filmed in England, this picture is remarkable mainly for its marvelous naval scenes and battles. There are many thrilling moments, but the story itself is sort of lost in the shuffle. (Betty Balfour-John Mills.)

EAGLE'S BROOD—Good. The second of the Hopalong Cassidy series of de luxe westerns which will especially appeal to the youngsters. (Wm. Farnum, Wm. Boyd, Joan Woodbury.)

FEATHER IN HER HAT, A—Fair. A rather heavy-footed drama of mother-love, with Pauline Lord sacrificing about everything she can so that her son may achieve wealth and position. (Louis Hayward, Wendy Barrie, Billie Burke, Basil Rathbone.)

FRISCO KID—Excellent. A skilfully told drama of San Francisco when it was known as the Barbary Coast. Jimmy Cagney gives a forceful characterization in the title rôle, and the fine supporting cast includes Margaret Lindsay, George E. Stone, Ricardo Cortez & Lili Damita.

HAPPINESS C.O.D.—Good. A charming little comedy that is touching and human. Donald Meek plays the father of an extravagant family, which of course turns out O.K. at the finish. (Irene Ware, Wm. Bakewell.)

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE—Fine. A sparkling comedy concerning a manicurist (Carole Lombard) who determines to marry for money, only to find herself in love with Fred MacMurray who cherishes the same ambitions as she. Of course you know the answer to this conundrum.

I LIVE MY LIFE—Fine. A comedy-drama of high society with Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne as the principle protagonists and antagonists. If you like luxurious settings and the doings of the upper crust see this by all means. (Jessie Ralph, Arthur Treacher, Aline MacMahon.)

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ—Fair. A period musical romance filmed in England, and with lovely Lilian Harvey in the leading rôle of a dancer who is aided by Napoleon when she gets into a precarious situation.

IT'S IN THE AIR—Amusing. Jack Benny is just as big a laugh-promoter on the screen as he is on the radio. A fine supporting cast helps to keep this gay and goofy farce traveling along at a smart pace. (Ted Healy, Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Mary Carlisle.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—Good. Although this does not retain all the well-remembered incidents in Bulwer Lytton's famous novel, it is nevertheless a beautifully produced film with the thrilling eruption of Vesuvius lending an exciting note. (Preston Foster-Dorothy Wilson.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Fair. The World War furnishes drama for another film—this time a triangular affair, with Claude Rains and Cary Grant both getting tremendously hot and bothered over Gertrude Michael.

LITTLE AMERICA—Excellent. A thrilling motion picture depicting some of the most exciting adventures of Admiral Byrd and his men on his most recent Antarctic Expedition.

MAN OF IRON—Good. The story of an iron worker who, through the sheer force of his personality and his prowess, achieves great heights, only to find that he was happiest when working hand in hand with the men. (Barton MacLane, Dorothy Peterson, John Eldridge, Mary Astor.)

MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Fair. Josephine Hutchinson cast as the pianist whose lover dies during the world war and whose child is lost to her for many years. A rather old-fashioned story, but beautifully produced, with good music and an interesting cast.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A—Fine. Shakespeare's exquisite fantasy, as presented by that master showman, Max Reinhardt, should be a "must see" on your list. The cast contains such familiar names as Joe E. Brown, Jimmy Cagney, Frank McHugh, Olivia de Havilland.



Myrna Loy is back on the screen in "The Great Ziegfeld."

MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN—Good. A murder-mystery that should please all those who like to play detective. (Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Philip Reed, John Eldridge, Johnny Arthur.)

O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY—Fine. When that eloquent team—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper—are out to tear your heart strings, you haven't a chance in the world.

ONE WAY TICKET—Good. Here we have the unique idea of a prison guard's daughter aiding and abetting a convict to escape. They marry but are forced to spend their days eluding capture. A serious drama, well told and acted. (Peggy Conklin, Walter Connolly, Lloyd Nolan.)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET—Good. There's an interesting angle in this tale of a former Park Avenue maid who promotes a young insurance agent and his wife into Long Island society. (Ruth Donnelly, Anita Louise, Frank Albertson.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Fine. A grand cast got busy on this satirical take-off on a mystery story and gave it all they've got. Here are some of the gay protagonists—Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Gregory Ratoff, Jack LaRue, Monroe Owsley, etc.

SHIP CASE—Good. A romantic comedy with music that should provide as pleasant an evening's entertainment as anyone might wish. It all takes place aboard ship, with the acting of the leads delightful and the dialogue delicious! (Carl Brisson, Mady Christians, Arline Judge.)

SOCIETY FEVER—Fair. The domestic trials and tribulations of a socially prominent family when their source of income is curtailed. It has its amusing moments. (Guinn Williams, Sheila Terry, Lois Wilson.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY, THE—Good. An intriguing mystery film woven around one of Ellery Queen's popular stories. (Donald Cook plays Ellery Queen, and Berton Churchill, Helen

Twelvetrees and Harry Stubbs lend adequate support.)

THIS WOMAN IS MINE—Good. Produced in England, this tragedy of circus life has Gregory Ratoff as the lion tamer in love with his foster-daughter, Benita Hume. Richard Bennett is in the cast.

THOUSAND DOLLARS A MINUTE—Amusing. Have you ever wondered how you'd spend a fortune if it was wished on you? Well, here Roger Pryor is faced with the predicament of spending \$1,000 a minute! And he finds it a pretty difficult task, too! (Leila Hyams.)

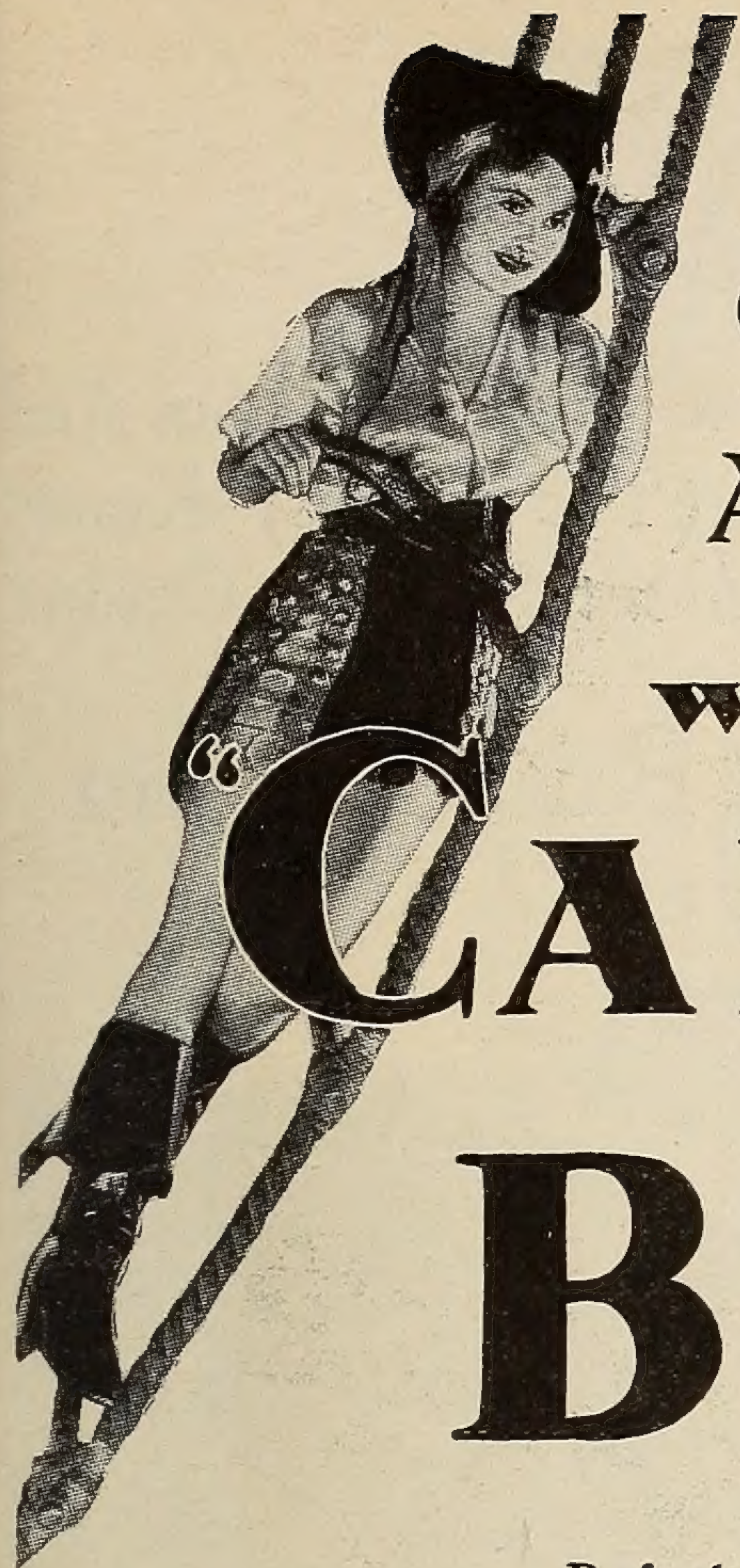
THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—Fine. Alexander Dumas' dashing romantic adventure novel once again brought to the screen (remember when Doug Fairbanks, Sr., played D'Artagnan?) with all the color and flavor of the original retained. (Walter Abel, Paul Lukas, Heather Angel, etc.)

TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL—Fine. An extremely interesting idea is dramatically portrayed here—that of fashioning a tunnel beneath the Atlantic to connect England and America within a period of 4 hours. Grand cast includes Richard Dix, Helen Vinson, Madge Evans.

TWO FISTED—Good. A fast-paced comedy about a down and out prize fighter and his down and out manager (James Gleason and Richard Taber.) Lee Tracy, Roscoe Karns and Gail Patrick round out an excellent cast.

VALLEY OF WANTED MEN—Fair. A Peter B. Kyne action story is neatly transferred to the screen, with Drue Leyton, Russell Hopton and Frankie Darro in the principle rôles.

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Fine. An interesting travelogue which shows you the country just as it is, minus any bunk or glamor, and gives you an idea of what the white man can expect of it during war time. No sides are taken so you are privileged to draw your own conclusions.



Come Adventuring with **CAPTAIN BLOOD**

The buccaneers are coming!...in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.

After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill. What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by



THE PICTURE
OF THE MONTH

treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome ERROL FLYNN, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND who brilliantly repeats the success

she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!



"The FEED BAG"



Buck Jones Is A Circus Man And Odelle (The Missus) Knows All About Circus Cuisine.

By Ruth Corbin

BUCK JONES has played the leading rôle in many a thrilling western drama in which, as the hard-riding square-shooting hero, he gets the girl in the end. However, none of his screen love stories compare with his real life one and, although he has been married to his wife twenty years now, the end of their story is nowhere in view. They are as much or more in love than they were when they met.

They fell in love at first sight, too, tremendously and entirely. Odelle, Buck's wife, told me the true story of their romance and marriage, the night she left with her eighteen-year-old daughter Maxine on a round-the-world tour. It is the first time Buck and Odelle have been apart in all these twenty years.

When you know Odelle, it is easy to see how she and Buck have managed to keep their marriage safe through all the trials and successes that go with movie making. As a girl she loved adventure. She ran away from her aunt's home near Philadelphia, where she was living while her mother was out on the road with a vaudeville company. She was barely fourteen years old and she went out into the world during an era when girls were not doing this sort of thing.

Odelle went about her preparations in canny fashion when she took her departure. She had a little money she had saved from the monthly allowance her mother sent her, and she bought a young ladies tailored suit, which added years to her appearance. She put her hair up on her head woman-fashion and bought a ticket for New York. Upon her arrival there, she went directly to the Madison Square Garden where the 101 Ranch Wild West shows were staging a rodeo. She convinced Mrs. Tantlinger, who was in charge of the women riders, that she was over 18 years old and that she could ride. She could, too, although she had learned on a bunch of farm horses. Buck watched her go through her try-out, and the beauty and skill she exhibited in horsemanship that day won his admiration. Her personal beauty won his heart. It was a case of love at first sight with both of them.

There were trials and vicissitudes for them during that long year, when relatives, circumstances and everything that can possibly enter into love to make things difficult came their way, but they sur-

Daughter Maxine and Mother Odelle are usually mistaken for sisters.

Buck Jones makes successful Western pictures.



mounted all obstacles and the following spring were married.

They kept on the road, riding together, until Odelle learned that a "blessed event" was coming their way. Buck decided it was time then to settle down and make a home and he came west to Hollywood. They took a little bungalow on North Sunset Boulevard for which they paid \$12.50 a month, but compared to the quarters in which they had lived previously, the little place was a palace.

Odelle says that keeping house was never any problem for her. She married Buck at an age when most girls are starting in High School and she didn't know a thing about housekeeping or cooking, but nothing was difficult for her, because she read most of the leading household magazines from cover to cover and Buck bought her a standard cook book for her culinary guide. She followed directions explicitly and was an excellent cook from the start. She never even burned toast or made any of the little errors that most young wives do. It sounds almost too good to be true, but Buck swears it is a fact.

Keeping house did not prevent Odelle from continuing to ride horseback. She rode up until a few months before Maxine was born. Moreover, she made quite a tidy sum doubling for leading ladies who could not ride well.

Luck was with them from the first. Buck got a chance to double for Tom Mix and other western stars and within a few months after his arrival in Hollywood, he

was playing second lead with Franklyn Farnum in a Selig Western. As soon as the picture was released, both Fox and Paramount started bidding for his services. He finally signed with Fox. In the beginning he received a hundred dollars a week. Odelle laughed when she was telling about this part of their life together. A hundred dollars seemed like a great sum to them and they took a beach house and went in for fancy living as far as food and surroundings was concerned. She went in for cooking in a big way and cooked so much and so well that before long the studio admonished Buck not to put on any more weight.

He is quite fond of food, as most western men are. He likes big, thick juicy steaks. Tenderloin, preferred. With plenty of hashed brown potatoes and gravy. Combination salad with plain dressing makes a frequent appearance on the Jones dinner table. Buck has never gone in for trick diets although at times he goes systematically at the problem of weight reduction. He takes off his excess poundage, whenever he seems to be putting on a few too many, by the simple method of exercising. He rides a great deal and in between pictures he works out on his ranch.

The Buck Jones rancho is one of the loveliest estates in San Fernando Valley. A long lane of leafy trees leads up to the

[Continued on page 72]

Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women" . . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

HEPBURN



You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

•
An RKO-Radio Picture directed by GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you "Little Women" and "David Copperfield"

in **"SYLVIA SCARLETT"**

with **CARY GRANT**
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production

"You're Telling Me?"

Write A Letter (It Can Be About Anything Or Anyone In The Movies) And The Writers Of The Fifty Best Letters Will Receive A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH Inscribed To Them By Their Favorite Star And Signed And Framed.



This prize, a framed Ginger Rogers photo, was awarded to Virginia Sharp of Rochester, N. Y., because she wrote such an interesting letter.



Ginger Rogers writing a few words of greeting on her photograph.

"AN ORCHID to Katharine Hepburn as Alice in 'Alice Adams'—or better, a bunch of violets!" writes Mrs. J. W. Eisenberg of McCalla Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. "It doesn't seem possible that forthright Jo could be pretentious, affected Alice, but that and 'Break of Hearts' prove how versatile Hepburn can be. She alters her personality to fit the character. That's art!"

Gee Whiz!

SARA REED of Walnut St., Reading, Pa., asks: "How's about bigger and better boosts for Bob Taylor, that dark, handsome gentleman who is fast becoming the rave of millions of women all over the whole U. S.? Can't we have a story about him in one of your future issues? Do please make it soon!"

Don't miss "Broadway Melody of 1936"—he's terrific.

"GLORY AND laurels to Walt Disney, first, for 'The Band Concert,' and now for 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' The latter, especially, is a Silly that, to the average critical moviegoer like myself, is not only *not* silly but a lively, colorful work of art—a full use of all the possibilities of the cinema in fact," writes Louis E. Palffy of 15th Ave., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. "The antics of the quaint little actors of animaldom holding the center of the stage in both productions are certainly pleasing. The first showings of these pictures brought down the house amidst hilarious shouts of genuine and whole-hearted laughter."

When Mickey speaks that's Disney's own voice.

"LESLIE HOWARD really knows the art of acting and his natural performances are always looked forward to with much interest by lovers of the theatre," writes Mrs. P. T. Hill of North West St., Jackson, Miss. "But what I am wishing most is that he will be real generous and make more pictures in the future than he has in the past. His never-to-be forgotten acting in 'Of Human Bondage' was enjoyed by millions who will never have the opportunity to thrill to his talent on the stage."

"Women must wait!"

"WHY DON'T the producers give us a picture co-starring George Raft and lovely Ginger Rogers? We all love Ginger and I think George is the most fascinating person I have ever seen in pictures. Their dancing would be wonderful," writes Miss E. F. DeLaine, Hopkins, Minn. "I hope to see my letter in print soon. Also let's have some good picture of George for our albums."

Everybody likes Raft, but, still, is he in Astaire's class?

"AND WHILE speaking of Motion Picture Academy recognition, what is the mat-

ter with Victor McLaglen in 'The Informer'? Without good looks or sex appeal he was perfect. The story itself may have been over the heads of some, but the performance was magnificent and should merit recognition," writes Mrs. Emily Dunham of 11 Maple Court, Bay Shore, L. I. "Incidentally, but not least, may I say that your magazine SILVER SCREEN is one of the finest of its kind published."

Thanks, Em'.

"AFTER SEEING 'Les Miserables' I searched through all the fan magazines to find out something about the man who played Bishop Bienvenu, and, finally, in my best bet, SILVER SCREEN, read the Final Fling for Sir Cedric Hardwicke," writes Winifred M. Graham of Greene St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. "You may be right or wrong about the desirability of the movies preaching—the idea doesn't, in general, appeal to me—but if Sir Cedric's performance is your idea of it, let's have more and more of it. He certainly put himself across."

Sir Cedric's performance was perfect, the part was "preaching."

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Jan. 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is

Address..... City..... State.....

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in November have been notified by mail.

If You Would Like A Beautiful Framed Portrait Of Your Favorite Star, Inscribed To You And With The Star's Signature, Write A Letter For This Page.

SILVER SCREEN

Topics for Gossips

IT'S John Gilbert who, with great unconcern, always walks right past the "Absolutely No Visitors" sign on the stage door of the "Desire" set, but somehow or other when noon comes it is always Brian Aherne whom Marlene Dietrich meets for lunch at Luceys across the street from the studio.

MIRIAM HOPKINS has a fortune teller come to the studio, when she is working, three times a week regularly, and has been doing this for the past two years. In fact Miriam is just a pushover for the ladies who read the cards. Miriam claims that she isn't superstitious but that it is a heck of a lot of fun.

JOHN BOLES probably has the most remarkable wife in Hollywood. The Boles recently had visitors from back home in Texas and of course they had to go to the studio to see John work. It so happened they came on the day John was doing a big love scene. Mrs. Boles and the guests watched John make ardent love to a very pretty star for quite some time. When they left the set one of the Texas ladies said, "Marcelite, I just don't see how you can stand watching John make love to those beautiful women." "Oh, phooey," said Mrs. Boles, "I make him do it well. It's a reflection on me if he doesn't."

IMMEDIATELY after the preview of "Sylvia Scarlett" Katharine Hepburn upped and planed it to New York for a vacation. As a parting gift Director George Cukor (who is about the only one who can tease Katie and get by with it) presented his leading lady with a gold charm bracelet made up of little trinkets representing all the things that Katie hates most. There was a charm made up like a lake which of course was to remind Katie of "The Lake," her New York stage flop, and another represented a broken heart which was for "Break of Hearts," Katie's flop picture, and another greatly resembled a certain actress whom Miss Hepburn has no fondness for.

HOWARD HUGHES, the young millionaire producer who does this "rushing" business in a big way, has fallen hard for Hepburn. 'Tis said he hasn't been hit so hard since the days of the frenzied Billie



Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy are co-starred in "Riff Raff." It is a story of stormy love on the waterfront.

Dove romance, not to mention that great amour he once had for Jean Harlow. One day when she was on location Howard landed his plane right down on the set where Katie was working—she probably refused to speak to him over the phone. Hepburn strenuously denies that there is a romance. There has been a rumor about for quite some time that Katie is married to her agent, Leland Hayward, but maybe Howard Hughes hasn't heard.

WHILE Spencer Tracy was working in "Riff Raff" he and the director of the picture, Walter Ruben, became quite interested in horses and the approaching racing season at Santa Anita. Spencer has had a string of polo ponies for some time but he has never gone in for race horses before. However, he and Mr. Ruben got so excited over horse flesh one day that they decided to organize a stable then and there. Their first horse was a present from Jean Harlow, named "Wait For Me." Now I ask you, what a name for a race horse! Would you bet on "Wait For Me?"

HAVE you a little auction in your neighborhood? If so, and it's anywhere near where Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney could travel, you'd be sure to see them. The two screen collectors, who are close friends in private life, attend the local auctions weekly.

ARE you one to worship Royalty? Kay Francis admits that she is, and will stand out in the rain any day in the week to see the Prince of Wales drive by. I'm even worse than that, I like Queen Mary's hats. But what I am leading up to is that all of us old royalists will be interested in seeing "Sylvia Scarlett," not only because it stars Katharine Hepburn, but because the second feminine lead is played by Princess Natalie Paley. The Princess (quite bona fide) is the daughter of the Grand Duke Paul and blood relative of the late Czar Nicholas, and was one of the royal Romanoffs to escape to safety in exile when the revolution rocked Russia. She was a child at the time of her escape and has

[Continued on page 55]

"GARBO IS RIGHT"

Joan Crawford Insists That Being
Nice To Reporters Does Not Pay.

By Ed Sullivan

CURLED up on a couch, in Suite 7-G at the Waldorf, and very chic in a tailored brown suit, Joan Crawford heatedly delivered herself of a considered opinion of the New York press: "After what has happened to Franchot and myself on this wedding trip," she said, decisively, "I've come to the conclusion that Garbo and Hepburn are right. Run away from the newspapermen and photographers—thumb your nose at them—because the best a celebrity can get from the ladies and gentlemen of the press, (most of them) is the worst of it. They misquote you, they annoy you to death and if you try to be 'regular,' they step all over you."

"I got up at 6 A.M. to give a reporter an interview on the train at Harmon, N. Y. I figured that he had been given an unpleasant assignment and that I'd be as good a sport about it as a girl can be at that ungodly hour of the morning. As we talked, the train rocked unsteadily around curves, and I said to this newspaperman: 'That's the way it's been on these darned trains all across the continent.' So when I reached New York, I picked up the afternoon paper and this reporter had twisted that commonplace remark into the lead of a story in which I was quoted as saying: 'I find it almost impossible to sleep in a Pullman berth—alone.'"

The Crawford eyes blazed: "That's typical of what you get from newspapermen when you try to be decent with them. So I say that Garbo is right, and Hepburn is right. Let reporters all go to . . . blazes." She lighted a cigarette, and the flame of the match matched the flame of her eyes.

We smoked in silence for a few moments and Joan resumed: "Of course, I couldn't be a Garbo," she said, with the faint trace of a smile on her face. "If a posse of newspapermen and women were chasing me, the temptation to yell: 'Yoo-Hoo. Here I am; Chase me' would be too much for my sense of humor. Greta can do it and does do it and I think she's magnificent, really, but I couldn't, damn it." She sipped her orange pekoe tea and I quaffed a brandy and soda. I was really enjoying this interview.

"The other day, in your column," Joan continued, "you wrote an open letter to Franchot and myself. You said that I shouldn't forget that the same newspapermen who were pestering us for our honeymoon plans were the writers who had built me up from an unknown chorus girl to a movie star." I nodded: "Yes, I wrote it and I meant it." She stooped to recover the mules that had fallen from her silk-stockinged feet, and, holding one of them in her hand to punctuate her remarks, she answered: "Well, you're all wrong. When I read that in your column, I thought to myself that I'd like to have you in California to show you my scrapbooks. I'd show you thousands of newspaper clippings

and most of them are *Raps* and *Digs*. There's no reason why I should go out of my way to do anything for the press. They've done little enough for me. I've worked darn hard to get where I am and I've had precious little help from the press." Her voice trailed off and she jabbed at her eyes.

Then and only then did I realize that Joan Crawford was crying, and that she was voicing to me all the hurt and pain of the yesterdays and yesterdays of her screen career: "I didn't know you were so sensitive," I said, feebly. "Forget it," she said. "What difference does it make whether I'm sensitive or not?" "But you shouldn't take things so seriously," I objected. "When I wrote that thing in my column, I didn't write it with any malice." She nodded her head, completely recovered from the tears that had wetted her cheeks: "I know," she said, a trifle wearily. "I've cried and cried, time and again, over some story in the paper or in the screen magazines and then I've pulled myself together and said: 'Forget it, Joan. Don't take any of them seriously.' But half an hour after I've made my fine resolution, I've sent the maid out to buy the latest screen magazines, to read what some other writer has to say about me. It's crazy—but we can't all be sensible, can we?"

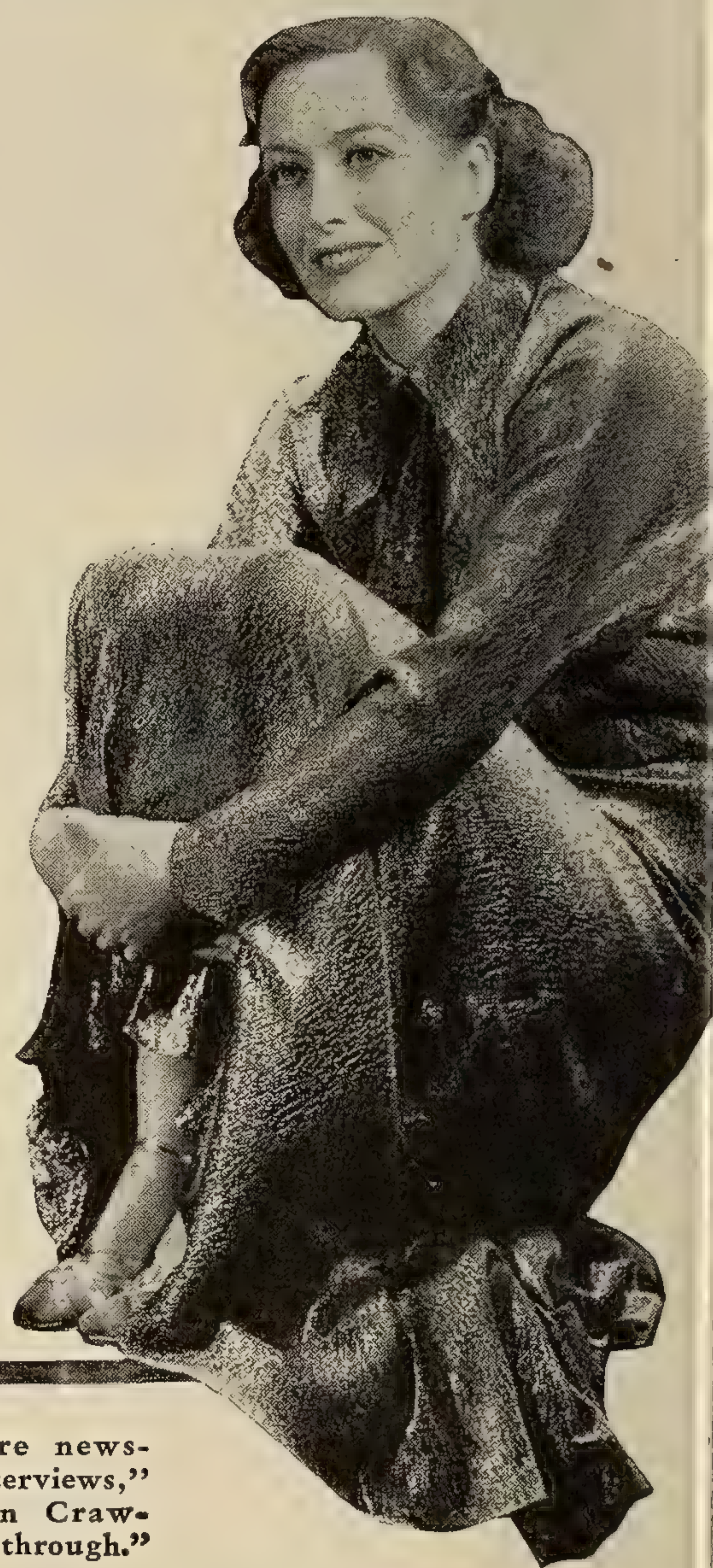
I didn't get to answer that question. At that particular moment, Franchot Tone returned to the Waldorf suite: "This is Ed Sullivan, Franchot," said Joan. "I'm awfully glad you came up to visit us, Ed," said the husband. "I've never forgotten the grand criticism you wrote of the Group Theatre's 'House of Connelly.' We had worked awfully hard on it and we needed help badly from the papers. You gave it to us and I'll never forget the thrill the cast got when somebody rushed in with your review in the Graphic."

"We were just talking about newspapermen," said Joan. "Ed says that if we had taken the New York newspapermen completely into our confidence, told them that we were going to be married secretly on such and such a day, that then they'd have left us alone." Tone shook his head: "We tried that,"

he said. "I know that the fellows have to do their job and I'm not hard to get along with, but so help me, if we walked out into the hall, the flashlights would explode. If we went out to eat, a reporter would be hiding under the napkins."

Joan looked at me happily: "There, didn't I tell you," she said. "However," said Franchot, "I understand a lot of things that Joan finds difficult to understand. When I was an actor in the Group Theatre on Broadway, I got the same reaction to Hollywood stars that newspapermen get. The publicity that Hollywood stars receive frequently reaches a point where it is apt

to turn your stomach. It's difficult for Joan to understand this because she has lived so long in Hollywood that she's become accustomed to it. But what the newspapermen don't realize, completely, is that



"No more newspaper interviews," says Joan Crawford, "I'm through."

this is not the fault of the star. High-powered publicity men at the studio are paid to publicize the movie stars, and they do a grand job of it. As a result, you have a situation something like this: Joan, who is a swell girl in every sense of the word, arrives in New York, for instance, on a tidal wave of publicity, some of it silly, but publicity nevertheless. New York newspapermen, meeting Joan at the station, look at her through eyes discolored by the publicity that has preceded her. Their irritation seeps into the interview. If they could regard her as a human being, disregard everything they've ever read about



"Newspaper writers are not fair," says Joan. "They turn things around to make them sound different."

her, everybody would be the gainer."

I think that is the most intelligent discussion of the conflict between movie star and newspaperman that I've ever heard. Tone really hit the nail on the head. For instance, whenever I meet movie stars, there is a definite resentment in the back of my mind. I've read silly interviews which they allegedly have uttered, and when I meet them the first time, I'm thinking to myself: "This silly sap is the same one who said that she likes to meditate half an hour before breakfast." The first time I met Carole Lombard, she and I became quite friendly and during the interview I asked her if she'd ever made such a statement as the one quoted above. "Hell, no," said the very regular Lombard eyeful, "some halfwit ghost writer gave that out." Tone's advice to disregard everything ever written about a movie star is sound sense.

I asked Joan to give me the real, honest-to-goodness background of her own career: "I've read a lot of things about you," I pointed out, "but from now on, I won't believe anything about a movie star unless he or she tells it to me."

"I was born in Texas," she said, settling back into the couch. "When I was quite young, the family moved to Kansas City. I went to school there for a short time,

and then ran away from school to work in a Kansas City department store. I wanted to make enough money to get to New York—Broadway. I always felt that I was cut out to be a performer. That's a funny thing. I've asked my mother time and again if some place in the family, somebody had been on the stage, but evidently I was the first of the clan to be bitten by the stage bug.

"I finally got enough money to come to New York. My name then was Lucille Le Sueur. I lived in a tiny brownstone house on 50th street, just off 7th Avenue. The day after Franchot and I were married, I went to see the flat where I'd lived. It is now the Roxy Theatre. I'll never forget how I felt when I lived there. I had two pair of silk stockings and I used to wash them and hang them out the window to dry. I never thought then that I'd actually realize my wildest dreams.

"Two things I'll credit myself with—ambition and courage. I always had plenty of both. I wasn't particularly attractive then, it seems to me. I was not very tall—I've grown three inches in the last six years—and I was heavier, about 135 pounds. I weigh 115 pounds now, so if you can picture me twenty pounds heavier and three inches shorter, you'll get a good picture

of a fairly plump girl.

"The legend is that I was so beautiful that the Shuberts picked me for a Winter Garden show and moved all the other girls back so that I could be seen to better advantage in the front row of the chorus line. As a matter of cold fact, I was placed well in the rear, the second or third row. It was only in the last two weeks of the show, when some of the real beauties of the chorus had left, that I was promoted to the front line. Luckily for me, it was during the last two weeks that Al Altman, Harry Rapf and Bob Rubin of M-G-M came in to see the show. They were just names to me and I didn't even know they were sitting in the audience. That's how I got my screen test. It didn't turn out so well and they told N. T. Granlund that they wanted me to take another test. I told 'Granny' that I couldn't find the time because I was going home to Kansas City to spend the Christmas vacation with my mother. N. T. G. gave me a crack on the head and said: 'Listen, You, get over there and take that screen test. Do you want to do a broken-down time step all your life in a Broadway chorus.' So that's the only reason I went back and took another test. In those days, the movies didn't mean as

[Continued on page 55]

In Hollywood THE MEN

By Gladys Hall



Warner Baxter had to have a wave put in his hair. He smoked big black cigars and read the fight news while in the beauty shoppe! Ann Loring at right.

IN HOLLYWOOD, men have to go to Beauty Parlors, too. In medieval days the heroes of that age had, rather frequently, to go to the Inquisition, where, in little booths, they received the treatment of the thumb-screw, the rack, the water-cure and the bastinado. They were *really* permanently waved!

The present-day heroes, the Twentieth Century equivalents of the gladiators, crusaders and knights of the Round Table, feel very much about beauty parlors as did their medieval prototypes about the Inquisition.

Beauty parlors are torture chambers to the male spirit. The torture may be of a more exquisite nature, but it is torture none the less.

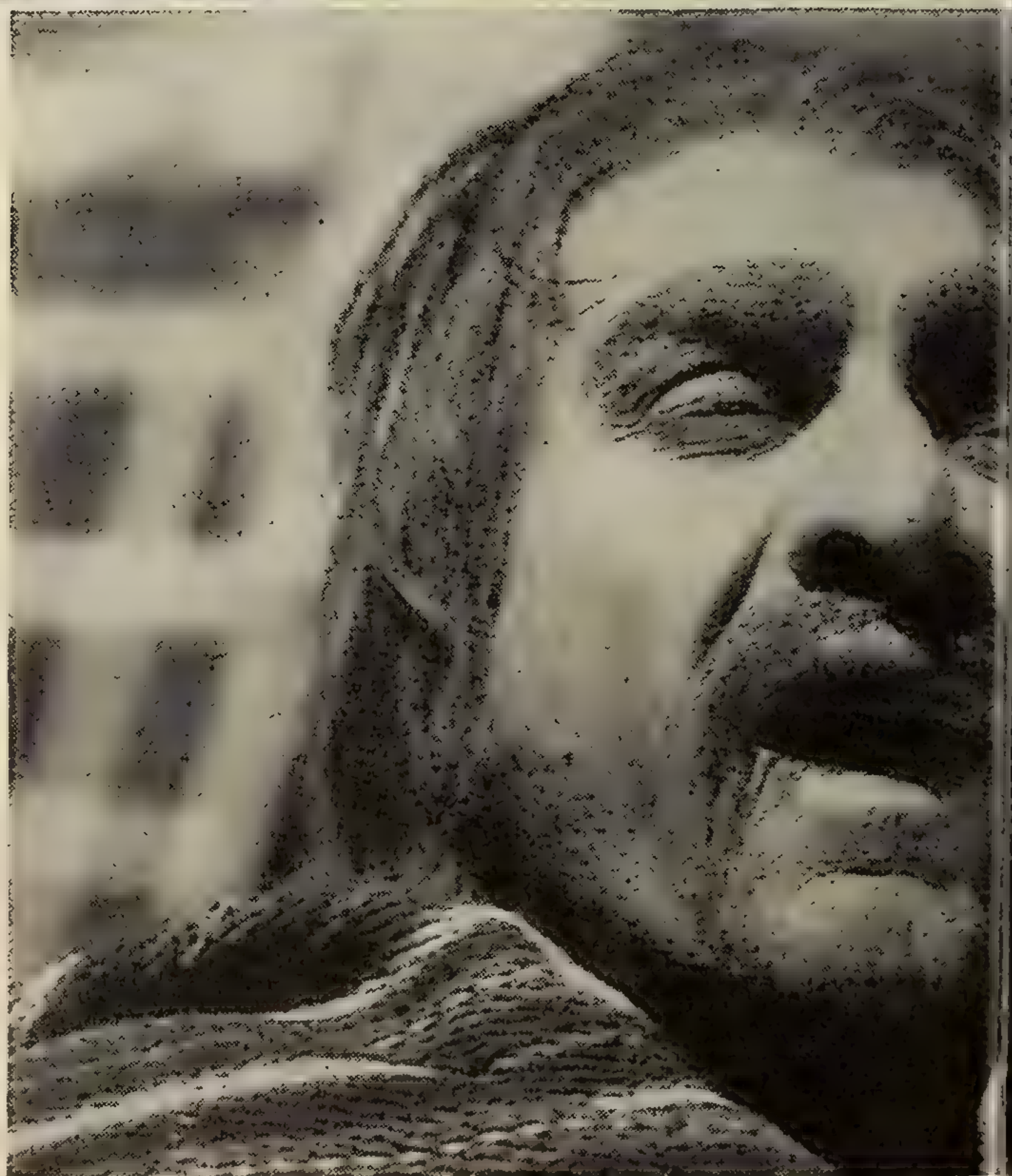
Bob Montgomery, I think, gave me the keynote to the way the majority of his fellow-men stars feel about the necessity for make-up, for cold cream and eyebrow pencils and rouge. He told me about the very first day his small daughter, Betty, ever visited him in his dressing room on the M-G-M lot. He was in the act of making up as she entered. The young lady who was with her said facetiously, "Well, Betty, what do you think of your Paw in make-up?" And before Betty had time to answer, Paw himself wheeled about and said "I imagine she feels considerably embarrassed for me. She should."

Some few of the male stars, recognizing

the sound necessity, take to make-up more kindly than others. Bill Powell, for instance, says that he suffers and always has suffered from a deep-rooted inferiority complex. He said that as a boy he went through agonies when he was invited to a party. He spent hours figuring out in advance how he could best make a good impression, cut an impressive figure. "If," said Bill, "in those pre-screen days I had been able to curl my mustache to a rakish angle or anoint my face with some beautifying ungent I might not have suffered such pangs of self-consciousness. For those of us who suffer from inferiority, make-up is something of a boon. It makes us feel that we are someone else or, at least, that we are vastly improved. Not that I use it very often—not unless it is absolutely necessary for a characterization or for an age transference."

Edward Arnold—"Diamond Jim" Arnold—is another of the robust, virile he-men of the screen who frankly admits a liking for make-up and has no inhibitions whatever about discussing cold creams, powder-bases

and the best operators in the best beauty shoppes. He said to me "I can act much better when I am made up. I *am* an actor, in fact, only after I have put on the grease-paint and, if necessary, the eyebrow pencil



J. Carroll Naish with his powder puff.

HAVE TO GO TO BEAUTY PARLORS

*Photography Requires The Heroes To Use
Make-up--And Who Wouldn't For A
Thousand Or Two A Week?*

and the whole facial works. I'd even have a permanent wave if necessary and think nothing of it. I loathe the feeling of wigs on my head and prefer the lesser torture of the curling iron.

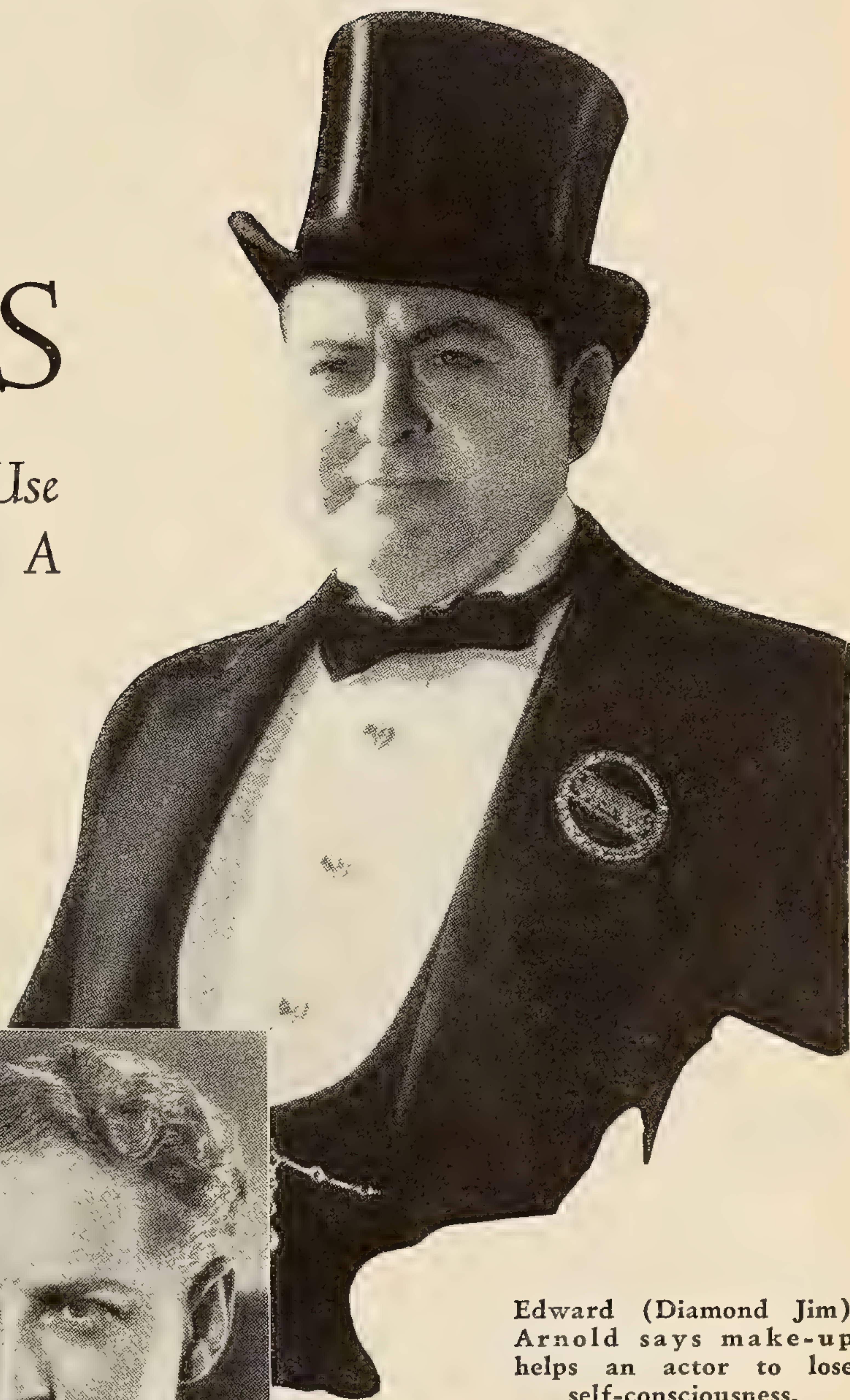
"When I played in 'Roman Scandals' I had to have my hair curled onto little ringlets every day of the picture. A very efficient young woman, named Babe or something, curled it carefully around my bald spot in back. It took an hour and a half out of every day to make those ringlets but the feel of that iron on my head made me an actor for the day! I didn't feel effeminate. I simply felt that I was getting into costume, that's all. Occasionally I'd feel a spot silly when some girl would sit next to me, having *her* hair curled. But I'd just summon my acting abilities to the fore and look indifferent.

"There are no ends I wouldn't go towards achieving the right make-up for the character I am to play. Occasionally I do prefer natural methods to false ones. For instance, I had to gain fifteen

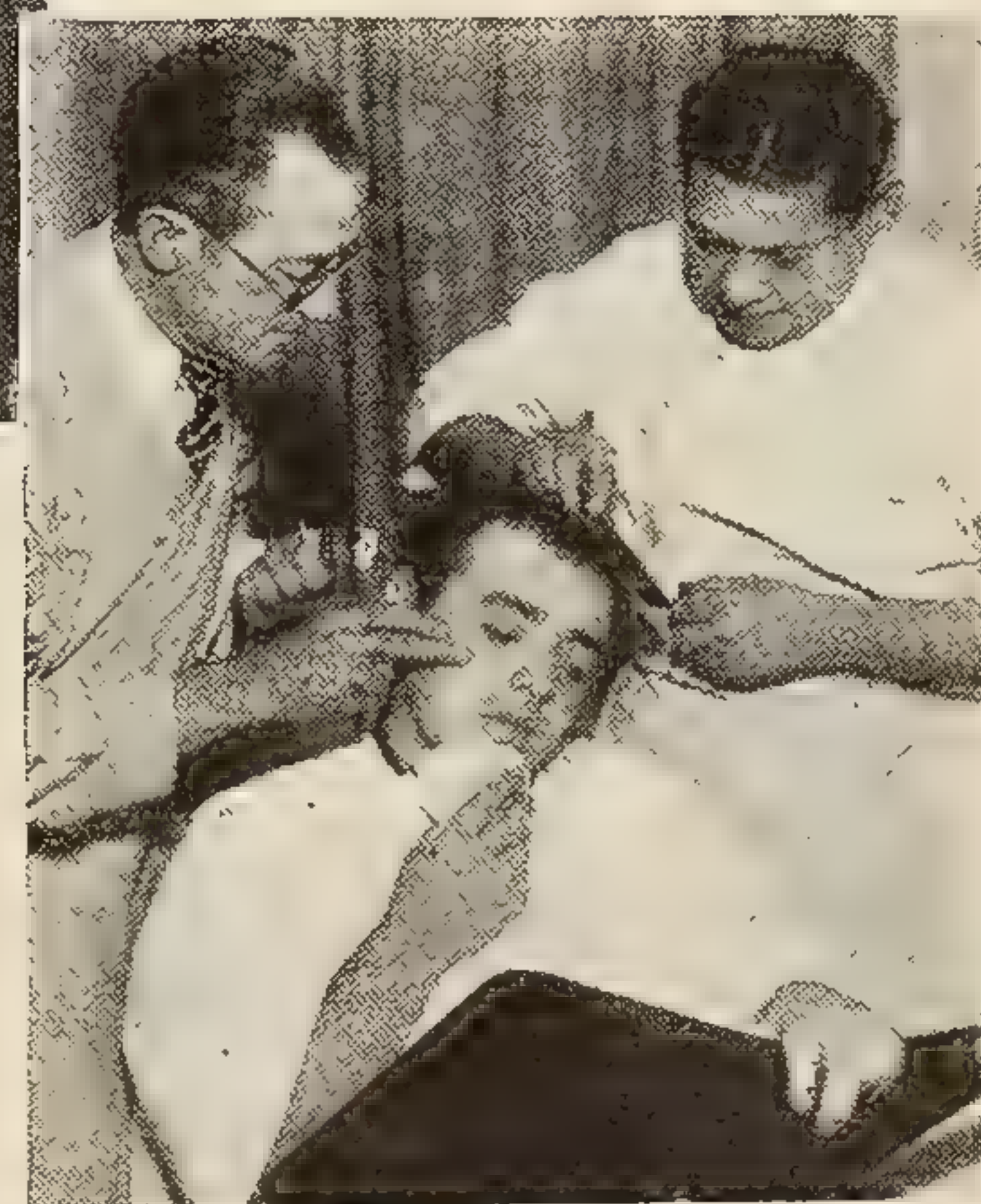
pounds for the part of 'Diamond Jim.' I could have been padded to get the extra poundage effect. I preferred to eat it on. And did. I figured that they couldn't pad my face and neck and it is a man's fleshy throat which gives the effect of fat more than any other part of the body.

"Crime and Punish-

Otto Kruger's hair did not photograph well until he went to a beauty shop and had it darkened.



Edward (Diamond Jim) Arnold says make-up helps an actor to lose self-consciousness.



Peter Lorre is a specialist in make-up.



The studio make-up man fixes Frank Morgan's sideburns.

ment' is the first picture I've ever made without make-up. And when I knew there were to be no beauticians for me in this grim story the title fitted my mood! Von Sternberg, of course, is a crack cameraman as well as director and the art is fine. But I missed my beauty parlor! When I put on the greasepaint I feel as an Indian feels in full war paint, or as though I'd had a needle in my arm! [Continued on page 54]

The GENTLEMAN from NEW GUINEA

Errol Flynn, Adventurer, Athlete
And Actor, Settles Down In Hollywood.

By M. G. Hart



Errol's greatest
adventure—
marriage with
Lili Damita.



A treasured pho-
tograph of the
Schooner Matsi, in
which Flynn traded
copra and sought
pearls among the
Islands of the South
Seas.



ARE your hearts strong?
Ready for the quick
throb of a real thrill?

Then give the summer "crush"
the out sign, girls, take a deep
breath, hold everything, and
prepare for the best.

It's on its way, the next
"rave"—handsome, muscular
manhood with as teasing a
smile as any lad of blarney-land
ever released. Beneath his humor
is character built by experience,
for he has the most dramatic
background of any screen hero.

His name is Errol Flynn, and even
though the irresistible Lili Damita copped
him for a husband you can go pit-a-pat,
too, if you're at all inclined that way.

He has looks that match Gable's, the
delicate romanticism of a Howard, and a
personality individually his own. He re-
sembles the athletic ads, massive of phy-
sique but lithe and quick.

This adventuring Apollo measures six
feet, two inches. A friendly grin some-
times spoils the Greek god ensemble, but
turns what might be a well-tanned statue
into a human being.

Into his twenty-six years he has crowded
enough experiences to satisfy a dozen men.
While other actors played at life in stock
company repertoire, he has been living it,
with dauntless gaiety.

Prospecting for gold in New
Guinea, being ambushed by
natives, negotiating peace be-
tween savage tribes, captain-
ing a pearl-diving crew and a
copra-trading ship, receiving
plaudits as an Olympic ath-
lete—all these activities have
been just preparation for the
greatest adventure of all,
Hollywood.

Irish by birth, adventurer
by instinct, he is now actor
by accident, he says. How-
ever, having "happened into
the movies" because of their call to his
dramatic sense, and because he "hadn't yet
done them," he finds them such a challenge
that he feels he must make good, in order
to prove himself to himself.

Lean and brown, gay and glamorous, no
more engaging personality could be found
to portray the reckless *Captain Peter Blood*
in the Sabatini tale which records the ex-
ploits of a young Irish doctor, who is sold
into slavery and turns pirate.

Flynn inherited his craving for excite-
ment from his active ancestors. He is
fighting his duels in "Captain Blood" with
his historic family sword, which was pre-
sented to Lord Terrence Flynn by a loyal
follower of the Duke of Monmouth in
1686, the period in which the film is laid.

He was born in North Ireland and made

sporadic attempts, inva-
riably failures, to live
up to the dignity of
his scholarly surroundings.
His father was a professor
of biology at Cambridge. When he wasn't
reading adventure stories, or playing games,
he cast fleeting glances at his books, in
English and French schools.

Fame as a boxer, which he won at nine-
teen at the Amsterdam Olympics, failed to
satisfy his budding, restless vitality. Prob-
ably swaggering a bit in his strong, young
manhood, he went to New Guinea where,
as British Agent, he was sent out to make
peace between native tribes. Learning
their dialects was not difficult, because they
have few words and no tenses.

"I would point to objects and try to copy
their grunts or shrill exclamations. After
a time we would get together, more or
less. Maybe," his smile flashed, "that was
where I got my training as an actor. I
should be in pantomime, what?"

Of course, his gun helped considerably
in subjugating the natives. Once he was
ambushed and deserted by his "boys." He
lost very little time in leaving that spot; in
fact, he was right on their flying black
heels. He was nicked by a poisoned arrow,
the only serious injury that he ever sus-
tained.

He fought his way through his share of
the fist-battles that the adventurer must
encounter in all "outposts of civilization,"
and made friends down there among other
nomads. He values these contacts as much
as any he may make in our world.

[Continued on page 71]

O-Kay Francis!

Kay Likes Old Friends And Familiar Places Best.

By Ruth Rankin

IF KAY FRANCIS hadn't been married three times, you might call her mode of living spinsterish. That is, you might if you are the modern bachelor girl who flits blithely from spot to spot and never sinks an anchor.

But—if you maintain the bachelor appearance only because marriage has disappointed you, or, if you are happily married, Kay's system will certainly command your admiration.

Because she combines the best features of marriage—with single blessedness.

Marriage usually denotes a settling down, and a security. Kay has accomplished both—with no extraneous aid.

She has lived in the same neighborhood almost seven years—ever since she first arrived in Hollywood. She is unhappy in glaring newness, and lives in one of the oldest, most traditional you might say, residence districts in Hollywood. Not in Beverly Hills or Bel Air or Brentwood—but on a plain old homey street lined with comfortable old fashioned houses. The street, DeLongpre, is one of the few out here with a name that means anything. It is called for Paul DeLongpre, a native painter whose studio in that section used to be a gathering place for the intelligentsia.

Kay's house is the former William Hart home. A few houses away is the old Wallace Reid place, the William Farnum house is opposite, Kenneth Hawks used to live across the way and Irving Cummings once owned the big white frame house at the corner.

"What was good enough for the old silent stars is good enough for me," Kay said, and meant it. She has an amusing correspondence with Bill Hart, who signs his letters "your tyrant landlord." Kay's lease on the place for three years coincides date to date with her Warner contract (with no options!).

Before she moved into it, a few months ago, she lived in two other houses at various times, both within a block of each other. She likes to deal with the same market, the same service station, the same cleaner—she likes familiar surroundings and persons. She is, she says, like a cat. Wants to be comfortable. And how can one be completely comfortable adapting oneself to new things all the time? It is such a sane and logical system, and possessing a certain element one finds all too seldom in Hollywood, *stability*, that it is a wonder more stars haven't discovered it. Just the simple fact of being a reliable person who stays put is a pretty good indication of character, don't you think?

Kay's house is small and lovely. (Not even a guest-room!) She had it done over

—I mean the wall-paper is new and the curtains, the carpet. A partition was taken out to make the living room a little larger. But the furniture—the fine pieces of Sheraton and Hepplewhite—is her same old furniture, selected piece by piece, carefully and thoughtfully. The carpet is a soft green, a cozy fire burns in the fireplace, and all told it is a complete and restful change from the cold white operating-room interiors one meets all over town. It is a room such as you find in good long-established homes in Connecticut, in Denver, in St. Paul. A well-bred room which looks as if people really talk in it, and say things worth hearing. (Perhaps you are another who feels one cannot really evaluate any person—certainly not enough to write of them—until one knows how and where they live.)

Kay's maid, Ida, has been with her for years and years. She has a couple to cook, drive, and garden. There is no swimming-pool, bar, playroom or library of first editions in Kay's house. Neither does she have a beach house, yacht, race-horses or ostentatious automobile. She drives a Ford, and says, "if I wanted a show window for myself I would hire one and get it over. I certainly wouldn't have it on wheels. A car is simply transportation, to me."

Kay has confidence in herself as a person and as an actress. It takes furs

and diamonds and limousines to give some women confidence to face the world. Kay doesn't have to *buy* it.

She hates big parties but gives one every two years because it is expected of her. She loves to go to the houses of her friends and have them in for small dinner parties—not more than eight. She wants to see her friends and no one else. "Not anti-social," she explains. "Just un-social." In the hysterical race for social supremacy in this most social-climbing of all towns, it is a relief to find one woman who declines to enter the field. It would be too easy for Kay and certainly not worth the effort.

"A fine glamor star I am," Kay remarks, with her brilliant smile. "Once to the Trocadero since I returned from Europe, not even once to the Vendome for luncheon, and to two openings in two years!"

She prefers books to be intimate [Continued on page 70]



Kay Francis won't talk about romance, but it's going on just the same.

"EVERYTHING HAS BEE

"GOOD morning, Emily, what's the mail like?" said I on one of those few mornings when I felt awfully chipper, having been strong enough to stay away from the Brown Derby and the Trocadero the night before and therefore getting my full eight hours sleep, which is news. Emily walked over and pulled up the Venetian blinds—I have Venetian blinds—and Emily likes sunlight. "The mail," said Emily, "is on your desk and it looks like the mail has always looked ever since I have been conscious of mail."

Ah me, I felt that Emily wasn't being as chipper about life and mail and things as I was, but I refused to let it get me down. I decided to let the mail speak for itself, thinking that maybe Emily hadn't had her eight hours. Well, I don't know what your mail is like; I certainly hope that it consists of nothing but cheery and interesting letters from friends—mine doesn't. Mine isn't a bit cheery, it's all about deadlines and advanced schedules and printers with a grudge against me, and only once in a great while is it even interesting.

I say this despite the fact that almost every day I get a letter requesting, albeit demanding, that I interview a movie star. Now I know that you, my dear reader, would simply do nip-ups at the prospect of interviewing Claudette Colbert, Joan

Crawford and Clark Gable—but I have been doing it now for six years. Dear me, yes, for six years Crawford's gardenias, Harlow's romances and Gable's sex appeal have paid my rent and dressed me very well, and naturally anything that's your livelihood ceases to be interesting, after six years.

But getting back to the mail of this particular morning, the morning I was chipper, the letter that spoke the loudest, up and said: "Send story on Lombard immediately."

There you are. The six years are going into seven. Now don't get me wrong! It isn't that I do not want to talk to Carole—why I am nothing but crazy about Carole, I adore Carole. If only they, I mean my bosses, would just let me talk, and not make it compulsory that Carole and I talk about some particular subject, you know, one of those angles that we're always harping about in the fan magazines. I can think of nothing more restful, outside of eating chocolates in bed, and I'm one who shouldn't because I am on the plumpish side, I can think of nothing more restful *and* interesting than just letting myself relax all over one of Carole's Billy Haines chairs and talking and listening to Li'l Missy Lombard.

But a story, with an ANGLE, is something else again—and again—and honey,

again! If those Simon Legrees I work for would only let me sit down and chat through a story sometimes without an angle or an idea or the faintest kind of a subject, then I always say fan magazine writing would be a pleasure, indeed it would just be so much velvet to me, and I look awfully good in velvet—if it's black.

"Well," I said half to myself and half to Emily, "I have to get an interview with Carole Lombard."

"What, again," piped up Emily still in that Venetian blind tone. "I certainly don't know what you're going to interview Lombard about." (Emily always tries to make it easy for me.) "You've interviewed her on every subject from what she puts on her face to why she goes on living!"

Remind me to fire Emily.

Well, with the chip completely taken out of my chipperness, I grabbed the phone and dialed Lombard's house. Carole is one of the few of the movie great who continues to live in a modest house in old Hollywood with nary a tennis court or a swimming pool. She drives a Ford and her Old Family Retainers consist of Ellen the maid and Jessie the cook, who were rather recently employed. Carole, I really believe, is the most popular movie star in Hollywood—and I don't mean just popular with the Bennetts, and the Countess di Frasso, and Clifton Webb and Mable, and the Donald Ogden Stewarts and all the other Right People. Carole has a quiet, unobtrusive way of looking after prop men and grips and hair dressers who are sick or low in funds, and old friends of ten and fifteen years ago who didn't make the grade, and not only is she generous with her money, but what is far more important she is generous with her time—she probably makes more hospital visits than anyone in Hollywood. Yes, Carole has a big heart. Maybe, yes maybe, she'd even suggest an angle for my interview.

"Hello, Fieldsie," I said in my best telephone voice, trying to get a devil-may-care quality into it. Fieldsie, as you certainly ought to know by now, is Carole's best friend and severest critic and most efficient secretary. "Howya, darling? This is your old palsy walsy. You and Uncle Walter looked awfully pretty at Sophie Tucker's opening the other night. . . ."

"Oh, it's you. My horoscope said something terrible was going to happen to me today. What the hell do you want?" Fieldsie, I was certain, hadn't had her eight hours sleep. But ah, I thought, I will break her down with my cheeriness. "Darling, it's like this," I chirped, "it seems as how Miss Lombard's fans are clamoring for more news of her and I want an interview."

"What again!" was her ungrateful response, not the least bit broken down, and giving me the idea that possibly she and Emily had learned the same set of answers.

"Yes, again!" I snapped. (To hell with cheeriness) "Can I help it if Carole is a sensation in 'Hands Across the Table' and her fans want to know what she is doing every minute?"

"I suppose you are on a deadline as usual," Miss Fields suppressed a series of yawns. "Well, I guess you'd better make it around four o'clock. If you come any earlier we'll have to give you lunch and today is Jessie's day out and I'm not dreaming of going into the kitchen to whip up



What gets Carole down is being asked the same questions over and over.

ONE

BEFORE”

*Carole Lombard Gives
An Interview Which
Turns Out To Be
Original.*

By Elizabeth Wilson

food for a fan magazine writer. Besides. . . .

“I’ll see you at four,” I said quickly before Fieldsie went too far and said things about fan writers in general and Miss Wilson in particular, for just at this moment I couldn’t afford to have our relationship strained. I’d have it out with her *after* the interview. Besides, four o’clock was a good five hours away and that would give me ample time to think of something to interview La Lombard about.

Hmmm, that’s what I thought. Five hours didn’t give me anything but a headache. Four o’clock found me at her door with nothing in my mind but the fact that I was there to do my duty by my particular Simon Legree, and that no matter whether I hit on an angle or not, I at least would have an hour or so with Miss Lombard who is worth an hour of anybody’s time, especially mine.

“I thought you said you had been on a diet,” was Fieldsie’s cordial greeting as she opened the door. Remind me to have Carole fire Fieldsie. As a matter of fact last August on the anniversary of the Lombard-Powell divorce I sent Carole a wire which read: “A year ago today you got rid of Powell stop Now see what you can do about Fieldsie.”

“Come on in,” Fieldsie continued. “It’s an interview so I guess you can sit in the living room. Carole will be down in a minute. She’s upstairs going over her clothes to see if there is anything she wore last year that she can wear this year. Don’t take off your hat, you’re not going to stay long.”

Well, I could have jumped up from my chair and kissed Fieldsie right then and there, taking Fieldsie by quite some surprise I might add, as she is not what one would call the kissy type. Clothes! A winter wardrobe! That’s what I would interview Carole about! Who better? Who has better taste or wears her clothes more becomingly than Carole. I was saved. Leave it to Wilson. Never stuck for an idea—much. Ah, clothes! Women’s crowning glory! No, that’s hair—well, anyway, clothes!

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for JANUARY 1936



She is beautiful and talented. Just a typical Fort Wayne gal.

With Fred MacMurray, Carole gave a charming performance of the manicurist who tried to be hard—but forgot about love.



“PAMP”



Stanislaus Franchot Pascal Tone always knew what he wanted to be, and now he is it—an actor.

ONE night last spring I fought my way to a single seat in the New York Paramount Theatre to see the picture, “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.” As I watched the story unfold I thought of another night and another play which revolved around the now famous Franchot Tone, “Lieutenant Forsythe of the 41st Bengal Lancers, late of the Blues.”

The place was Ithaca, New York, November 14th, 1926. Cornell was opening its newly completed and very beautiful Willard Straight Theatre with a revival of Royal Tyler’s “The Contrast” by the University Dramatic Club. The house was jammed with an audience which represented the cream of Ithaca’s social and intellectual life. Again I was in a single seat, between a white-haired *grand dame* and a brunette beauty.

The lead in this first American comedy was played by a senior. Stanislaus Franchot Pascal Tone knew his star was in the ascendancy even then. Of all who saw that play or acted in it, he alone believed with an unwavering confidence in a destiny that would sweep him to sudden, glittering glory.

I’ll admit I was surprised when I saw this Cornell Senior, whose name I had even forgotten, “going to town” in his first picture “Today We Live,” even though I had

thought he showed more natural ability than the rest of “The Contrast” cast.

For a little more than two years this charming young man had been a shining light in the Cornell Dramatic Club, ever since that day in 1924 when he had walked, with bouyant step and a high head across the incomparably beautiful, snow-blanketed campus to Morrill Hall to register in.

Then he was a non-conformist, hating conventional ideas and actions. Today he is a little less explosive but none the less rabid. I am told by people who knew him well that he was asked to leave, kicked out I believe they call it, of the exclusive Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, for stirring up a rebellion. His spirit has been in rebellion ever since. It possibly explains the Tone touch in so many parts, a touch which has made them different—shall we say Toned up?

Before he became one of our better known leading men he was known by the less dignified nickname of “Pamp.” The origin of the name was explained to me a number of times but the most likely explanation came from Norman F. Bissell, a professor at Cornell who was a student there with Pamp and shared in many of his pranks and adventures.

“Probably short for pampered,” he said, “since his family never denied him any-

Franchot Tone Is The
Pride And Joy Of The
Boys And Girls “Far
Above Cayuga’s Waters.”

By Julia Gwin



The Willard Straight Theatre
in which the Cornell Drama-
tic Society holds its plays.

thing. I don’t suppose Pamp ever heard the word ‘no.’”

Born in North Tonawanda, N. Y., but reared in Niagara Falls, Franchot is the son of Frank J. Tone, President of the Carborundum Company, who has just received the Atkinson prize for noteworthy contributions to chemistry. He looks like his father but in character he resembles his mother. It is from her that he gets his uncanny memory, his irresistible charm—for certainly he isn’t handsome—his love of art and languages, his gift of mimicry. From his mother also comes his winged spirit—and that quite different given name, Franchot, which was her maiden name. Mrs. Tone has received considerable local fame as a psycho-analyst. She is a member of the Women’s League for Peace and has spent much time in Washington on League business. Perhaps when Pamp is older he may be satisfied to campaign for peace; at present his need is action, eternal beauty and movement.

Tone’s first year at Cornell set the pace for all his university activities. He early designated the path he would follow and he never lost track of his goal for a single moment. With four students, one of them Norman F. Bissell, Pamp lived at 101 Thurston Avenue, a house which has since become a private dwelling. “And,” said Bissell, “he was a terrible housekeeper.” In “The Little Gray Home in the West,” as the boys affectionately called 101, Pamp spent many happy hours giving free reign to his rebellious spirit. He was democratic to the core.

“One spring day,” Professor Bissell told me. “We bought a keg of beer. When we tried to open it, it spilled all over the kitchen floor. Wading around in beer Pamp had an idea. We must have visitors. Out he went and rounded up a couple of state troopers.”

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The Little Girl Who Kept On Growing

Anne Shirley Was A Child Actress, But Now She Has Grown Into A Full Fledged Star.

By Ethel W. Gorman

THE flame-haired youngest adult star in Hollywood is a modern Cinderella. This slender wisp of a girl, barely seventeen, with her wild grace and pixie charm sprang from obscurity to stardom in a manner as startling to Hollywood as it was to the world. But success didn't come to her out of the air, as it seemed to some of you, perhaps. It came as a result of long years of preparation, a natural ability to act, and a conscientious desire to do her very best no matter how small a bit she had to play.

Anne Shirley has been in pictures since she was a baby. She was known as Dawn O'Day then, and only to a few people in Hollywood. But these people were unusually enthusiastic when her name was mentioned. Her directors were sold on her one hundred percent and mothers of other screen children had sincere and even tender words of praise for her—a rare compliment. She had a quality about her that disarmed jealousy.

Why was it then that one did not hear more about her when she was a child? Nobody knows. There was one time when Dawn almost stepped into the limelight, just after she finished *Four Devils*, in which she played Janet Gaynor as a child. As that was one of the most important pictures of the season any child appearing in it was eligible to appear in any other picture in which a child was needed. Neither Dawn nor her mother were aware of their nearness to success then, but I know that they were because of a conversation I had at that time with a director who thought Dawn a potential star.

What seemed to be the reason that stardom did not come to Dawn then was the sudden popularity of Mitzi Green. Mitzi, a romping hoyden, and Jackie Cooper appeared in *Skippy* and were such hits, and deservedly so, that Hollywood was blinded by the fireworks their success created and overlooked the wistful eyed, tragic souled little gold mine they had in their midst.

And what a break that was for the Anne Shirley that was to be!

The first time I met Dawn she was stark naked. She was sitting in a tub of water on the set of the Fox Studio in New York City playing soap bubbles, but don't be shocked or alarmed at this apparently immodest frivolity, for she was just three years old and, besides, the story called for

Anne is a born player, and there never has been a time when she wasn't good—and there never will be.



a bath on her part. It was "Moonshine Valley" and William Farnum was the star.

My, how Dawn worked in that picture! She washed dishes and scrubbed floors and mended shirts and peeled potatoes, and what she thought of motion pictures couldn't be printed in *Who's Who* in Babyland. She was the original *Ay Tank Ay Go Home Girl*—in spite of what you have heard to the contrary. She walked off that set, and sometimes right in the middle of a scene, more times than a week has days. When her mother tried to make her "mind" she burst into fretful or angry or heartbroken tears according to her mood, but both Mr. Farnum and Mr. Herbert Brenon, her director, refused flatly to have her coerced in any way, although, as she was in three quarters of the picture, it made everything very awkward.

There was even some talk on the part of the front office to have the film scrapped and begin again with a new child, but both star and director talked them out of it because they felt that Dawn was exceptionally sympathetic in the part. However, Mr. Fox did have a point to argue over. Dawn was costing him a lot of money. William Farnum was the first of the high salaried stars and he was getting \$10,000 a week. Mr. Brenon was drawing between three and four thousand a week. Then came the general overhead, salaries for the cast and working crew.

Dawn just naturally didn't like motion pictures in those days but the weather might have had something to do with it. It was July and the stages then were partially glass covered. One literally broiled under the fierce rays of the sun.

No place for a baby, you say? That's true, but you must remember that "home" for Dawn and her mother was a stuffy little room in a stuffy boarding house, an even worse place for a baby. The studio at least had ventilation. And as Mrs. O'Day pointed out, probably trying to convince herself that she was doing the best thing for Dawn, as she surely was, home would

never mean anything better unless she took this chance.

Left a widow when her child was an infant, Mrs. O'Day was forced to turn the baby over to a day nursery or with friends while she worked in a department store. She had not been trained to earn her own living and she spent many anxious hours wondering what to do.

Sometimes these upward strivings direct our actions unconsciously. One day Mrs. O'Day brought the baby to the store. A commercial artist saw Dawn and attracted by the wistfulness in her enormous dark eyes asked to use her for a model. Dawn was fourteen months old then, and she has been earning the living for her mother and herself ever since. In a few hours she had made more than her mother could make in a week. A golden dream opened before the mother's eyes. She saw an opportunity of being always with her child, and at the same time of earning a livelihood for them both. She didn't, at first, have the dazzling dream of a motion picture career—that suggestion came later from an acquaintance who had a studio connection and thought Dawn's golden curls belonged in pictures.

Anne loved to "dress up" when she was a baby. In one scene in "*Moonshine Valley*," the working title of which was "*The Miracle Child*," Bill Farnum took the little waif he had found abandoned on the road to church. For this occasion he had bought the best outfit the town afforded, a white mull dress, lace on her panties, and her hat had a feather in it. Anne was captivated by her appearance in this entrancing costume and insisted upon going to the star's "dwessing woom" to show it off. Mr. Farnum was enormously flattered by her attention—but then it developed that the attraction really had been a full length mirror in which his youthful leading lady could "see all of herself." She posed, twisting this way and that, to get a better view of her splendor but the star was not en-

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The Players Must
Be Confident But
Not Cocky, Poised
But Not Proud.

Jeanette MacDonald has a family, and when she begins to like herself they fix all that.



“HOW THEY KEEP THEIR FEET ON THE GROUND

WELL, so help me, I really don't see how these movie stars keep from being conceited and stuck up. They get more money in a week than most of us get in a year, they see their names in lights continually on the theatre marquees, they get hundreds of fan letters a day telling them how marvelous they are, they have all Hollywood yessing them to a fareyouwell, they have head waiters bowing and scraping and rearranging the entire Troc and Grove to suit their fancy, they have hundreds of adoring fans waiting outside every restaurant and movie for their autographs, and adulation the likes of which you've never seen. I once got a letter saying that I was a good writer and I snubbed everybody for a week—but these stars get hundreds of letters a day. And yet, with few exceptions, I have never met a stuck-up movie star. How in the world do they manage to keep sane and sensible, how do they manage to keep their feet on the ground in this frenzied country of the super-colossal? Burning with curiosity I donned my tippets and scurried away to find out how these miracles are performed.

Well, the other night Hollywood treated itself to a premiere, a gala premiere, my dear, that brought out the best ermines and top hats in town. It was the West Coast opening of “Midsummer Night's Dream,” a little whimsy whipped up by Bill Shakespeare who has become as thick as thieves with the Warner Brothers (maybe he thinks they'll put him over) and I have never been so expensively smothered in beauty in all my life. All the moth-eaten Patrons of the Arts were there taking it big—oh I don't have to tell you, you poor unseen radio audience—but, what is more to the point as far as I'm concerned, the movie stars turned out en masse simply done up to their ears in the latest creations of the local couturiers. And wherever you find movie stars, you find fans. There were thousands of them, no kidding, lined up on both sides of the streets for several blocks around the theatre, hundreds of them dangled precariously from nearby roofs, and hundreds more perched on crates swiped from neighborhood restaurants. Don't tell me that Glamour is dead. The cars had to drive right between these lines of fans to reach the theatre, and

every time a stuffy Patron of the Arts would roll by in his limousine the crowd would let up a great groan, but came a Dick Powell, a Dolores Del Rio, a Norma Shearer, a Joan Blondell, or a Jimmy Cagney and the fans would break into shrieks of delight and such applause as I have never heard.

It was an experience. Especially when an avid fan, led astray by my orchids, stuck her head inside my car window and sniffed quite audibly, “Oh, nuts, she ain't nobody”—to which I retorted, “Toots, you said a mouthful.” But, anyway, my car drove up right back of Dick Powell's and when Dick was spied by the crowd they simply went into an ecstatic frenzy. My goodness, if I had just gotten two whoops and a holler out of that gang I think I would have been so conceited that I would have floated into the theatre like one of Mr. Reinhardt's fairies, and here was Dick, with thousands of people cheering, walking into the theatre with his feet on the ground and as frightened as a jack rabbit for fear Shakespeare would find him wanting.

“Dick,” I called after him, “aren't you thrilled? Imagine millions of people shouting your name to the skies—just like a King, or an Emperor, or something. How in the world do you keep from being conceited? If that many people ever applauded me I'd be doing a Catherine of Russia all over the place.”

“Do you by any chance,” said Dick, “read *Judge* or *Esquire*? Well, the two movie critics for those magazines think that I am something less than the dust. Not even that good. Whenever I begin to believe that maybe I'm not so bad after all, and feel like strutting around a bit, all I have to do is pick up the last copy of *Judge* or *Esquire*, not just the last copy, any copy, and read what Pare Lorentz or Meyer Levin have to say about Dick Powell. You can be quite sure I'll never get a swelled head with those two boys taking cracks at me—they even ring me into other peoples' reviews just to take a pot shot. Conceited? Not a chance as long as I can read.”

Well, you know me, Curious Lize. I could hardly wait to get to a drug store to buy *Esquire* and *Judge* to read what they had

The Stars Can Afford To Be Almost Anything Except Conceited.

By
Liza

to say about Dick Powell. In *Esquire* I found a lengthy review of "Annapolis Farewell," which was *not* Dick's picture, but sure enough there it was . . . "And do you know that our own sweet and lovable Dickie Powell is right now completing another one of those driveling, drooling candy wrappers with an Annapolis background. . . ." Now I ask you? In *Judge* Mr. Pare Lorentz simply went to town with . . . "I particularly call your attention to Mr. Powell, laughingly called Dick by those who know him well, who is appearing at the moment in the musical farce, 'Broadway Gondolier.' In 'Broadway Gondolier,' as in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' which you will see later, Mr. Powell doesn't let the plot, the situation, or the other actors bother him in the least. He goes his merry way singing regardless. . . . You have the feeling during the process that Mr. Powell constantly was reassuring Louise Fazenda, Adolph Menjou, Joan Blondell and William Gargan that their efforts to earn their salaries by putting on a show were as needless as they were useless—Mrs. Powell's little boy had the picture in the hollow of his hand." Huh, all I've got to say is that Mr. Lorentz and Mr. Levin could have run the gauntlet of fans in front of the Warners Beverly Theatre that night without causing a single ripple. Maybe they'll echo Puck and say, "What fools these mortals be," but I always say, "So what?"

Bob Taylor is a good example of a young actor who has met with sudden fame, but who has not let it swell his head in the least. Less than a year ago handsome Bob Taylor was playing bits, and here he is today one of Metro's most popular leading men. If the rumor is true he will play *Romeo* to Norma Shearer's *Juliet*, which is the top as far as Metro is concerned. You just can't do better than *Romeo*. Not only his feminine public, but the feminine movie stars are fighting over Bob, and I'm sure I don't see how he keeps from being conceited. But he isn't.

This is his recipe, or shall we say his ounce of prevention: he has a board of trustees. He has chosen four of his friends from different walks in life, one is a college boy, another is a barber, another a theatre manager, and another a secretary, and these four compose a regular board. They go to all his pictures and tell him their honest opinions, and make suggestions about his acting which he says have been quite beneficial. They advise him about his money matters—and, alas, his girl friends. It seems that the board does not think that Bob Taylor should get married. And Bob is kinda eager to marry Irene Hervey. Who will win out, I don't know. Anyway, the board has no idea of letting their Bobby get stuck-up and ruin his career. Whenever they see his

egotism rising like an inflated balloon, one of them sticks a pin in it, and plop, Bob has his feet on the ground again.

Another guy who was an unknown a year ago and is now in demand by every studio and every leading lady in Hollywood is Fred MacMurray. Fred rushes from Colbert to Hepburn to Lombard to Colbert to Sidney so fast that he is dizzy, and I heard that Paramount employs a special guy to answer the phone every day and say to Universal, Metro, Columbia, Twentieth Century-Fox, Warners and R-K-O: "Naw, you can't borrow MacMurray."

And I do know that Mae West employed all her little tricks, and Mae knows many a neat trick, to get Fred for her current picture, but Fred is dated up until spring. But if Fred's dizzy with all this fuss they make over him he keeps it carefully concealed. "Whenever anybody tells me I'm good," Fred said to me, "I just think back over the days I spent haunting Paramount for any kind of a job at all, and they wouldn't even let me be a day laborer and dig ditches for them. Those were black days, and I'll never forget [Continued on page 56]



Dick Powell uses a couple of critics to maintain his balance.



There is one director who can make Katharine Hepburn feel very small.



Joan Blondell has a frank sister, and there's always something to harp on.



Gary Cooper takes it from the studio crowd until he gets back to normal.

The TAP-DANCER IT OUT



Ginger Rogers is shapely, pretty and a very clever dancer.

Which Dancer
Will Be Acclaimed
The Best Of All?

When Fred Astaire
is at his worst he
is better than any-
one else.



By Myrtle Gebhart



ARE you girl-fans on your toes? Are your twinkling tootsies tapping out stimulating syncopations?

If you are really current, you are developing a talent for tap-dancing, the latest movie craze. No longer are languishing glances sufficient to subdue the hero. Fascination is a soul-and-sole art now.

The new musi-movies have brought into the stellar spot the heroine who types her temperament. There must be rhythm in her romance! She speaks her piece with her nimble feet.

The screen frequently presents graceful swan-dancers, like Maria Gambarelli, and the flame-quick Margo. The *ballerinas* and ballroom dancers, the tangoers and "dragers" appeal to the eye, and sometimes to the esthetic sense. One visualizes a delicately animated painting or a whirling tornado.

Tapping, however, is the ideal dancing for sound films. The new tip-top tappers arouse an additional sense in their audiences. While watching the girl's undulating motions and gestures, you hear the rhythmic and stimulating beat of the taps. It is superlatively exciting.

In brisk tapping there is that emotional appeal which is created by parade marches, by the steady boom-boom of drums, by the reverberant rumble of tom-toms. It is the current exposition of the ever-intriguing jazz.

Four Hollywood girls are recent "raves," due to their skilful manipulation of their feet. Though theirs is a race of high-steppers, any girl can learn to point and prance, to click and clack. She who can tap-dance will be the hit of the evening. What these artists do professionally, any of you can do at parties.

That is, if you have an instinctive sense of rhythm, ambition and determination. You won't learn to tap if you just sit and dream about it! To fascinate in the new fashion, you must get busy.

Think first of your "wind." Practice deep breathing exercises until you acquire control and can time your breathing evenly. A tap dancer never flutters!

Smoking is definitely prohibited; likewise, drinking. Get plenty of restful sleep. And don't give vent to anger. You must keep your balance; otherwise, you cannot time your tootsies to any tempo.

If you would excel at the wing-footed art, some lessons in



Robert Alton, successful Broadway dance director, rehearsing Dorothy Belle Dugan, Gail Goodson and Kay Hughes for Eddie Cantor's "Shoot the Chutes."

ARE FIGHTING IN Hollywood



Eleanor Whitney has developed the fastest tap dance. She is "Doin' the Moochie."

routine are necessary, unless you have an extraordinary response to music. Through instruction, you get the foundation—the simple, geometric patterns. They are to the tap-dancer what scales are to the pianist. They strengthen and train the leg and foot muscles. Even these ace tappers study with an instructor in working out their difficult, intricate numbers.

Most essential of all is vibrant health. Don't be discouraged if you are over-weight. Pray and perspire, and stick to it, and the



Ruby Keeler did it first in "42nd Street," and very attractively, too.



Eleanor Powell made herself a name in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

pounds will melt away. Tap-dancing, heretofore man's province, has become a feminine accomplishment. Ruby Keeler, Eleanor Powell, Eleanor Whitney and Ginger Rogers are now engaged in a

championship contest.

With the recent meteoric success of Eleanor Powell—M-G-M's entry in the spectacular sweepstakes, with the public as judges—other studios began a frenzied search for talented tappers. Warners took the Keeler kid out of the corner where they periodically park her and gave her a chance to step her stuff.

Paramount found a fast pedal-prancer, Eleanor Whitney. R-K-O has Ginger Rogers, whose graceful dancing already has won many admirers. Betty Grable, Betty Burgess and other girls are training their taps, realizing that the major feminine successes this winter will be the tempestuous tappers.

As a youngster, attending Jack Blue's Academy in New York, Ruby Keeler began her kicking.

Though now one of the finest tap-dancers, she continues her studies, practising from two to three hours a day just to keep in trim and taking special instruction before each film. To keep nimble requires constant effort.

If a patient accompanist is handy, she prefers piano music. But when she wears out her musician friends she resorts to the phonograph. She works out her own routines and diligently perfects them.

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Intimate Visits To The Stars At Work—With

S. R. Mook

At Columbia

SOL LESSER, an independent producer, who makes pictures for release by United Artists, Fox and Columbia is making one here starring Richard Arlen (who has been too long absent from the screen) entitled "The Calling of Dan Matthews."

Rev. Matthews (played by Arlen) is a minister who upsets the legends of the town with his broad-minded, modern viewpoints. But he is death on places that sell liquor to minors. One of the chief objects of his crusade is a place called "Old Town" which is owned by Frederick Burton (one of the town's leading citizens). It is run by Douglass Dumbrille who has an iron-clad contract with Burton and who runs it as he pleases. Burton has no idea how it is being run, as he built it to replace a disgraceful slum area that formerly occupied the site. Arlen finally persuades Burton's daughter (Charlotte Wynters, fresh from the New York stage) to accompany him to the place and see for herself. She sees all right, and she also sees a young friend of hers (Mary Kornman) there with Carlyle Blackwell, Jr. Both of them are the worse for liquor. They had been having a party in honor of Mary's birthday. As they drive away in the new car Mary's father had given her for a birthday present (Blackwell at the wheel) the car goes careening down the street, hits a telephone post and Mary is horribly injured. Arlen, following behind, picks her up in his arms.

"Oh, I'm hurt," Mary moans, clinging childishly to Dick.

"Take it easy, Kitty," Dick whispers. "The ambulance is coming."

"I'm so scared," Mary whimpers, becoming panicky. "I'm—I'm awfully scared."

"Easy, Kitty, easy," Dick encourages her. "It's Dr. Matthews."

"I can't see! I can't see!" Mary cries. "Oh, Dr. Dan, help me. Help me!"

"That's what I'm here for," Dick encourages her. "Don't be afraid, Kitty."

"I'm going to die," she moans, her voice sinking to a whisper again. "I'm afraid. I'm scared—scared—so scared. I don't want to die. Don't let me die," she goes on pitifully. There is a pause and then, "I'm getting sleepy. Mustn't forget to say my prayers."

"That's right, Kitty," Dick says. "Say your prayers."

"Now I lay me down to sleep," Mary

begins in a very low voice.

"I pray—" Dick prompts her.

"I pray—the Lord," she continues with great effort, "my soul to keep."

"Amen," Dick finishes with deep feeling, but Mary has gone to her reward. Offstage there is the moan of an ambulance siren just dying down.

I glance around when the scene is finished. There isn't a dry eye among the crowd of onlookers.

"Hi, junior," Dick greets me as they start changing the lights for the next shot. "How's tricks?"

"Tricks is fine," I assure him. "Who was the girl standing by you and Mary?"

"Charlotte Wynters," says Dick. "Don't you think she's attractive?"

"She sure is," I agree, "except she's a little tall."

"Tall!" Dick echoes. "I'm up to my neck in lifts." (Lifts are pads actors wear inside their shoes to make them appear taller). I laugh at Dick's witticism at his own expense, wish him luck with this picture and set out for—

Paramount

I HAVE an explanation and apology to make and I want to be sure everyone sees it (or am I flattering myself in thinking "everyone" will?). In the November issue, in

have written anything in a serious vein that would have reflected on him in anything but the most favorable light.

Now that that's over, we'll get on with our stint.

First, there's "The Bride Comes Home," starring the peerless Claudette Colbert and featuring Robert Young and Fred MacMurray. My old friends, Claude Binyon and Westley Ruggles, are together on the writing and directing end of this. This is the team that gave you "College Humor," "The Gilded Lily" and "Accent on Youth." So, if past performances count for anything, this should be tops. The plot is too complicated to go into. Suffice it to say that

Mary Kornman, Richard Arlen and Charlotte Wynters in "The Calling of Dan Matthews," a drama with a moral.



reporting "Hands Across the Table," I referred to the authors of the story as "the famous Dorothy Parker and her husband, the infamous Alan Campbell." I was trying to be facetious in my feeble way and apparently the humor was not apparent and the line was taken seriously. There is no one in Hollywood whom I respect more than Alan Campbell and no one whom I admire more. I consider him a good friend of mine, I have been a guest in their home and I wouldn't for anything in the world

Claudette is the daughter of Wm. Collier, Sr. Mr. Collier was tremendously wealthy—once—but the depression has knocked him for a loop. Robert Young, who has been in love with her since he was eight years old and has been proposing regularly ever since, comes into three and a half million. (The half million, I guess, is to take care of the inheritance tax.) He is always getting into fights he can't finish, so he hires Fred MacMurray as his bodyguard.



Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich and John Halliday in "Desire." Gary and Marlene have not played together since the old days of "Morocco."

Fred is an ex-newspaperman. Bob fires him and then re-hires him when Fred gets him out of a jam. So they start a newspaper and Claudette gets a job (against Fred's wishes because he can't stand her) as assistant editor. They finally realize they're in love with each other and start to get married but get into an argument, when the Justice of the Peace (Edgar "Slow-Burn" Kennedy) begins the ceremony, and call quits.

Bob sees his chance and promises never to argue with her. So we pick up him and Claudette in Mr. Kennedy's home, where the Justice is performing a marriage ceremony of his own composition. It goes on and on interminably. Even William Ullman's jokes are no longer than this ceremony. But all is not going well—even at the marriage. Claudette likes to argue and when she can't get an argument out of Bob she starts arguing with Mr. Kennedy. She interrupts the ceremony with a sneeze. Mr. Kennedy glares at her and continues. She sneezes again and he gives one of his famous "burns" but continues. She sneezes once more.

"Will you stop that?" he demands in exasperation.

"Will I stop it?" she flares. "Do you realize I've been standing in a draft for ten minutes waiting for that voice of yours to say something? Can't you ask us if we'll take each other for better or for worse and we'll say 'Yes'—and get it over with?"

"Young lady," says Kennedy severely,

"whether you know it or not you are right in the middle of this ceremony. I DEMAND QUIET!"

Just then Edgar sneezes.

"Gesundheit," says Claudette savagely. She is just about to sneeze again when Bob suddenly sticks his forefinger crosswise under her nose. She turns on him angrily. "What's the matter with you?" she demands.

"All I was trying to do was stop your sneezing," Bob apologizes and goes on in an aggrieved tone. "Everybody always does that to stop sneezes."

My frands, it goes on and on like that and they have to make the scene over and over because Kennedy is so funny they keep bursting out laughing at him and spoiling the take. I like to laugh, too, but I'm only a visitor and if I should spoil a take I'd be kicked off the set. So I leave of my own volition and go on over to—

"DESIRE," which stars Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich. There are not too many laughs on *this* set, I can tell you, but it is one of the most beautiful of the month. It is a sort of patio in the rear of Marlene's home—somewhere in Europe—the Riviera, I suspect.

She is seated at the table with John Halliday when the door to Gary's bedroom opens and he comes out. He buttons his double-breasted gray coat, fusses with the handkerchief in his breast pocket and grins expectantly as he comes towards the table.

"I don't think I should be allowed to

sit down with you," he apologizes. "I look like a stevedore at a royal banquet."

"We don't mind," says Marlene, (who looks *too* beautiful in a black velvet evening gown) graciously, "Please sit down."

So the three of them sit down.

"Here's to my charming host," Gary proposes, raising his glass to Halliday, "and," turning to *la* Dietrich, "my lovely hostess."

"You know, Mr. Bradley," Marlene speculates, "I never thought I'd like you."

"I knew you would," Gary replies blandly. "I grow on people. A few years ago I met a girl who didn't like me at first, but I grew and grew on her—"

"And what happened?" Marlene interrupts smiling.

"She sued me," Gary answers dryly.

And that's all there is to the scene. "What's the plot?" I ask Cracker Henderson (Gary's man Friday).

"I don't know," Cracker confesses. "Miss Dietrich is an international jewel thief and Gary is an American playboy but they haven't decided yet whether she's to plant jewels on Gary to smuggle across for her or not, and they haven't made up their minds whether she's to go straight or go straight to jail at the end."

"It all sounds very confusing to me," I object as I pull out my cigarettes. There is one left in the pack. "Give this to Gary for me, will you?" I ask Cracker.

"He's got cigarettes," Cracker informs me indignantly.



A scene from "The Bride Comes Home." Edgar Kennedy, Robert Young and Claudette Colbert turn to comedy.

"I know," I answer. "He always has but he always mooches them off me when I come on the set and I don't want him to feel cheated today just because he didn't get to see me!"

So Cracker puts the cigarette in his pocket somewhat dubiously and I saunter on over to the next stage where Ray McCarey is directing "Millions in the Air."

Ray has been directing shorts for years and has made most of the few palatable ones that have been turned out. He is one of the most un-temperamental men in the business, and everybody likes him and works like the deuce for him, so he ought to be a Class A feature director in a short time.

"Millions in the Air" is about a couple of milk drivers (poor but honest), whose real names are John Howard and Robert Cummings, who are in love with Wendy Barrie and Eleanor Whitney. Wendy's father is George Barbier, a filthy rich man who owns the Keller Soap ("It Dives") Company. For their radio program they run an amateur hour something on the order of Major Bowes'. Wendy knows she can sing and she wants to go on the air but

[Continued on page 60]

The STORY OF HAROLD LLOYD'S NEW PICTURE:—"The Milky Way"



Harold Lloyd, Lionel Stander and Veree Teasdale. Harold, the milkman, turns prizefighter but, unfortunately, turns sour.

THE early September sun came over the shoulder of the hill and lay warm upon the herd of cows in the valley. The cows were spread out on the lowland like a team of baseball players with sharply marked black and white suits. The grass had turned to a ripened, faded color and the seed pods of the weeds and grain stalks bent and swayed from the attacks of the sparrows. A brook wound about under the alders. Mingled with the musical tinkle of the cow bell fastened to the neck of one of the cattle could be heard shrill cries from boys taking a last plunge in the swimming hole at the edge of the upland. A graceful feather duster elm marked the passing hours of the warm afternoon with its shadow upon the railroad embankment—an unappreciated sundial.

The boys' voices were raised in heated argument.

"I'll bet cha you can't."

"I'll bet cha I can."

"All right go on and knock it off'en my head then," came the derisive answer.

The shouts grew in excited volume and laughter rang out so boisterously that the cattle lifted disturbed heads to look toward the bank of the stream, where several boys were milling and jumping about two other lads and urging them to greater effort. Burleigh Sullivan, one of the boys, was ducking and dodging while the other kept up a swinging attack, but try as the attacker would, the hat still remained upon the head of this boy with the glasses.

The five o'clock train whistled for the crossing down by the milk depot and the boys stopped to look with fascinated eyes at the long line of cars carrying the milk of the whole valley down to the city.

Burleigh (Harold Lloyd in the picture) soon left school and followed the milk to the city, applying naturally to the milk

A Milkman Certainly Gets Around And Harold Finds Himself Involved With The Cream Of The Cauliflower Industry.

Fictionization by Howard Eliot

company for a job. Shortly thereafter, he was the happy driver of a morning milk route, with a horse named Agnes who understood Burleigh and, with her good horse sense, brightened the grey hours of the early morning for our hero. Burleigh had a sister who had also come to the city to work and, while milk was not her racket, she usually called it a day and checked her last hat at the Harvest Moon Night Club about the same hour that Agnes went clomp-clomping through the neighborhood. In fact, Burleigh sometimes took her home, and the morning our story opens was one of these times.

The jazz band had worn their derby hats on their cornets so many times that night that the instruments were positively bald. However, the night at the Harvest Moon Night Club was nearly over. Soon the M.C. with the personality would beam his last beam, they would wake the drunk over in the corner and the last gay and witty customer would weave away and wave adieu, so Mae Sullivan, Burleigh's sister, was at the phone answering Burleigh's ring.

"I'm ready to go now, Burleigh. I'll be waiting out in front."

"You hear that, Spider?" yodled Speed (Middle-weight Champion) MacFarland to his trainer and drinking companion, "Spider." His mellow and diluted nature touched to the last drop by the pitiful picture which his imagination painted of a maiden, fair to see, "waiting out in front." He explained all this to Spider, and as the sad matter began to register in all its desolate and grim details, it is to the credit of these heroes of many a hard fought round of drinks that as one man they proposed to Mae (Mae is played by Sally Blane in the picture) that she should be accompanied lest danger wham her a dirty blow.

Mae looked at these preservers, noted their

alcoholic content and dryly said: "I'll bet the other side of the record is much funnier. Check, please."

But when a pug is moved to gallantry it takes much to discourage him and, as Mae started out of the club, first Speed and then Spider tried to assist her and to show her that she was indeed protected from all evil.

"You're funny all right," said Mae. "If you'll tell me where the act is playing I'll try and miss it."

The efforts of the drunks were seen however by a reporter named Willard—we'll hear more of him later.

How fair a picture is the milkman intent upon his daily rounds! There is music in the clop-clop of his knowing steed and poetry in the very act of delivering the milk upon step and stoop, in basement and area way. So stimulating is such a scene that many an honest household is awakened to a better realization of the virtues of murder for sleep disturbers and made to forget for the nonce the vitamins in the milk of human kindness.

Mae Sullivan was fighting off the too pressing gallants and as the sound of Agnes' hoofs reached her she cried out lustily to Burleigh, her brother, to bring her succor. Her dilemma aroused the crusader in Burleigh and he leapt, let us say, and ran wildly toward the embattled maiden, little realizing that he only had to overcome two prizefighters—truly Burleigh was bringing her a sucker. (In the picture Speed is William Gargan and Spider is Lionel Stander.)

They had words which led to blows and Mae's screams brought a cop who pushed through the crowd and found, as Burleigh and his sister escaped, the body of Speed lying unconscious on the sidewalk and Spider, groggy, seated on the curb. The newspaper man, Willard, (remember) rushed off to put the news in his paper and the officer chased Burleigh's milk wagon down the street to congratulate the new champion. Burleigh's protests went unheard.

Consternation waited upon the prizefighter and his trainer the next morning, when they saw the black eye which the champ had somehow received, and they were quite mystified until Ann Westley (played by Veree Teasdale) came in with the morning paper and jeered at the crestfallen prizefighter. Gabby Sloan—it's Adolphe Menjou—was the manager of Speed, and having seen the paper telling that his champ had been knocked out by a milkman, he rushed into the room demanding to know what had happened, for already the reporters were flocking about and some story must go out that would save the prizefighter's reputation. What to do? What to do?

Meanwhile, Burleigh Sullivan, the milkman, had felt rather sorry for the luckless champion and so he went to the hotel to tell Speed the truth about the whole unfortunate mixup. Gabby Sloan expected to see a giant, at least, and when Burleigh was announced, Ann brightly suggested that they all hide under the bed, so formidable and terrifying had been Speed's description. Imagine then the sudden change in the attitudes of Speed and his trainer, and Gabby, the manager, when the docile and bespectacled Burleigh appeared. Speed immediately wanted to beat him up, but Ann protected our hero until finally the story was wormed out of him. "When I was a little boy I was sorta puny," Burleigh told them, and between demands from the reporters for admission and threats of bodily harm from Speed, he went on to tell how, on the fateful night, he had simply ducked each blow and it had resulted in one fighter landing on the other. "Spider knocked him out," said Burleigh. And to prove it he maneuvered the two fighters into such a position that when Spider swung at him, and he ducked, Speed again received the punch and measured his length upon the floor. Burleigh stood over him saying to Gabby, "You see?" Just then the door burst open and in came the reporters.

The next day's papers had an elaborate story of the second knockout, and Speed, as a champion, had become a laughing stock, and Gabby, a nervous wreck. His weak heart seemed unable to carry on, in the face of such blows of fate, and Ann called the doctor who prescribed some sleeping medicine. However, Gabby at last came through with an idea!

This brilliant thought required the presence of the milkman-handler and so Spider was sent out on Burleigh's route to tell him that Gabby wanted to see him. While Agnes and the milk wagon waited patiently for Burleigh to emerge from the adjacent basement, Spider lurked within striking distance and quite startled Burleigh when he poked him in the ribs and gave him Gabby's message. In fact, a policeman [Continued on page 68]

Harold Lloyd, as the milkman, goes his rounds, but in the ring Harold's every round is cheesy.




A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes...for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know...THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"



**SHOW THEM
NO MERCY!**

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

ROCHELLE HUDSON

CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT

EDWARD NORRIS



The STARS REALLY SIGN

THE AUTOGRAPHED
PHOTOS IN THE
SILVER SCREEN
CONTEST FOR
NAMED, INSCRIBED
AND SIGNED
PORTRAITS

Get A Kick Out Of It And
Get The Photo. See Page 10.

THE star spends her days worrying
out "They." The movie audience is
up of 60,000,000 people and it is im-
possible to get a better label for this huge
audience. So the star wonders what "They"
think about her next picture, her love
and her new coiffure. It is with
assurance that a star inscribes a photo-
graph of some definite person who has al-
ways professed his devotion. Here at least
of "them" with a name and address.



Claudette Colbert reached the No. 1 position last year (1935) and has gone on getting better and better. She's busy, but not too busy to sign photographs, learn her lines, build her new home and fall in love.



Nelson Eddy takes time out for a contest winner.



Alice Faye greets a winner with, "Happiness Always."



The 1936 MODEL CHASSIS

On View—Plenty. This Is
The Year When The Girls
Can't Take Off Any More.

THIS more honest day that Time hath wrought—franker, anyhow—has let us in on the secret of the "Body Beautiful." The faces this year do not seem to be any lovelier than they were some years ago. Where is there a girl today who could be compared with our worshipped Billie Dove, who used to smile upon us just after the Great War? Dietrich carries on, the fairest of the "stylized" beauties. The new girls can all sing or dance, so you will have something to distract your mind, anyhow.



Frances Drake, leading woman in Universal's "The Invisible Ray." You've seen her of invisible rays, but this isn't the



Sally Eilers keeps getting prettier and seems to have found the secret of happiness. Perhaps the baby told her.

In "Rose of the Rancho," the songbird, Frances Drake, wears a gown of various shades of mauve and black with diagonal stripes.

Welcome To The New Streamlined
Airflow Figures. The Standard For
Beauty In Faces, However, Hasn't
UPPED. The New Girls Are No
Prettier.

The Bevan girls, in
"Collegiate," are
majoring in diving
this semester.



Jean Harlow, it is rumored,
is going to change the color
of her hair. We protest!
Probably California is tax-
ing the platinum.



Gertrude Mich-
aels' popularity is
booming. She's
fine in her recent
picture and slick
in her swim togs.

Gloria Stuart is all
aglow with her new
happiness and that
doesn't take away
anything from one of
the prettiest faces in
pictures.



BITS THAT BLOSSOMED INTO CAREERS



Edith Fellows made the most of the spoiled brat in "She Married Her Boss."



Eric Blore was the super-waiter, could we say the super-supper waiter, in "The Gay Divorcee" and from then on it has been easy.

*One Good Bit In A Picture Is All
An Artist Needs To Show His Stuff.*

IF A small part has emotion, then it may prove the "open sesame" to the unknown actor who gets a chance to play it. But, without one distinctive characteristic, small parts are pretty hard to make outstanding. In recent films a number of little opportunities were well handled by players who are now in demand. One, for example, played by Brian Donlevy in "Barbary Coast," has turned the trick and from now on Brian will be in the money. On the release of this film so many favorable reports came in for the performance of the menacing gunman that Samuel Goldwyn signed Donlevy to a long term contract. He will be next in "Shoot the Chutes," the Eddie Cantor picture.



In "Sadie McKee," Edward Arnold played the drunken Broadway sport, made a hit and so became "Diamond Jim Brady."



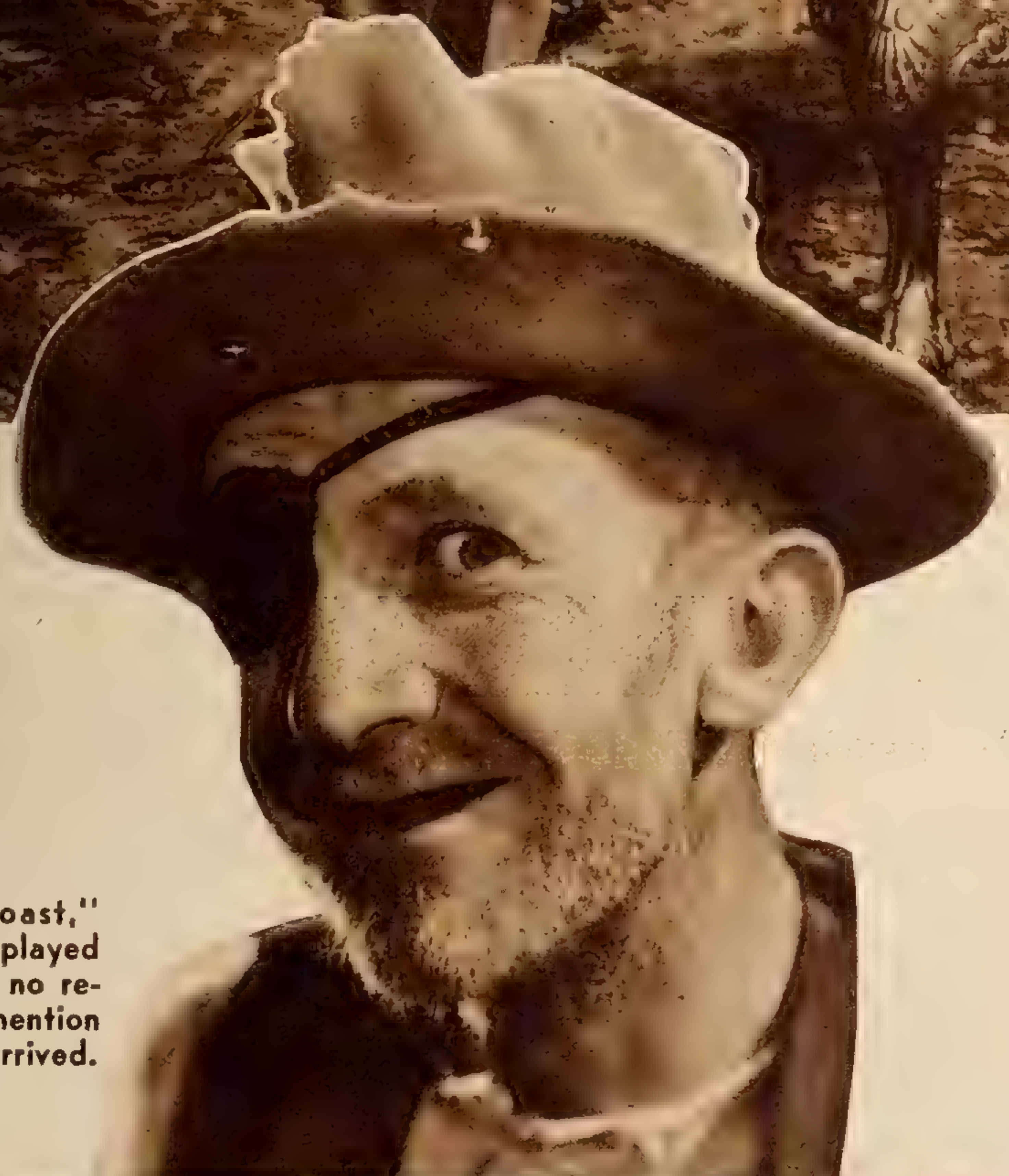
You can never forget Francis Ford as the drunk in "Steamboat Round the Bend." You'll be seeing him.



Arthur Treacher played a butler a few times and now he will be starred, as "Jeeves," the famous P. G. Wodehouse character.



Guinn "Wil-
that mem-
scene in
"Worlds"
e his career
Above, cute
emple and
"The Littlest
bel."



"Barbary Coast,"
or Brennan, played
half wit, and no re-
failed to mention
He has arrived.

(At left) Ginger
Rogers as she ap-
peared in "42nd
Street." She was
marvelous. It won
her a chance with
Fred Astaire, and
in "Top Hat" they
broke plenty of
records.





A scene from "Things To Come," the H. G. Wells prophetic story filmed in England, with Patricia Hilliard and Derrick de Marney.



Director Menzies, H. G. Wells and Raymond Massey confer.

Note the size of the sculptor (below). From the H. G. Wells' picture.



Madge E.
Richard C.
television
in "Tra
Tun



GEE! WHAT AN IMAGINATION!

*Pictures Are As Un-
usual As The Minds
Of The Men Who
Make Them.*

EVER since Jules Verne, the imaginative story has been tremendously interesting to all of us. Perhaps this is because we are all dreamers who allow our plans for the future to get nicely brightened with the gay colors of hope. However, some succeed in bringing their fancies to earth and cashing them. We have known a number of inventors, one even who was very successful, and we have come to have the greatest respect for that phrase "I have an idea."

The screen is a stimulant to the imagination. You, too, may be inspired to solve some of its problems. For instance: The pictures make the players known the world over, but no one has ever been able to figure out how to use the screen for advertising and not offend the customers.

Chew on that one.

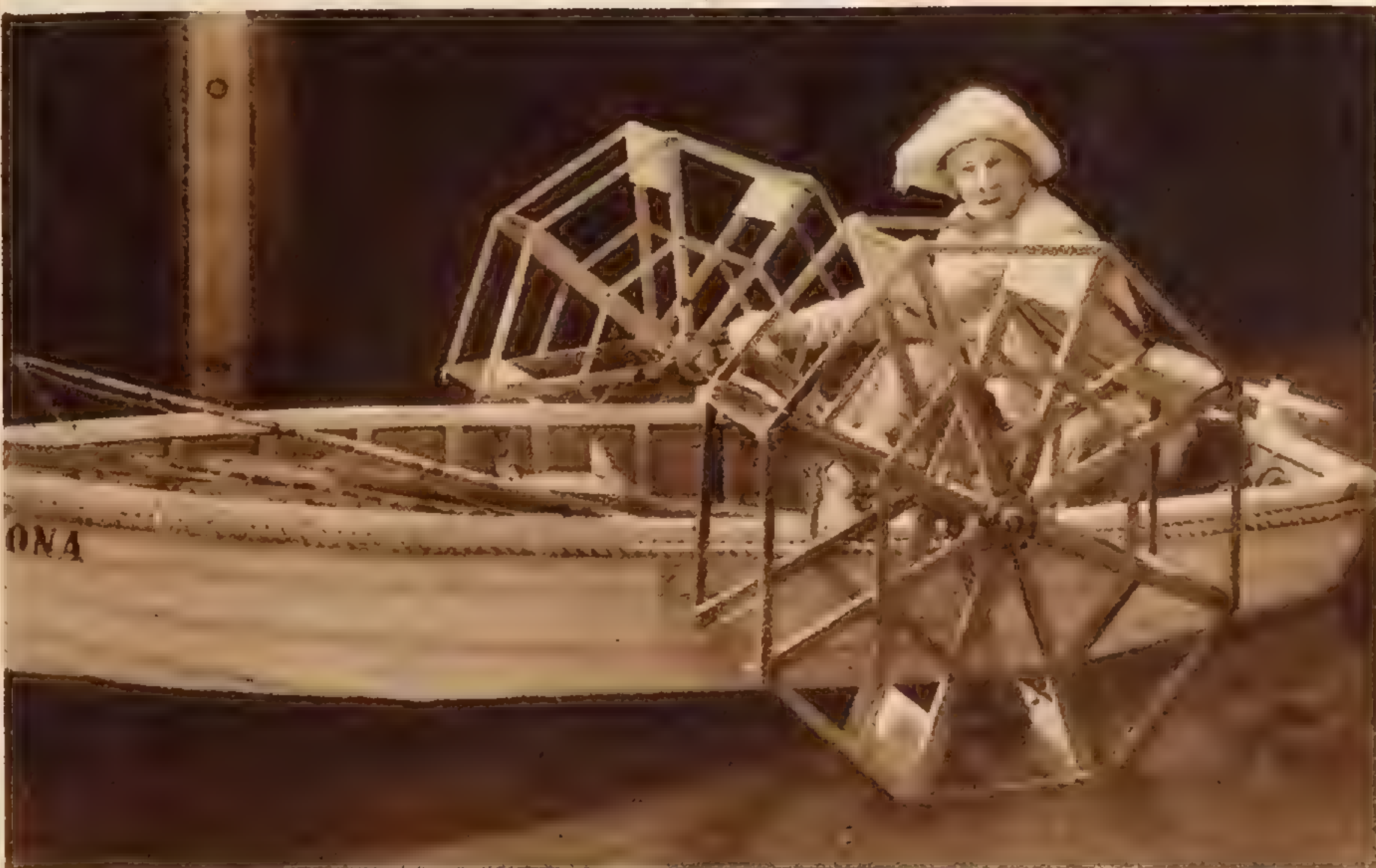


Richard Dix went to England to make this G. B. picture, "Transatlantic Tunnel."



Etienne Girardot, the Rainmaker in "In Old Kentucky."

More imagination. Leon Errol and side-wheel rowboat in "Coronado."



YOU CAN'T KEE



Spencer Tracy is happy when he can play polo, but the studio does not let him risk injury.



Frances Drake (left) and Grace Bradley with Sir Guy Standing sailing on the port tack.

Dick Foran, in camp on location, sings while the frying pan sizzles.

THEM IN THE STUDIO ALWAYS

*The Stars Go Back To
Nature When They Rest.*

WHEN a player has a vacation it seems that a camera must go along, and that brings up the most discussed question in every publicity office. It is this. Is it best to have the stars known only in the settings of the studio, in character? Do photographs which reveal them as ordinary people tend to take away their glamor? We may as well settle it. It has been proven many times that personal appearances build up a player. Stars, when they meet their public, always seek to appear "regular"—just one of the folks. Therefore it seems that off-stage commonplace photos of the players would also establish them as "regular" and hence make friends for them—build 'em up—Q. E. D.



Brian Aherne is a flyer between his grand screen appearances.



Heather Angel, with the sun in her hair, relaxing from the strain of "The Three Musketeers."



Maureen O'Sullivan can't get rid of the Tarzan influence.

The GODS OF THE SETS



Director George Cukor directing Princess Natalie Paley and Brian Aherne in a scene from "Sylvia Scarlett."

"TRY that again and this time a little slower, please," says the director. The players move back to their original positions, the cameramen, sound men, grips, juicers and make-up men do their parts. The scene is shot again. No one speaks.

The director communes with himself in the silence. Perhaps they will do the scene over and over all day. No one knows what is wrong or right. The DIRECTOR is working. James Cagney told us about a certain scene that he was making. He believed he had a good reason for doing the scene in a manner somewhat different from the conception of the director and explained his point.



Joseph Von Sternberg directing "Crime and Punishment." It is said that this picture will reestablish him as a great director.

One of the greatest directors in the world, René Clair, standing in front of the camera as he directs Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West."



The Director Is
The Man Who
Gets Praised In
Hollywood. For
Hollywood Knows.
Everywhere Else
The Stars Receive
The Plaudits.

The director smiled
and gave orders to
shoot the scene. At
the end, he simply
said, "Once more,
please." After he had
done the scene over
and over and over,
Cagney gave up and
did it according to the
director's idea.
"Cut," said the di-
rector, still smiling.



William Wellman, on location,
making a scene for "Robin
Hood of El Dorado."



Bing Crosby, Director Lewis
Milestone and Ethel Merman
discussing "Anything Goes."

Menace—The Soul
Of Drama.

IT IS M

James Cagney's
greatest gift is his
capacity to appear
truculent, aggressive
and ruthless. Scene
from "Frisco Kid."



"The Story of Temple Drake," in which Jack
LaRue played opposite Miriam Hopkins,
established him as a remarkable menace.



When George Raft, with im-
placable gaze, starts menacing,
it's a build-up for drama.



MENACE THAT MAKES A MOVIE

The Sinister But Silent
Suggestion That Something
Terrible MAY Happen.
That's Menace.

THE eyes squint a little and look through the eyebrows, a hard smile, corners down, curls the lips and there is never a flicker of movement—that's the formula. Charles Laughton is the Supreme Menace of the Screen, but James Cagney can be nearly as fearsome by simply staring un-winkingly at the offender. We wonder if anyone ever looked that way in real life.

But as a matter of fact these terrible people make the excitement, the suspense of the story. It speaks volumes for the culture of America that we respect the villainy of the "heavies."

We used to hiss them.



In the "Call of the Wild,"
Reginald Owen "smiled and
was a villain still."



Since "Little
Caesar," Edward
G. Robinson has
cast many a bale-
ful glance.



Charles Laughton, as Captain
Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty,"
seems utterly inhuman.



Paul Hurst can make
your blood run cold.
He puts the punch in
"Westerns."

Barton MacLane, in
"Doctor Socrates,"
made the gangster
dominating and con-
vincingly wicked.



Ah-ha! HOLDING

*The Marquis of
Queensberry Rules
Do Not Hold In
Hollywood.*

In "Stars Over Broad-
way," Jean Muir and
Pat O'Brien in one
of those husband and
wife poses.



Scene from "Ship Cafe,"
with Carl Brisson and Arline
Judge. It looks as if that
hold would develop into a
half nelson.



Colin Clive and Dolores
Del Rio in "Meet the
Duchess." It was during
this clinch that Colin's
wrist watch speeded up
and gained ten minutes.

George Brent sup-
ports Ginger Rogers
in "In Person," his
first starring picture

THE CLINCHES

SOME girls have a positive talent for being held while others are born elusive. Sisters to the eel, they slip from the grasp before your idea is properly worked out. The underlying thought back of the firm grip of one movie lover on another is motivated by each player trying to turn the other's back toward the camera, and the real feelings that co-starred players have for one another, when they embrace, is illustrated nicely by James Cagney and Fred Koehler in the picture below.



Ronald Colman (he's "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo") and Joan Bennett. It's good to see Ronald's moustache back again after "Tale of Two Cities," isn't it?



In the South Seas, Mala and his native girl put their cocoanuts together.

SHOOTING CELEBS IN

Hollywood

Famous Folks In Focus.

WHAT applause is to a stage actor, the click of the news camera is to the Hollywood star. The faces that cost the producers thousands of dollars weekly are free to the candid camera boys.



Jack Oakie grabbing the publicity. Lynne Overman in eclipse.



Winifred Shaw (at left) at the Premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Katharine Hepburn is treated for injuries sustained in the beach scene of " Sylvia Scarlett." She rescued Princess Paley from the surf and was severely pounded.



Victor Jory, who plays Oberon, the King of the Fairies, in the picture, laughs it off before the mike.

"Our Gang," the Hal Roach bunch, never gets any older. Hal has the entire world, full of eager replacements, to choose from.



Phil Regan and Johnny Greene.



How To HAVE A Shirley Temple XMAS PARTY

Mrs. Temple
Describes Her
Party Plans.



Little Shirley,
everybody's
sweetheart — as
cute as she is
talented.

BECAUSE of Shirley Temple's love for little gnomes and fairies, Mrs. Temple plans to have the invitation to Shirley's party read:

"We're going to have a party soon
Because the Christmas fairy
Is coming here—won't you come too
And help us all make merry?"

And, of course, down in the corner will be the address of the Temple home in Santa Monica and the time and the date.

The children will arrive around noon and immediately a party luncheon will be served them on a long table.

After the luncheon they will play games all afternoon. Following is the menu that Mrs. Temple has decided upon for Shirley's Christmas party, and she has very kindly given us the recipes which we now pass on to you.

Menu for the Shirley Temple Christmas Party

Candied Apples Scrambled Eggs
Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches
Hot Cocoa Topped with Whipped Cream
Curly Top Cake (Plain Sponge) and
Ice Cream
Red and White Candies

Candied Apples

Wash and core one fine large apple for each person to be served. Peel a rim at the top.

Set apples in a buttered baking dish and fill the cores with sugar. Top with one-half teaspoonful butter and a sprinkle of ground cinnamon on each apple.

Bake for an hour at 375 degrees—a moderate oven.

Make a syrup by boiling together one package (about one cupful) red cinnamon drops and three-quarters of a cupful of water to 232 degrees—or until it drips from a spoon.

Dribble the red syrup over the baked apples and cool slightly before serving.

Serve in large saucers with cream, or half milk and cream as you like.

Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches

Into a mixing bowl put one-quarter of a cupful of butter, one-quarter of a cupful of peanut butter and one-half a cupful of red jelly. Stir till blended and spread generously on whole wheat bread.

Remove crusts and cut into triangles.

Well, so much for the menu. The table will be decorated with the utmost simplicity, but at the same time delightfully thrilling to the children. The winter theme is to be used at the table and it will be centered with a Santa Claus surrounded with marshmallow snow men. There will be cotton snowballs, liberally sprinkled with silverdust, at each place, also a gay popcorn ball, and a little paper basket to hold red and white candies and nuts. Shirley makes these little paper baskets and marshmallow snowmen herself and you can just imagine how much fun she will have making them for her party.

To make a paper basket for the candies and nuts, Shirley takes a sheet of paper—Shirley likes to use ordinary typewriter paper—splits the four corners about an inch and a half on one side only. Then she folds the sides toward the center of the sheet of paper for the width of the split—an inch and a half. This provides the side of the basket. Then she dovetails the corners and pastes them in place. Shirley stops at this stage of the process and with her crayons decorates the sides with floral designs (one of her special delights is drawing flowers). After that is done to her satisfaction she cuts a strip of paper about a half-inch wide, decorates it, and then pastes the ends to the opposite sides of the basket to form a handle.

When she goes to make the snowmen she uses nine marshmallows for each man, three cloves to make his face, and then takes toothpicks to stick him together and make him stand up.

Ever since Shirley had so much fun singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup" she has had a great fondness for animal crackers, so Mrs. Temple has thought up a combination of animal cracker and candy which she will surprise Shirley with at the party. The "coated animals" will also be found in Shirley's little home-made baskets on the table.

Coated Animals

Dip animal crackers into melted sweet chocolate and into colored icings. The bear coated with white and rolled in coconut, the lion in chocolate, the zebra in white and chocolate stripes, etc. Use small silver and colored candies for the eyes. Lay finished candies on oiled paper and chill in the refrigerator.

All kids will get a kick out of these animal crackers. They'll probably all start singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup."

Another favorite game of Shirley's is "The King in the Chair." Two chairs are placed fairly close together but across the

space between them is spread a blanket with the ends in the two chairs. Two children sit on the chairs, then send for a child out of the room, and when he enters he's invited most cordially to have a seat between them. When the child sits down, the other two children jump up hastily, and the little kid takes a sprawl. The children simply go into hysterics over this, especially the little boys.

Still another favorite game of Shirley's is "Putting the Horse to Bed." Remember how Shirley put the little horse to bed in "Curly Top?" Well, Mrs. Temple draws a bed on a large piece of paper and tacks it on the wall. Then each child is given a paper horse and a pin, blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to put the horse in the bed. The child who gets nearest the right spot in the bed gets a simple prize.

Well, how about a Shirley Temple party for your own little Martha and Johnny? Just do what Shirley Temple does at her Christmas party and we guarantee it will be loads of fun.

*If You Intend To Give
A Shirley Temple Xmas
Party, Fill Out The Cou-
pon Below And We Will
Send You A Facsimile Of
Shirley's Greeting Card.
It Was Especially Written
By Shirley To All Those
Who Have A Party Like
Her Own.*

Only 10,000 greeting cards are available and these will be sent to those sending in coupons, as long as the supply lasts. Address: Eliot Keen, Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

This offer ends January 6, 1936. All requests must be postmarked not later than that date.

----- (Coupon) -----

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(Name)

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(Address)

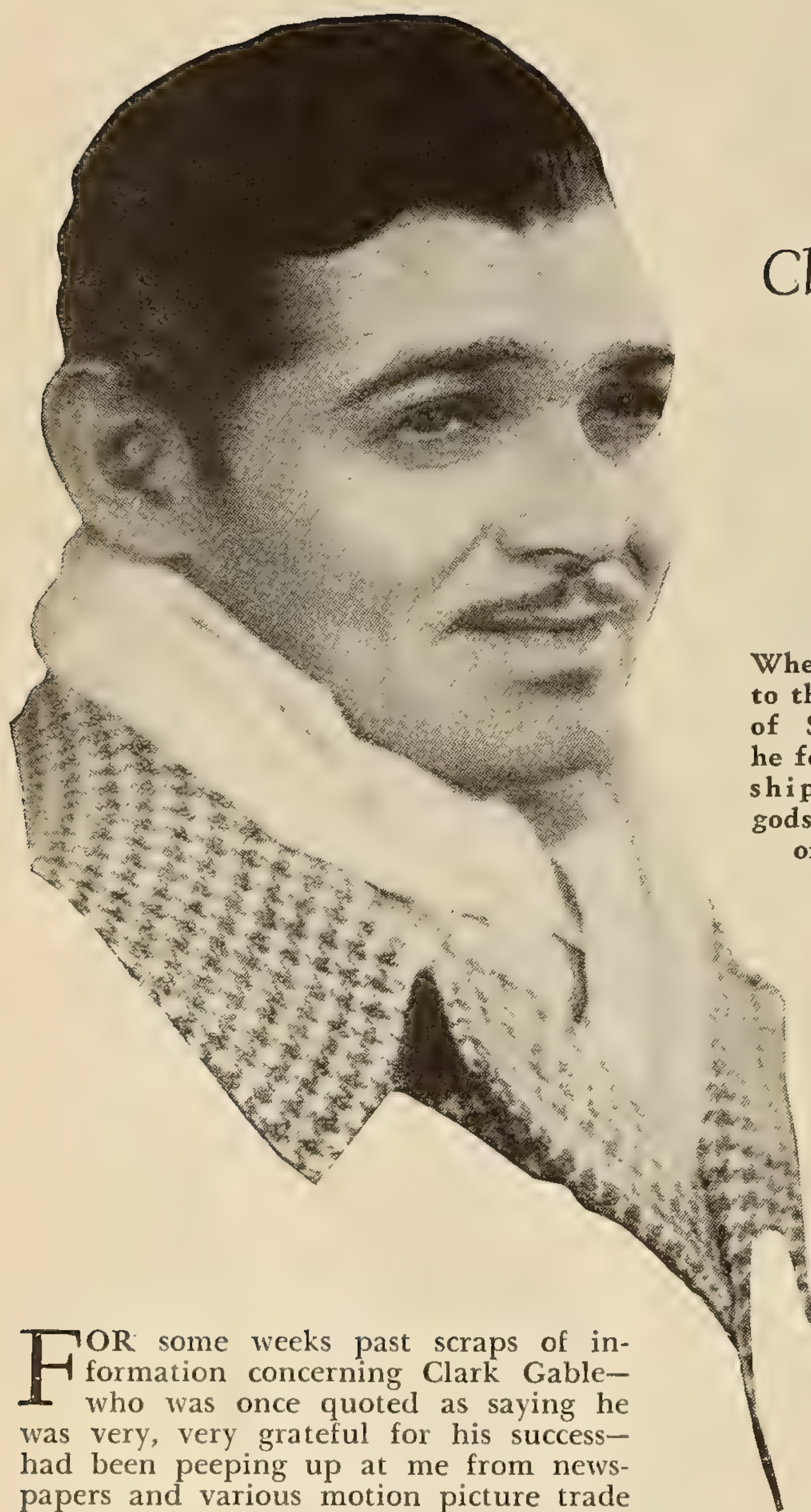
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(City and State)

PRINT PLAINLY

GABLE

Clark Escaped From The Senioritas Of The Argentine



When Gable went to the far countries of South America he found they worshipped strange gods—and he was one of them.



Mrs. Clark Gable, who has announced that their marriage is at an end.

FOR some weeks past scraps of information concerning Clark Gable—who was once quoted as saying he was very, very grateful for his success—had been peeping up at me from newspapers and various motion picture trade journals.

Clark, you see, had suddenly taken it into his head to hop off to South America by plane, and his journey, started in Hollywood with so much secrecy at the ungodly hour of four-thirty one cold morning, by degrees took on the semblance of a romantic good-will tour.

Everywhere he stopped he was mobbed by adoring fans. Beautiful Argentine flappers and matrons, some of whom should have long since reached the age of discretion, followed him along the main thoroughfares of Buenos Aires and the other cities and hamlets which he visited. They tore off bits of his clothing for souvenirs until he had to seek shelter in his hotel room for common decency's sake. While he registered at the desk of a certain hotel two avid admirers opened up his two small suitcases and carried away portions of his under-clothing and pajamas leaving the rest of his extremely personal belongings strewn over the floor for amused onlookers to gape at.

One evening—after replenishing his wardrobe through dire necessity—he left two pairs of shoes, one brown, one black, outside his bedroom door to be polished. The next morning only one shoe of each pair remained—and they weren't mates.

After reading all these astonishing news items of Clark's reception by the hospitable South Americans—and I musn't neglect to mention that he was the guest of many of the wealthiest inhabitants on their extremely well-appointed ranchos out in the great open spaces of that vast continent—I wondered, just a little bit, if Clark still could be quoted as saying he was very, very grateful for his success.

And, during the business of finding out, I discovered that Clark Gable "is no fool," to quote Eddie Cantor. He had such a terrifically hard time crashing the gates of fame and popularity and success that he would be the last person in the world to go high-hat or temperamental on those loyal fans who show, in the only manner they find expedient, their tremendous liking for him.

Of course, when he was quizzed by hard-boiled newspaper men in New York about his amazing reception by the South American senioritas, he must be forgiven for his embarrassed grin and his "Oh, I guess women are crazy." After all, as one man to another, it is a bit thick to have to admit you're such a hero. But he didn't say he disliked the fuss that was made about him everywhere he went. He didn't say it because he's an honest soul, and if he had to come out with a definite statement he'd have to admit that he liked it. Who wouldn't? The only thing

is could you and you and you—and even *I*—remain as poised and collected and keep *our feet* on the ground with such amazing nonchalance if we had half the female population of the world doing obeisance to those feet, just to mention an old Japanese custom.

Did I say half the *female* population? Well, just add to that a goodly portion of the male population, too. For Clark is equally as popular with the men who like their movies as he is with the women. And the newspaper men tell me "He's a great guy. Regular." In addition to this I had a motion picture executive sitting beside my desk the other day telling me anecdotes and gossip about Clark with such hero-worship in his eyes and in his voice and in his heart that I exclaimed quite sincerely: "Now, what's the matter with me? I've never walked around the corner to see a Clark Gable picture?"

To which this horrified young man had but one reply: "Wait until you see him in person. I'll bet you a double martini that you'll come away raving about him too."

But to see Clark Gable in person was not such an easy matter to arrange. Not because Clark was walking out on interviews or anything like that. It was simply that he was rehearsing for a broadcast of the play, "His Misleading Lady," practically from the moment he stepped off the boat from South America and, actually, I believe it is easier to get an audience with the pope or the King of England or the President of the United States than it is to get within the sacred precincts of a rehearsal room of a prominent broadcasting station.

While I was patiently waiting to get even a two minutes' audience with the king of the present crop of movie heroes, I took time out to delve a bit into his past. A past that doesn't go back so far considering that Clark was born, in Cadiz, Ohio, in February, 1901, of Pennsylvania Dutch parents. The Pennsylvania Dutch are noted for their rugged persistency, which trait may account for Clark's ability to get what he's after on the screen and off.

There were no actors in the Gable family until Clark

RETURNS By Lenore Samuels

Only To Be Captured By A Broadcasting Station.

came along. And even he began his career in considerably more hectic fashion than as an actor, for he doesn't hesitate to mention that he was once a factory worker, an oil worker, a lumberjack, and held sundry other occupations of a like nature. There's certainly no bunk about this Clark Gable, for all that he has become the Screen's Idol No. 1.

Finally he drifted into the acting profession with a Little Theatre Movement. This eventually led him to work in various stock companies throughout the States, which was marvellous experience. And, finally, he landed in New York where he appeared in several prominent plays, among the most important of which was "Machinal."

In the meantime he had played on the stage for a year in Los Angeles, and in that period had appeared in a few films in which he received little attention from the producers or the critics. Eventually, after another session in stock, he reached Los Angeles once again and overnight made a tremendous personal success as "Killer Mears" in the highly dramatic play, "The Last Mile."

The movie moguls, always on the lookout for spectacular "finds" of that kind, immediately signed him on the dotted line and he has remained in Hollywood ever since, and from the looks of things today will remain there for a long while to come.

It so happened that M-G-M had purchased a story around that time (this was in 1931) written by Adela Rogers St. Johns called "A Free Soul." And there was a rôle in this story that seemed written to order to the measurement of the stalwart, vitally alive young actor, Clark Gable, whom M-G-M had under contract. One day Adela saw Clark—then really an unknown so far as the screen was concerned—striding across the M-G-M lot. To her he was the very epitome of Ace Wilfong, the pivotal character of her story, and she went to Irving Thalberg and begged him to

assign this part to Gable. Well, very little need be added to this, for the rest is history.

The fans of the country went mad about Gable as Ace Wilfong. And every feminine star in Hollywood envied Norma Shearer who had had the good fortune to play opposite him in "A Free Soul." Soon they were all clamoring to play in a Gable picture. Overnight this young man's stock went up so high that the producers could not cast him in enough films to satisfy either his adoring fans or the glamorous stars who wished to play with him. Helen Hayes, Carole Lombard, Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies—each of them, and many others, had her day with Gable, and the producers, in order to satisfy them all, overworked their gold mine. They put him in too many pictures—and they typed him in the same kind of rôle time and time again. The result was that Gable lost his health and the fickle public lost its interest. But . . . only temporarily.

After Gable had been given a long vacation in which to recoup his strength and his looks, M-G-M loaned him to Columbia to play opposite Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night." This was a comedy rôle, the first he had ever played on the screen, and he came through so brilliantly it was just as if an entirely new star had been discovered in the cinema world. The picture brought the same success to Claudette, whose career in pictures almost paralleled Clark's up to this point.

. . . Well, now that I've delved into Mr. Gable's past, I'm sure you'd like to learn a little something about his future. Well, so did I, so off I went again to that broadcasting station to see if the flinty press agent who had barred my admission on several previous occasions would relent now that I had given him a few days' uninterrupted peace. But *orders were orders!* And his orders were to keep everyone out of that room who had no business there. Which meant *me* in no uncertain terms.

After this impasse was reached, a page boy who had listened to this little altercation suddenly took pity upon me and whispered: "This is against the rules. . . . I have never done it for anyone before. But if you want to peak through that little glass window into the rehearsal room you can see Mr. Gable rehearse. You can have just one minute by my watch." So I trotted up two or three steps and pasted my face against the little window and saw Clark rehearsing. Only, just to rile me a little more, while everyone else in the cast did their rehearsing with their faces turned toward me, Clark spoke his lines with his *back* toward me. So, if any of you fans would like to know how Mr. Gable looks when he is at work and not facing a firing squad of fans, all I can tell you is that he stands most nonchalantly while delivering his lines and that he keeps one hand in—yes, his right hand trousers' pocket.

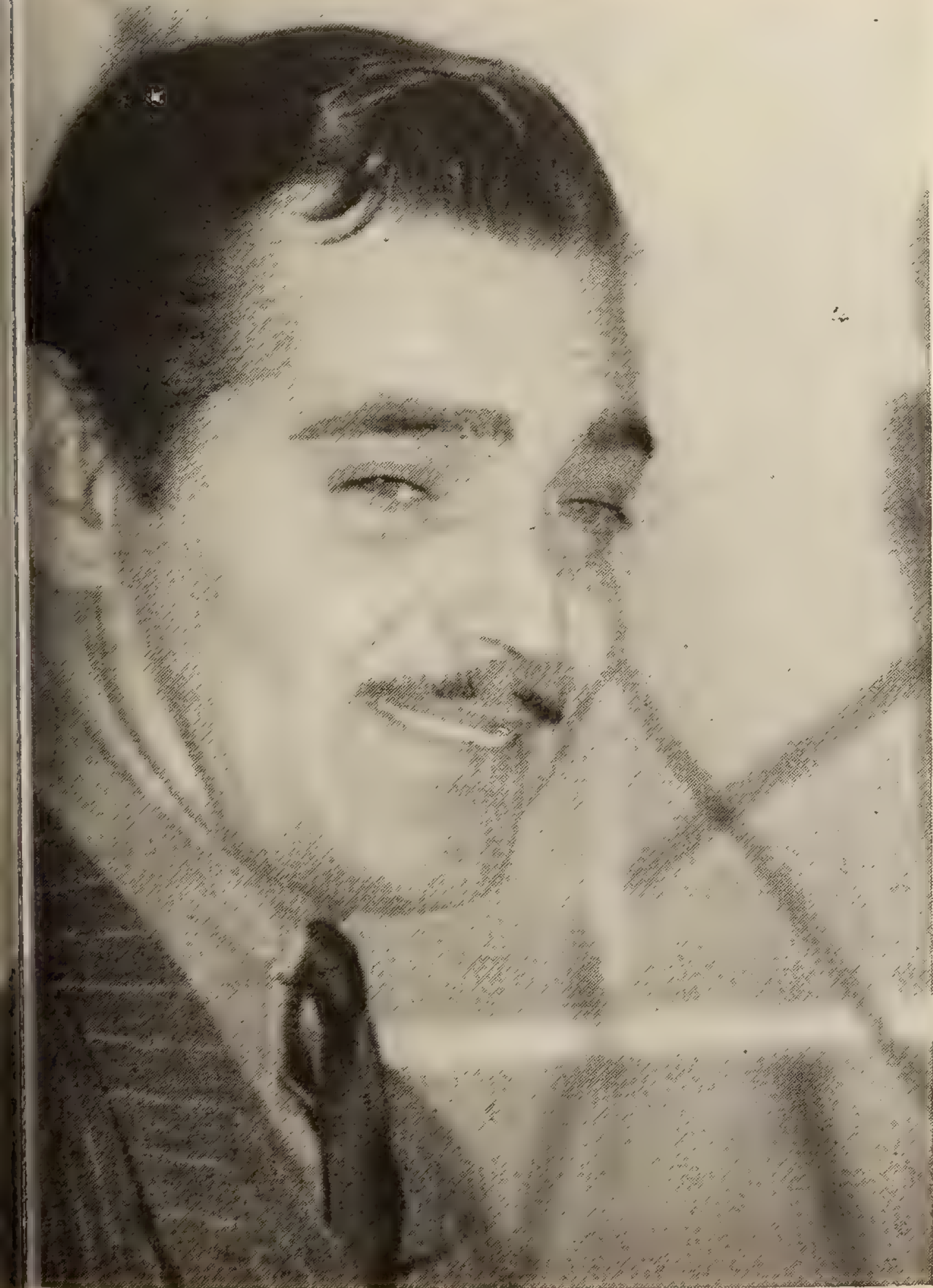
When I stepped down from my perch it was to gaze into the amused eyes of several dozen actors who were resting between rehearsals, and to say that I felt like the silliest of the South American *senoritas* is putting it mildly. . . .

Even a movie hero has to eat, and I finally caught up with Mr. Gable on his way to the commissary on the last day of rehearsals and, in between mouthfuls of an enormous ham sandwich and generous gulps of hot coffee, he pleasantly informed me that he was planning to return to Hollywood immediately after his broadcast—which, by the way, he was enjoying immensely. And he was particularly tickled about the nice big lump of money he was getting for it—even as you and I. That he was going to do a picture called "San Francisco," woven around the earthquake of 1906, with Jeanette MacDonald, and another with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy called "Wife vs. Secretary," (you can figure out *this* story yourself!) but that he didn't know which was to be done first.

And while he talked, I suddenly understood why women all over the world fall for the Gable charm and personality. Why, he's just like the boy you first fell in love with. He has the same amused chuckle, the same earnest way of looking straight into your eyes with that same earnest expression while he talks, and he makes you feel, for the moment at least, that you are the only person in the world that matters. And that's an achievement which all women enjoy alike. Besides which, he really has a *grand* sense of humor, and women love that, too.

As ten minutes with the Clark Gable personality is really just a teaser, I naturally wanted more of it. And so, when I reluctantly saw him off to the rehearsal room I immediately made for the nearest telephone booth and dialed the young executive with whom I had so recklessly [Continued on page 67]

Clark Gable, the Pan American Panic—and won't he laugh at that.



REVIEWS

OF PICTURES
SEEN

Rosalind Russell and William Powell in "Rendezvous," another "Thin Man"—almost.

THANKS A MILLION

Rating: 98°—AND THANK YOU, MR ZANUCK—
Twentieth Century-Fox

IT CERTAINLY is the year for extraordinary musicals but you've got to believe me when I say that this is really the Best. Mr. Darryl Zanuck's little workshop has taken their best writer, Nunnally Johnson, "Broadway Melody's" director, Roy Del Ruth, a batch of Arthur Johnston and Gus Kahn's song hits, and a top notch cast and turned out a musical satire that will leave you gasping for breath after laughing yourself silly for an hour and a half. It has everything, everything indeed, even a good plot and witty dialogue, which two things are as rare as hen's teeth in a musical.

Briefly, the story's about a stranded troupe of entertainers struggling by bus back to New York, who get caught in a small town on a rainy night and have to seek shelter at a political rally. Fred Allen—oh you know Fred on the radio—who manages the troupe, sells the politicians the idea of putting on a show along with the candidate's dull speech, to enliven up the campaign. It does, all right. Never a vacant chair at a rally from then on. In fact the opposition gets so upset that they have to put on Paul Whiteman and his band as a counter attraction.

Fred's show consists of songs by Dick Powell, a tap dance by Patsy Kelly and Ann Dvorak, and specialty songs by the Yacht Club boys, and if you don't go mad, completely mad, over their "Alphabet" song you're crazy. The preview audience applauded so loudly I expected the Chinese roof in my lap at any minute.

Well, one night Raymond Walburn, the plastered candidate, goes on a bender and it falls to Dick Powell's lot to deliver the old bird's speech. Dick does it with such ease and charm that the women go slightly batty over him and the politicians decide to shelve their man and run Dick for Gov-

"Thanks a Million" →

"Mutiny on the Bounty" →

"Rendezvous"

"A Night at the Opera" →

"Stars Over Broadway" →

"Metropolitan" →

"Annie Oakley" →

"Peter Ibbetson" →

"In Person" →

"Show Them No Mercy" →

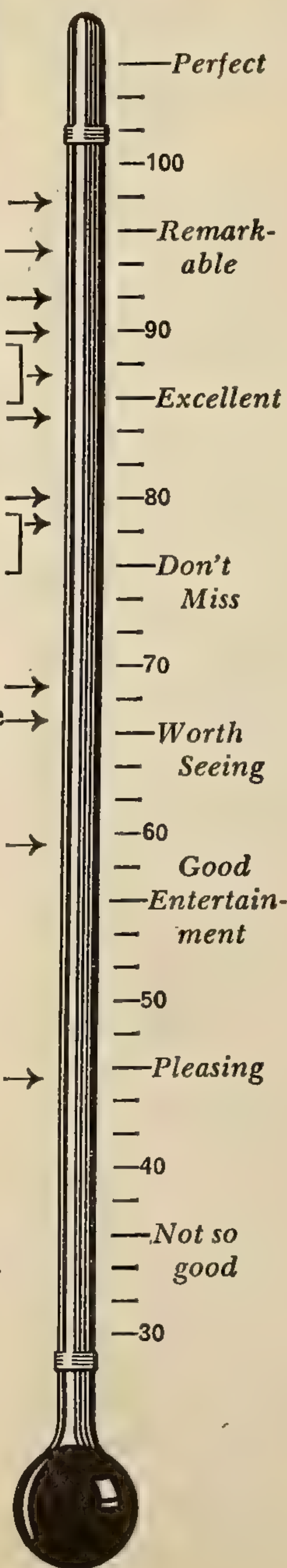
"His Night Out" →

"The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" →

"Paddy O'Day" →

"To Beat the Band" →

Silver Screen's
Picture
Thermometer



ernor. Well, there's one surprise after another, with a fast finish that's a knock-out. You just can't afford to miss so much hilarious fun.

Dick Powell is simply grand as the young crooner of the troupe; he gives an easy likable performance, and sings three songs that are wows. This is Fred Allen's first feature picture—it won't be his last. Most of the wise-cracks fall to him and to his foil, Patsy Kelly, and you know how she can deliver. Ann Dvorak is excellent as the girl in love with Dick, and of course Raymond Walburn as the drunken candidate will go down in history. There's a lot more cast, a lot more story, songs, and everything, and I could keep this raving up for days.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE
BANK AT MONTE CARLO

Rating: 67°—THAT FASCINATING COLMAN—
Twentieth Century-Fox

ROMANCE and Ronald Colman! What more do you ask! Ronnie, charming and debonair as ever, plays an aristocratic Russian refugee who, to keep body and soul together, drives a taxicab in Paris—in the spring. The former Grand Dukes and Duchesses, who are now waiters and chefs in a Paris restaurant, chip in their savings and send Ronnie to Monte Carlo to try his luck with baccarat.

Ronnie, once more a gentleman with his valet and everything, proceeds to break the bank at Monte Carlo in as thrilling a gambling scene as you have ever seen. Of course the game operators can't let him get by with that, so they frame him with a beautiful blonde—Joan Bennett, no less. Ronnie again tries Dame Fortune, again makes a big winning, but the last card ruins him. So it's back to his taxicab in Paris for poor Ronnie, where he eventually "picks up" Joanie, and she explains that she didn't frame him after all. It's rather a slight little thing, but the Casino sequences are quite thrilling and Ronnie is still the most fascinating man on the screen.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY

Rating: 79°—THE SNATCH RACKET—
Twentieth Century-Fox

HERE'S the fastest moving of the gangster-G-men pictures and if it's thrills you want, baby, here they are. The story involves a kidnapping gang hiding out with "hot" money. Rochelle Hudson and her husband, Edward Norris, and baby are motoring very pleasantly from Ohio to California when, quite by accident, they stumble right into the gangsters' hideout, and of course the nasty men, fearing detection at their heels, keep them there as prisoners. Then they send the young husband out with the marked money so that he will be bait for the G-Men.

But the snatchers haven't a chance, for the government boys are right on their trail up to a thrilling finish. The picture is fraught with suspense and will keep you glued to your seat hardly daring to breath. Bruce Cabot and Cesar Romero, as the brains of the gang, give sensational performances that will rank right along with Eddie Robinson's Little Caesar. Edward Brophy and Warren Hymer are the comedy relief. What tempo!

STARS OVER BROADWAY

Rating: 88°—INTRODUCING JAMES MELTON—
Warners

AND still they come—those really swell musicals. Here's one that can hold its own in any competition. Well written, well directed, and excellently acted by Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, Frank McHugh, Jane Froman and Marie Wilson, it's grand entertainment—but with Mr. James Melton of radio fame thrown in, why it's actually sensational. What a nice personality that boy has, and good looking too, un huh, and can he sing? Like a million dollars.

Pat O'Brien plays a down and out talent agent, who is just about to put a bullet in the old brain, when he hears the hotel bell-hop singing in the corridor. Pat just can't resist, so he has the boy sign a fifty-fifty contract with him, and starts him on his career.

Melton and his teacher, William Riccardi, have their heart set on opera, but Pat wants quick results, so he puts Melton in radio. He quickly becomes a radio sensation, the idol of New York, and a Broadway playboy. Pat realizes he has ruined the boy and his career and ships him off to Italy to recover his voice and study for the Metropolitan.

There's a lot of backstage radio business that is a heluva lot of fun, especially Frank Fay's introduction of the Morgan family on one of those amateur hours. James Melton sings several songs, most outstanding of which are his famous "Lone Prairie" and "Celeste Aida" from the opera "Aida."

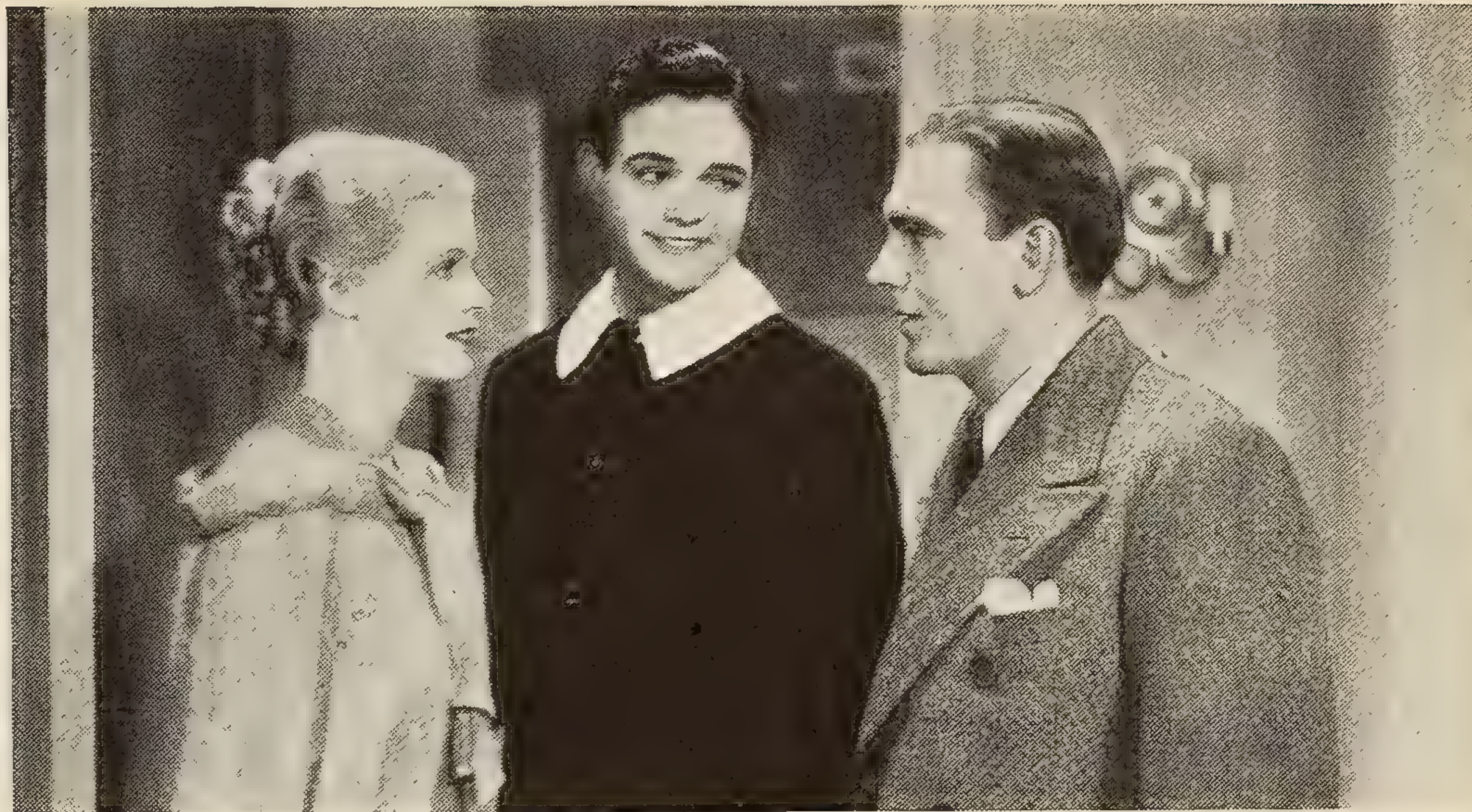
Another discovery in the picture is Jane Froman, also known to her radio audience, who is a good looker as well as a good singer. And still another discovery is little Marie Wilson who is right there with the comedy. Jean Muir gives a charming performance and Pat and Frank are excellent as usual. Yes, girls, Mr. Melton has been given a Warners contract.

ANNIE OAKLEY

Rating: 85°—AMERICANA—R-K-O

GOOD old R-K-O has delved into early American history and presented for our entertainment one of the most joyous and romantic chapters of our own America. Annie Oakley, Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull, those three romantic personages of a past generation, are brought back to life quite vividly in this comedy that is "different"—and most entertaining.

Barbara Stanwyck plays Annie Oakley, the simple, sincere backwoods girl who became the champion rifle shot of the world. We follow her spectacular career



Jean Muir, James Melton and Pat O'Brien in "Stars Over Broadway," which introduces Melton, the popular radio singer, to the biggest success of his career.

from the day she joins the famous Buffalo Bill show to the time when she becomes the toast of Kings and Queens, and then back to New York and her one great love. The Buffalo Bill shows make an exciting and glamorous background for Annie's romance with Toby Taylor (excellently played by Preston Foster) who is the champion until Annie comes along and takes away his laurels.

It's rather a beautiful love story, but with plenty of comedy for us folks who like our laughs. Sitting Bull—played by Chief Thunder Bird no less—is a riot, and his scene with a folding bed will have you in hysterics. Moroni Olsen is perfect as Buffalo Bill, and looks exactly like the pictures we've seen of him. Melvyn Douglas plays Annie's devoted friend who never wins her love, and Andy Clyde plays an inn keeper with a burr. Why not more of this American saga?

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Rating: 90°—THOSE MAD MARXES—M-G-M

THINGS were getting so that I didn't think the Marx Brothers were funny any more. And then along came "A Night at the Opera" and I laughed and shrieked and whooped and hollered until the tears started running down by cheeks, carrying my mascara with them. I was a mess when I got out of that preview, but what fun, what mad, insane, screwy fun.

The three Marx Brothers—Zeppo, the fourth, is now a successful agent—are

picked up in Venice where Groucho is talking (and how!) a rich widow into backing an opera and permitting him to manage her money. Um-mm-mm. Chico and Harpo are a couple of bums who come down to see Kitty Carlisle (playing an Italian prima donna) off to New York and decide to go along stowed away in Groucho's trunk. And that leads to one of the funniest scenes that has ever been on any screen—the mad goings-on in Groucho's little two by four stateroom.

Well, in New York, of course, they simply take over the opera. They want their pal, Allan Jones, to sing the lead in "Il Trovatore" but the management insists upon Walter King, the great Italian tenor, and incidentally the heavy of the picture. What those boys do to "Il Trovatore" is really something. The backstage of the opera house is a madhouse, and in the midst of Mr. King's big aria the backdrops start shifting—and the props start falling—and eventually Allan Jones sings "Il Trovatore" and becomes a sensational success. There's just no telling all the grand insanity in this picture—you see it for yourself.

Allan Jones, Metro's new singing "discovery," has a fine tenor voice and a pleasant personality that assures me that we will be hearing from him again. Kitty Carlisle is quite lovely and also has a chance to sing. Harpo plays his harp and Chico plays the piano and Groucho prattles on and on. Yes, this is the Marx Brothers' best picture.

TO BEAT THE BAND

Rating: 45°—FARCE OF A SORT—R-K-O

HUGH HERBERT plays an elderly and slightly cracked man who is about to marry a little blonde cutie when his aunt dies leaving him fifty-nine million dollars (fancy that) provided he marries a widow within three days. Hugh marries off his sweetie to a suicidal maniac who promises to get it over with at once so Hugh can have a widow. But in the meantime they fall in love and Hugh is snared by his woman lawyer—and a widow.

There is much ado about it all, and, of course, Aunt Elizabeth appears in the last reel and announces that she isn't dead and it was all a little trick of hers to keep Hugh from marrying the blonde baby. Helen Broderick (remember her in "Top Hat?") plays the women lawyer, and it's a shame, albeit an outrage, to put such an excellent actress in such drivel. But surprise, surprise. Just when you think it's all pretty hard to take, out pops a young man who does a tap dance all over the piano and the furniture that is really magnificent. Whoever he is he should be trained for a second Fred Astaire.



Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly, Ann Dvorak and Dick Powell in the best picture of the month, "Thanks A Million."

PETER IBBETSON

Rating: 80°—AN EXQUISITE PRODUCTION—
Paramount

PARAMOUNT has made of George du Maurier's famous story a picture of rare artistry; sensitively directed, it becomes a veritable triumph in emotional appeal. Nothing as lovely and exquisite as this mystical fantasy has ever before been seen on the screen and unless you are Old Stoney Heart himself you will be deeply moved by its beautiful age old love story.

Ann Harding plays Mary, the Duchess of Towers, and has never looked more beautiful or given a more sincere performance. Her Duchess of Towers is flawless. Gary Cooper gives to Peter Ibbetson a certain charm and sensitivity that proves beyond a doubt that our Gary has become one of the most finished actors on the screen. The prologue of the picture is played by little Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler, as Mary and Peter when they were children, and you have never seen two children more charming and natural. The prologue alone is worth your trip to the theatre.

It's the story of a great love, shadowed from the beginning by a brooding sense of fatefulness, and if it's a lot of la de la and hi de ho you're looking for this is not your picture. But I do hope you have a soul for beauty.

PADDY O'DAY

Rating: 59°—JANE WITH A BROGUE—
Twentieth Century-Fox

JANE WITHERS plays a little Irish immigrant girl, with a brogue as thick as pea soup, who arrives in America only to learn that her mother has died before she arrived. She is confined to Ellis Island but manages to escape in a milk can, via milk truck, to the house in New York where her mother was formerly employed, and there she makes the acquaintance of Pinky Tomlin, a budding young scientist with a passion for stuffed birds.

Two of Jane's friends from the boat, George Givot and Rita Cansino, visit her and in no time at all persuade Pinky to back them in a night club venture. The night club is a sensational success and Pinky's horrified family report Jane to the immigration authorities, thinking that it might stop Pinky in his mad venture.

But the immigration authorities are thwarted, to be sure, when they arrive to snatch Jane, only to find that she has been officially adopted by Pinky and Rita who have secretly married.

Jane sings an Irish song and a Russian song very well indeed, Pinky sings one song, "Changing My Ambitions," George Givot gives his famous Greek impersonation, and Rita Cansino sings and dances beautifully—keep your eye on her, she's star material.

METROPOLITAN

Rating: 88°—TIBBETT'S RETURN—
Twentieth Century-Fox

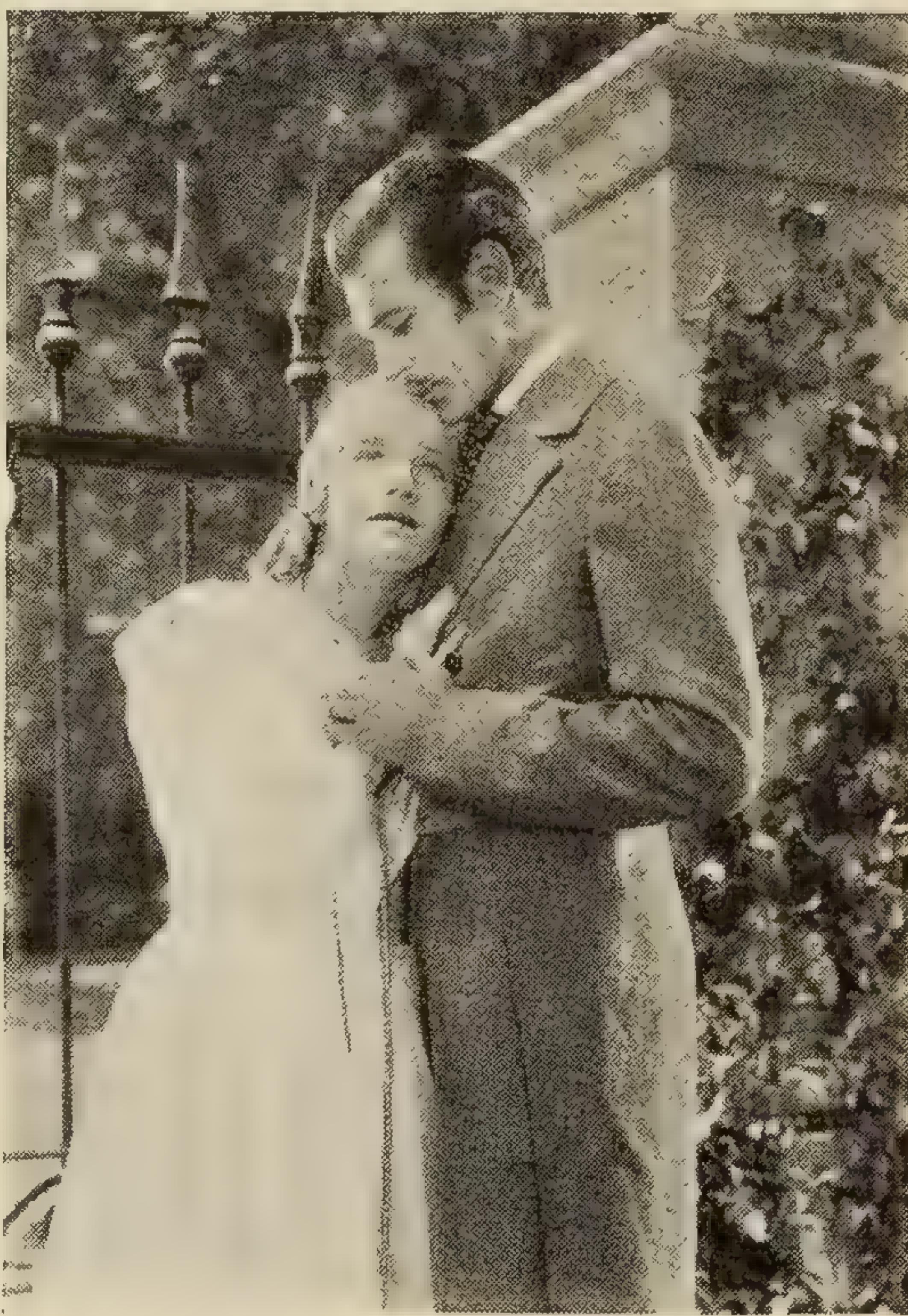
AFTER three years' absence from the screen, Lawrence Tibbett returns once more to prove that he is still the best of the screen singers. As is customary in such pictures the story matters little, in fact it matters not at all, for everything is just so much background for Tibbett to sing, and sing he does, and beautifully.

No one has ever been able to sing "The Road to Mandalay" and "The Glory Road" so well as Tibbett sings them. From the operas he sings the Figaro aria from "The Barber of Seville," the Toreador Song from "Carmen" and the Prologue from "Pagliacci." Ah, what a feast for the music lovers, and what grand songs for all of us.

The story concerns a spoiled prima donna (Alice Brady) with a very rich backer, who walks out on the Metropolitan

and decides to start an opera company of her own. More attracted by his physique than his voice (oh, you know how those things are) Alice chooses Tibbett for her leading man. But things don't work out as she had planned, so Alice walks out on her own show and poor Tibbett has to finance it, manage it, sing it, and everything else—with the usual triumph at the end.

Virginia Bruce plays a wealthy girl with operatic ambitions, and, of course, she too falls in love with Tibbett. Luis Alberni again plays a hysterical Italian and is thoroughly delightful. Ditto George Marion Sr., as a forgotten maestro simply reeking with temperament. A very fine supporting cast, but the picture is really all Tibbett. It's a treat you can't afford to miss.



"Peter Ibbetson" has been highly complimented by all the critics. Gary Cooper is excellent and Ann Harding was never better.

IN PERSON

Rating: 79°—GINGER ROGERS ON HER OWN—
RKO

THIS is our Ginger's first starring picture on her own at RKO and our favorite redhead is off to a good start. Ginger plays a movie star by the name of Carol Corliss, who is recovering from a nervous breakdown caused by too much mobbing from her fans after a personal appearance. The nature of the disease forces Ginger to wear a black wig, false teeth and eyeglasses so that her dear public won't recognize her.

But, one day, she meets George Brent, forces him to take her to the country for a rest, and gradually becomes her own self again. Of course that black wig and horrible teeth don't fool George but he pretends to refuse to believe her when she tells him she is the famous movie star. There are a lot of good movie "touches" that ring true, too true, and even though the picture has a happy ending I have an awful feeling that poor George won't be very happy being *Mister Carol Corliss*.

HIS NIGHT OUT

Rating: 69°—MOUSE INTO TIGER—*Universal*

ARE you an Edward Everett Horton fan? Well this is your picnic, and count me in on it. I'm such a dyed-in-the-wool Horton fan that I haven't missed one of Eddie's pictures in years. And this is one of the

most amusing I have ever seen. Eddie plays a mousey sort of chap with no more backbone than a jelly fish, and on top of that a dyspeptic of dyspeptics. Quack doctors have given him only three months to live, so Eddie takes it big.

He assumes the blame for a safe robbery, thinking to save his girl friend, and immediately becomes involved in crooks and police and the third degree. Suddenly the iron will of his granddad takes possession of his willy nilly body and Eddie proceeds to take command, recover the bonds, apprehend the criminals, and get his girl. It's hilarious comedy from beginning to end and Eddie has never been funnier. Eddie, of course, is the whole show, but he is capably aided and abetted by Irene Hervey, Jack La Rue and Robert McWade.

RENDEZVOUS

Rating: 92°—UTTERLY EXHILARATING—
M-G-M

HERE is a mystery comedy-drama that is so delightfully exhilarating that you leave the theatre all pepped up—which is really something these days. Personally, I liked it even better than "The Thin Man," how's about you? William Powell, and when it comes to mocking comedy he's got them all beat a mile, plays a young man way back in 1917 who is extremely anxious to get to France, but the daughter of the Assistant Secretary of War falls in love with him and gets him "tricked" into a desk job in Washington—which job turns out to be far more thrilling and hazardous than the front line trenches.

But through all the excitement the comedy ripples along elegantly, with some of the most amusing dialogue that has been written since "The Thin Man."

Bill's nitwit girl friend—she's so dumb that she doesn't even know there is a war going on—is divinely played by Rosalind Russell, who is bound to become a star after this picture. Lionel Atwill is perfect as the chief of the Secret Service, Cesar Romero stands out as a Russian spy, and Binnie Barnes, as a beautiful and clever foreign spy, gives her best performance since coming to Hollywood. It's a gay picture with plenty of interesting Secret Service detail and you'll love it.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

Rating: 95°—THE BOUNTY SAILS AGAIN!—
M-G-M

OUT of the pages of a gloriously romantic and adventurous novel comes this magnificent picture which captures all the hearty spirit and all the glamor of the original story. Stirring and thrilling beyond words, this saga of the early British Navy, of peril and hardship on the mysterious sea, of young love on an enchanted tropical island, of hate and horror and torture, holds you fascinated for over two hours.

Charles Laughton, as the sadistic Captain Bligh, Clark Gable as hot-tempered Fletcher Christian, and Franchot Tone as the gentlemanly young Byam reach new highs in screen performances. How you will hate Charles Laughton, but of course the more you hate him it means the better actor he is. Clark Gable has never been more rough, more a man's man, than he is as the first mate of the ill-fated "Bounty." And certainly Franchot Tone does his best work to date—his stirring indictment of the barbarous code of the sea, which makes a thrilling climax to the picture, had even the most lethargic of us at the preview applauding wildly.

The picture is splendidly cast down to the most insignificant character, and special praise should go to Dudley Digges, Eddie Quillan and Herbert Mundin.

By Mary Lee

Irene Dunne turns your thoughts to beauty in "The Magnificent Obsession."



BE BEAUTIFUL

SKIN that gleams with a clear, fresh vitality is a possession any woman would envy. There is much you can do to make it an enviable asset, only don't confine its care to your face. Give the rest of you some of the breaks. Beauty baths are the way.

Not everybody bathes in milk or champagne, but there are those who have been said to do both.

Empress Poppæa of ancient Rome, so the legend goes, filched the milk that by nature should have gone to feed hundreds of infant asses. This was her beauty bath.

Smooth white milk filled the marble pool from which Cleopatra emerged, feeling extra queenly and fit to vamp her way to map-changing conquests.

All down through the decades and centuries, famous beauties with time and money to spend have revelled in the luxury of milk baths. Not so long ago, Claudette Colbert, playing the rôle of one of history's fastidious ladies, bathed in mare's milk. The thing we remember most about Anna Held is her famous milk baths. She gave them credit for the smooth young skin she boasted in her later years.

Amazing as these ablutions may seem when you read about them or see them in pictures, it's a fact that milk contains certain essentials that beautify the skin. A daily plunge in a tub full of fresh milk would surely benefit your skin, but there are easier ways to get the same beautifying effects. A body rub with evaporated milk before you get into the tub is cleansing, softening and wonderfully soothing to skin that has been dried out from cold winds and artificial heat. Its consistency is heavy enough, so it can be applied easily. Not that it takes the place of soap. Nothing can do that for the perfect cleansing which is the real basis of skin beauty. But do select your bath soap for its purity and beautifying qualities, not just because you

like its fragrance.

Here's a before-the-bath beauty treatment that does wonders to soften and improve the texture of your skin: Rub yourself all over with your favorite tissue cream, a lubricating type of cleansing cream or evaporated milk. Then take klim, which is powdered whole milk, in the palm of your hand and rub it briskly over your skin to remove the cream. The friction brings up a healthy circulation at the same time the benefits from the milk and beauty cream are massaged right into your skin. The little particles of dead skin that cloud the surface beauty are pleasantly removed along with an amount of dirt you never would have believed yourself capable of accumulating! After a soak in the tub, or a shower if you prefer, you'll find your skin delightfully smooth and soft. You can be sure it's clean as clean can be, too, and that you've done a lot to avoid those irritating skin eruptions that come from letting the pores fill up with dirt that hasty bathing doesn't completely remove.

Just a word to remind you, too, that drinking plenty of milk helps keep your skin clear and smooth. So take your milk beauty treatment inside and out.

One of the most delightful beauty baths we know has a luxurious milky appearance, and it certainly leaves one's skin white and velvety afterwards! It's prepared by pouring half a package of Linit in the tub while the hot water is running. The running water dissolves it, so you won't have to swish it into a solution later. Add your favorite perfumed bath essence or salts. Personally, we're addicted to Bathasweet, a water softening powder with a lovely fragrance that lasts for hours. After a lathering with a good beauty soap and a little luxurious languishing, you emerge pleasantly scented and with just enough of the Linit adhering to your skin to make it look ethereal without clogging the pores.

There Is True
Happiness In Know-
ing You Are Looking
Your Best.

It's wonderfully soothing to dry, chapped skin, too.

Baths serve double duty for beauty, and the twin to cleansing is the way your bath makes you feel.

A warm, fragrant bath is relaxing to tired nerves and muscles. And a bath that bubbles is especially good to take the kinks out of nerves and smooth the frown lines out of faces. A soak in a tub full of champagne would no doubt be a delightful experience, although somewhat expensive. Put some of Molinelle's "Fizz" in the bath water and you'll feel as if you were bathing in champagne! It's pleasantly scented and effervesces most convincingly.

Cold showers and plunges are not for everyone. If you have the kind of circulation that responds quickly to stimulation and you feel all a-tingle and glowing afterwards, by all means take them. If they make you feel "shivery" and it takes you a long time to warm up, they're doing you no good at all and probably some harm. Don't fool yourself into thinking that you'll become hardened to them. Better to skip them altogether.

Now for a word about bath brushes! They're a grand help to get your skin thoroughly clean and keep it free from annoying blackheads and blemishes. Backs, especially (and we're showing plenty of them in this Season's evening gowns) need the stimulation and deeper cleansing a good scrubbing with a stiff brush will give them. Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic makes an excellent bath brush with a detachable handle, long and curved to fit the back. The bristles are set compactly so you won't splash lather all over the wall. And there's a canvas strap across the brush so you can get a good firm grip when you're using it without the handle.

Use plenty of lather with your bath brush. Begin by rubbing it up and down your spine to bring up circulation, then across your shoulders so that every inch of skin is covered. Then do the rest of your body, especially arms and legs. The stimulation of a bath brush is fine for that "gooseflesh" roughness so many of us have on our upper arms and calves. The chief cause of that roughness is poor circulation, you know.

Don't forget your feet when you're wielding the bath brush. Stimulating scrubbing helps keep them in the pink of condition.

It's a good habit to make your bath-time count for facial beauty, too, especially if you're one of the rebels who doesn't like to use night creams at night. Cleanse your face first. Then spread on a liberal supply of your favorite tissue cream and leave it on while you're bathing. The warmth from the bath helps your skin get the benefits of the cream. And you'll finish up with the feeling that you've given yourself a complete beauty treatment from tip to toe!

The Men Go To Beauty Parlors

[Continued from page 15]

I'm sorry but, whatever it makes of me, I do NOT suffer when I am in booth No. 6 of a beauty parlor!"

And very reasonable of Mr. Arnold, too. For make-up in Hollywood does not necessarily mean *beauty*. It has become, what with the sensitive panchromatic film and the influx of colour photography, as necessary a part of male knowledge and practice as is the art of dancing, the perfection of gestures or the art of proper costuming. There is no more actual reason why a man should feel inhibited about making up in order to look young or attractive than there is for him to feel silly when he has to make up for some weird characterization. Certainly Boris Karloff has no qualms when he makes up for Frankenstein, nor did Lon Chaney ever suffer because of complicated make-up, nor Fredric March when he played "Jekyll and Hyde." It is all *acting*. It is all a part of the game. And whether the star must make up to resemble a monster or adorn his face to resemble Romeo stems from the same picture plant.

Besides, though "male and female created He them," and despite the biological difference; male and female alike have hearts and lungs and livers and—*skin pigmentation*. There would be no sort of use in, say, an unmade-up Bob Montgomery playing opposite a deftly made-up Joan Crawford. It could not profit him and it would certainly pain us to see a sleekly beautiful lady being made love to by a grayish-skinned, panchromatically screened young man.

The plain truth in a nutshell is that men *have* to use make-up just as women do. There isn't anything effeminate about it. It's necessary. Still, so was the Inquisition . . .

In a certain Beaute Shoppe in Hollywood there hangs a framed photograph with an inscription which reads "Here I

Hang For Pauline." It is signed "Otto." The gentleman who "hung for Pauline" is Otto Kruger. And he hangs there because, when he first came to Hollywood and had his first screen test it was discovered that Otto would have to have a—*hair dye*. And dye was the word—misspelled. Otto had played on the stage for many years with his hair as God grew it. But the searching sensitive fingers of panchromatic made of Otto's American-coloured hair a shade called "dead." And it also added some ten years to his age. Therefore, Otto had, perforce, to submit to the ministrations of Pauline, who transformed the Kruger hair to a pinkish-red.

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are two men I know of who definitely and absolutely refuse to have any commerce of any sort with make-up. They play, fortunately for them, such hardy, he-men rôles as do not require beautifying. But even if Clark should play a less muscular part, as it were, he will take his chances, he says. He'd prefer fans to say "How could Joan or Norma fall in love with a face like that!" rather than anoint that face with creams and powders.

"A bull in a china shop," Spencer told me, "would be Mary's Little Lamb compared to me in a Beauty Parlor! I don't need make-up, thank God. They don't cast *me* when they want sex appeal."

Many of the men who use facial make-up have to do so because, conversely, their masculine activities would be curtailed if they didn't. Which is one of the screen's little ironies. Paul Cavanaugh, for instance, (who is soon, I am told, to marry Reine Davies, sister of Marion), lives an entirely out of door life when not in production. His skin, dark to begin with, is burned a deep brown from much exposure to sun

and wind. It is far too dark for screening without make-up. If he had appeared with the white-skinned golden Mae West, for example, without benefit of make-up he would have looked like a blackamoor making advances! Paul said: "Make-up is the lesser of two evils, that's all. It's certainly lesser to feel a fool for a few minutes than to look a fool for the full length of a picture—even if you'd get a picture to do if you looked as I'd look without make-up. Almost every artist or craftsman has to make some sacrifice of pride or prejudice for his work. My sacrifice is my natural masculine aversion to paint, powder and patches!"

Bing Crosby, in "Mississippi," had to wear side-burns and longish hair. Bing is one who always wears a very slick, short hair-cut. He didn't know what to do about longish hair. He was not, he told me, very adept at keeping it brushed and shining and slightly waved. He had to go to a beauty parlor for first aid. He did. But while he was sitting there under the ministering hands of the young woman who knew how longish hair should look, he buried himself in the daily paper lest a stray passerby discover a crooner to his shame.

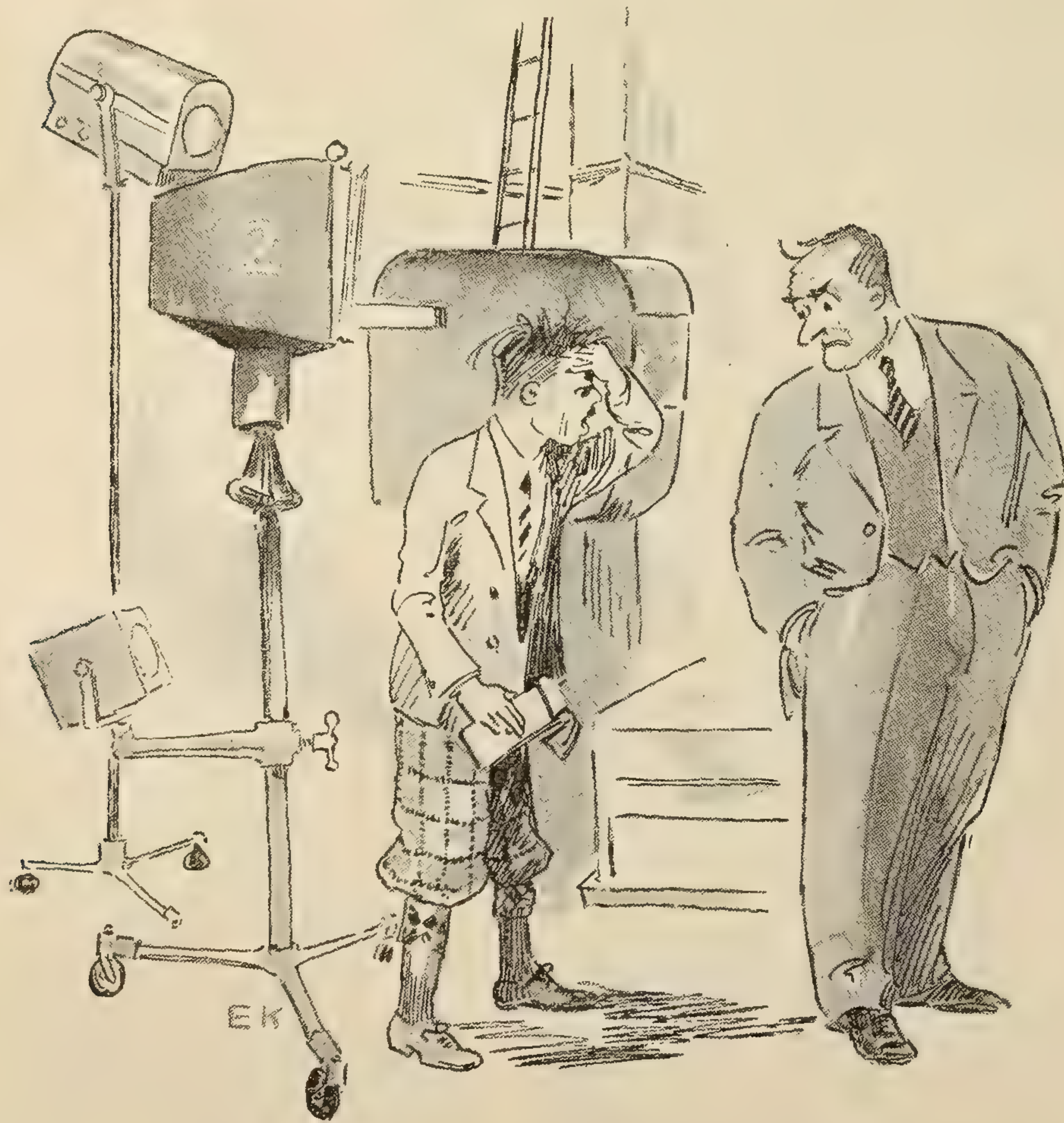
Ken Maynard told me that he loathes make-up so violently that it makes him ashamed every time he walks out of his ranch house with his make-up kit under his arm. He actually expects the horses to neigh at him, he says. He has put off a picture for two and three days, at times, simply because he loathes sitting down before a mirror and doing things to his face, or having them done. I don't know, however, how it can be helped. I'm naturally very dark and, living as I do, on my ranch and in my plane, my natural colouring is accentuated by the elements. I'm really fonder of my Art—I must be—than I am of my sensitive scruples or I'd never submit to the agonies of cold cream and powder bases."

It was really very funny, they tell me, when DeMille was making his CRUSADES, to see the big, stalwart strapping fellows who had to line up in beauty parlors or under the ministrations of studio make-up men and women to have their long locks curled or their beards and mustaches "kept up." The looks of disgust on those masculine, crusading faces were all but frozen there!

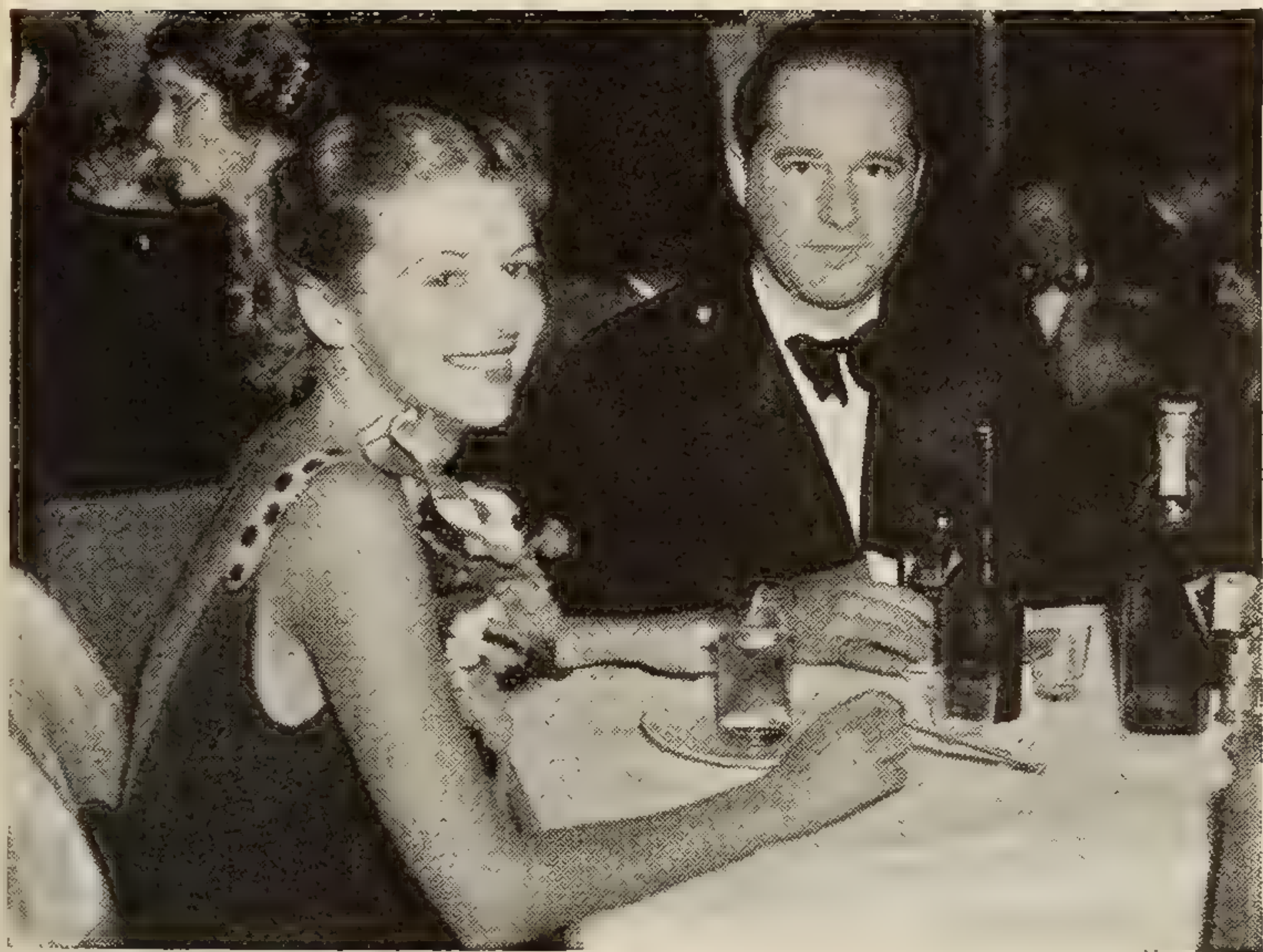
Peter Lorre went to Columbia Pictures to make "Crime and Punishment" directly from M-G-M, where he had made "Mad Love." In "Mad Love" Peter had to have his head shaved as clean as a billiard ball. When he arrived at Columbia he had about one week's growth of hair and Mr. Von Sternberg said it would do nicely just as it was. But it had to stay just as it was for the duration of the picture. And so, every day, Peter had to sit him down and have minute scraps and ends of hair delicately trimmed so that the length would remain mathematically the same throughout production. A barber's hand might have been too heavy for so tweezerish a job, and so a lady barber was called in. Peter says that he whistled to keep his morale up while the fastidious shearing was in progress.

Yes, men have to go to beauty parlors in Hollywood, too. And they go whistling martial airs or smoking big black cigars or hiding behind newspapers. They resent it bitterly or they are reasonable and realize that panchromatic film plays no favorites between male and female.

But give eight out of ten of 'em their choice between the bastinado and the Beaute Shoppe and they'll go for the bastinado every time!



Fred Allen reports he's discovered a Yes-Man with an inferiority complex. He says "Maybe."



(Photo by Jerome Zerbe)

Betty Furness with Elliott Sperber, New York Socialite, at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center, enjoying a brief vacation.

lived most of her life in Paris. Her husband is Lucien Lelong, the famous Parisian couturier. Immediately after the sneak preview of the picture the Princess, greatly alarmed about all the war rumors, left for Paris to be with her family.

GARY GRANT also skipped six thousand miles as soon as "Sylvia Scarlett" was previewed, as he had an offer to make a picture in London and Paramount promised him a leave of absence. This leaves Cesar Romero the inside track on Betty Furness—except that ever since Romero and Virginia Bruce met on the set of "Metropolitan" they have been rather sweet on each other.

THE other day William Powell was being interviewed on "What I Dislike About Women." "Would you like to have me write the story?" Bill asked in his most charming and disarming manner. The interviewer nearly fell out of her chair, never in her years of fan magazine writing had an actor ever suggested that he write his own story. "Yes," she gasped, the gullible dope. Well, later she received a piece of paper on which was typed:

What I Dislike About Women.
By William Powell
Nothing!

Freddie Bartholomew, but how can you resist it, for he will very likely present you with a white rabbit—which is Freddie's idea of a swell gift. Freddie has now taken up bridge, which fact would lower him in my estimation if I didn't happen to know he is still the best chewing gum chewer in Hollywood.

WHENEVER Herbert Mundin starts a new picture he prays for just one thing—a director who photographs only the scenes that will actually appear in the completed picture. During a certain picture, he, by actual count, took forty-eight falls on the ice in a skating rink, with a hefty lady of a mere two hundred pounds falling on top of him. In case you don't know, there is no way to break a fall on ice. Poor Mr. Mundin landed in bed for four days after that sequence, but through his pain and misery and bruises he kept consoling himself by thinking, "Ah, what a

GOSSIP

[Continued from 11]

THINGS that burn me up with human beings. When Gertrude Michael was lying unconscious on the side of the road waiting for the ambulance, after her terrible automobile accident near San Bernardino, the people who rescued her and called the doctor proceeded to loot her purse of fifty dollars, take her wrist watch, and even the shoes off of her feet. Can you imagine anything so horrible!

scene that will be in the picture. The audience will roll in the aisles."

That was a couple of years ago but he still burns every time he remembers that not one foot of film of the scene was in the finished production.

BINNIE BARNES' mother is a sweet old-fashioned lady who lives in the country outside London, and very likely still thinks of America as the "colonies." The other day she wrote Binnie a frantic letter. It seems a British paper ran a story to the effect that Binnie was way out West with cowboys and Indians. The poor old lady was frightened to death for her daughter's safety so she wrote a letter beseeching her to employ plenty of bodyguards to protect her from the savage killers.

WHEN W. C. Fields entered the Paramount commissary the other noon time, for the first time since his severe illness that almost did away with him, every one in the restaurant rose and gave him an ovation that brought tears to his eyes.

GENE AUSTIN has sold a song to Mae West for her new picture, titled, "I Hear You Knocking, But You Can't Come In." Kinda cute.



(Photo by Jerome Zerbe)

Gene Markey and his wife, Joan Bennett, chatting with a friend at El Morocco.

"Garbo Is Right"

[Continued from page 13]

much as they do today. My ambition was to be a stage star, a musical comedy favorite. That was where the big money was.

"It was while I was in Kansas City that I got the wire from M-G-M to go to the Coast and start on my contract. It wasn't much of a start. In the first picture I was a cowgirl. It was a Tim McCoy western. Sally O'Neill and myself both got our start in that picture, and as we both came from Broadway, we sort of banded together, the two of us—you know the rest of the story." I shook my head: "No, you tell me." She lighted another cigarette: "Well, as I told you, I always had ambition and courage. It wasn't easy, but I did whatever they told me to do. If they'd suggest I was too heavy—I'd diet. If they'd tell me my makeup was wrong, I'd try another. I was persistent, if nothing else. There was nothing I wouldn't do, if it would help make me a success and finally I became a success, that's all."

I asked her if she'd advise other girls to go to Hollywood. "No," she said, decisively. "A lot of them write to me, beg

me for advice and I tell them to stay home. The odds are too great. There are lines of girls in front of every casting office out there. It is awfully discouraging to go back, morning after morning, and be turned down cold. It takes a lot of courage to keep going back and back and back in the face of repeated rejections."

I said: "Suppose you were starting all over again and you were advised to stay home?" She became very serious: "I suppose it sounds conceited, but the more they'd tell me to stay away, the more determined I'd become to go out there and have a try at it. Nobody could discourage me, once my mind was made up." In that sentence, I think you can sum up Joan Crawford's career. She has plenty of "heart," the courage of a real troupier, and her courage is all the more amazing because she is sensitive. The slings and arrows of outraged fortune find a responsive target in her, and it is doubly to her credit that she who can't "take it," has steeled herself to taking it without ever liking it.

When I talked to her, she was excited

over the prospect of making her first costume picture, "A Gorgeous Hussy," the story of a Colonial girl who influenced the decisions of a President of the United States. "I'm fed up on Cinderella stories," she confessed. "In the first reel, I'm a poor girl and in the sixth reel, things have happened and I'm wearing gorgeous costumes. I think that this picture will give me a chance to prove that I'm an actress instead of a clothes-horse. Joe Mankiewicz is going to script it and I'm looking forward to it with a lot of real excitement."

Her young husband reentered the room: "Shall we go out for dinner, dear?" she asked, and I took this as a convenient exit cue.

"Tell the truth, Joan," I asked. "Before I go, I want to know if you were on the level with that statement that Garbo's right." As we were walking to the door, she reflected on it: "Honestly I think she's swell," she said. "She's better than swell—she's—she's—" Her hubby supplied the word: "Terrific?" Joan nodded: "That's it. She's terrific."

"How They Keep Their Feet On The Ground"

[Continued from page 23]

them. I know too much about poverty, you'll never catch me lording it over creation. Gosh, no." I don't think we need worry about Mr. MacMurray.

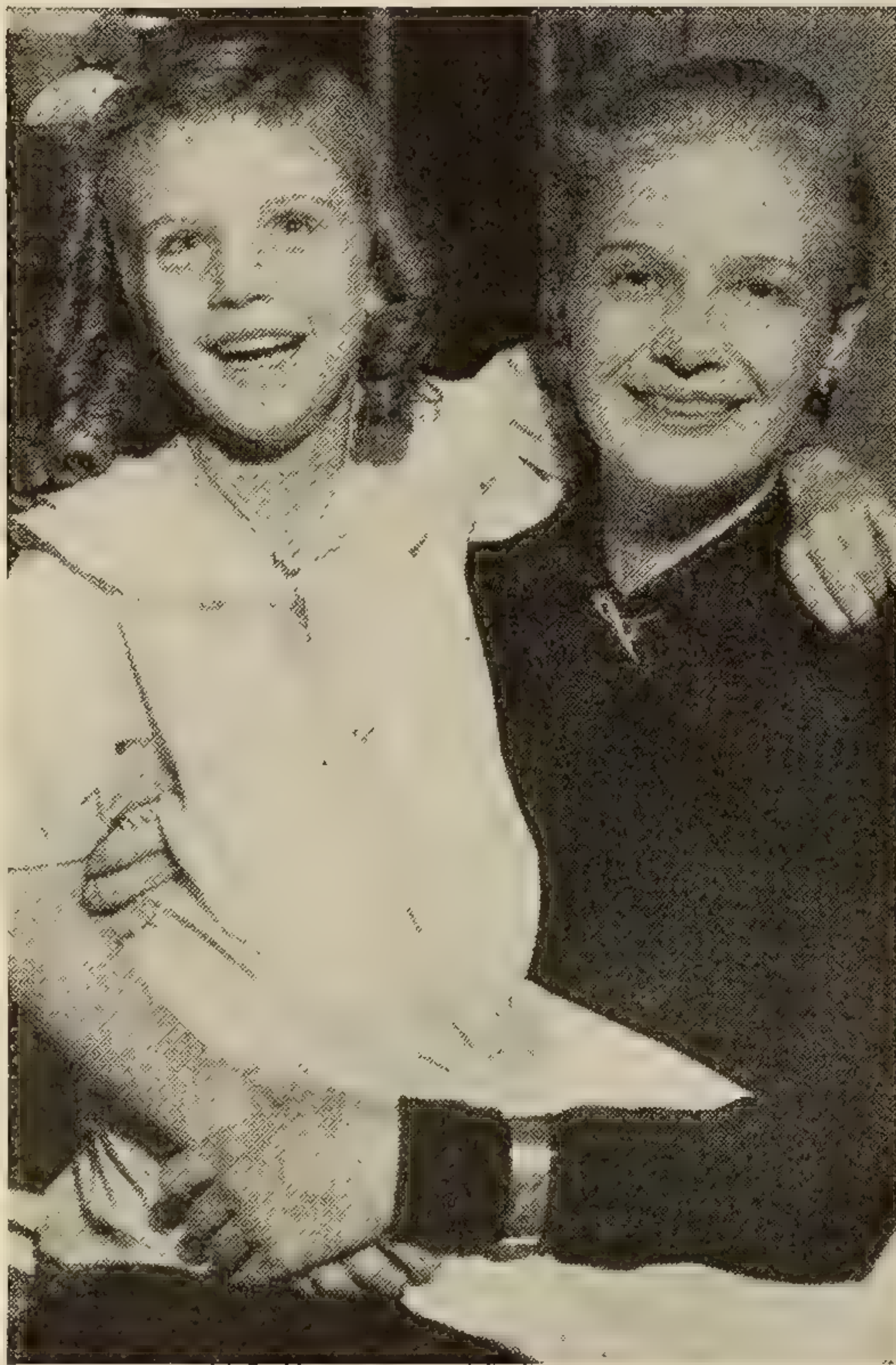
Clark Gable, I guess, is the guy who has the right to be the most conceited in Hollywood, if he had a mind to be conceited. But Clark, today, in his stiffly starched shirt with the very Best People in the very Best Drawing-rooms, is still the same Clark who, six years ago, slightly frayed about the cuffs, was informed by most of the casting directors in Hollywood that he had no sex appeal. Clark claims he owes a lot of his level-headedness to his wife, the charming Rea.

When success first came his way, the women in Hollywood simply went mad over Gable, and fawned over him and deluged him with autograph books when he would leave the studio at night. "Hmmm," Gable would say to himself, "I guess I'm a pretty fine fellow." But when he'd get home for dinner Rea would be just as casual with him as if he were a plumber or a brick layer returning from his day's work. None of that "you're-so-wonderful" stuff. No fuss made over him. Good common sense. And, combined with his own innate sense of humor, this made Gable the swell guy he is today.

I just happened to hear Ginger Rogers, who can dance for me any time and I won't ask for better, having an interview the other day, and I can well see how it happens that she hasn't acquired a swelled head. "To what do you attribute your sudden success?" asked the interviewer. "Well," said Ginger with a quiet sigh, "it may seem *sudden* to you, but it represents eight years of hard work to me." And that is certainly true. Ginger has been working hard for eight years, so the fact that she can dance and sing comes as no surprise to her. It's something that she has worked for. She is most pleased that the public likes her, but she has no time to sit around and bask in a lot of adulation, for she has plans, oh great plans, for the future and these plans will require an awful lot of work. Ginger is definitely the Working Girl Type.

Another good worker is Jeanette MacDonald, who I still insist is the only movie star who looks good in a close-up making a high C. Fame has come to Jeanette so gradually that she never let it unbalance her at all—but, of course, Jeanette is essentially a very sane and sensible person. (No matter how fame came to me, even on a covered wagon, I'd go hi de ho.)

Jeanette has three perfectly swell recipes for keeping her feet on the ground. First of all, she has the good fortune of having a mother who never gushes over her and never pampers her. Mrs. MacDonald is no stage mother. She treats Jeanette just the same as she does her other daughters, and Jeanette would feel awfully silly going into a temperamental outburst and putting on Hollywood airs around her mother. She admits it holds her down. Then there is her singing teacher. When she reads the preview cards the morning after the preview of "Rose Marie" Jeanette will doubtless feel very cocky, just as she did after the preview of "Naughty Marietta." But her singing teacher will fail to be greatly impressed—she will simply say, "You have much to learn," and Jeanette will get the idea that she's no Galli Curci yet. Then, too, Jeanette, being a sensitive soul, remembers all her preview notices that weren't so flattering, and like millstones around her



Seven-year-old Jane Bannister with her mother, Ann Harding, happy together at last.

International

heart are all the bad things people have said about her, and there's nothing like that to keep the ego suppressed.

George Cukor, the director, is the fly in the ointment as far as Katharine Hepburn is concerned. Our Katie, it seems, is given to moments, albeit days, when she is being the great actress, and so impressed are her co-workers with her that when she is having these illusions of Duse they keep well in the background. . . . "Miss Hepburn doesn't see fan writers" . . . "Miss Hepburn doesn't autograph pictures or albums" . . . "Miss Hepburn's set is closed, no visitors allowed" . . . Miss Hepburn doesn't do this or that." . . . And everybody, including yours truly, is scared to death of Hepburn. No, not everybody. George Cukor, who directed Hepburn in her first picture, "The Bill of Divorcement," and "Little Women," and who directed her in her latest picture, "Sylvia Scarlett," never misses an opportunity to "tell Katie off"—and miracle of miracles, she takes it!

When la Hep becomes the great actress in a scene for one of his pictures George will say, "Get off your high horse, Ella," or "Pull yourself together, Ella" and immediately Katie will come down to earth and give a good performance. But just let anybody else call her Ella! Just you try it some time—if you're bored with living. And of course no one in the studio, in fact no one in Hollywood, is ever allowed to mention "The Lake" to Hepburn.

"The Lake," you recall, was the play that flopped like a bag of meal, with Hepburn as the star, two years ago on Broadway. Well, the other day on the "Sylvia Scarlett" set, Katie was giving her all to one of her scenes when George stopped her with an "Ella, be yourself." "Well, how do you want me to act it?" stormed Miss Hepburn. "Oh, act just like you did in 'The Lake,'" said George sweetly while the entire cast froze in horror. Anything could happen, even murder. But Katie merely gave him

a nasty look, and proceeded to do the scene perfectly. But let some other director try that some time!

I ran into Spencer Tracy on the "Riff Raff" set at Metro and Spencer told me that whenever he was inclined to think that Mrs. Tracy's little boy Spence was a heluva fine actor he always thought of his prize fan letter—which he keeps in a conspicuous place in his dressing room. He received it after he made "Goldie" with Jean Harlow some five years ago, and every word of it is engraved in his memory. "Dear Spencer Tracy," a woman in Austin, Texas, wrote him, "I have just seen you in 'Goldie' and I think it stinks. I guess you do all right as a beginner. Please send me your photo as I want to frighten the mice out of my cellar." So whenever anyone tells Spence he is a good actor he always says to himself, "That's what *you* think." He's often inclined to agree with Austin, Texas, when he sees the day's "rushes."

Every time Gary Cooper gets to toying with self-esteem he begins to think about the terrific ribbing he's in for from Carole Lombard, who has the dressing room next door and can dish it out, Jack Moss, his agent, who is no little Lord Fauntleroy, and all the prop boys and set workers. "I wouldn't give my pals and the fellows I work with the idea that I have funny notions about myself for anything," Gary told me. "Have you ever been ribbed by Carole, or Moss, or Oakie? Humm. They'd make my life miserable by yelling 'There comes that big booful Gary Cooper, the cinema star. What are your seven steps to Glamour, Mr. Cooper?'"

Good old "Rain" had a very chastening effect in Joan Crawford's young life. So sensational was Joan's rise to fame and popularity that the studio, and Joan herself, thought that Crawford could do no wrong. And then along came *Sadie Thompson*, which rôle Joan admits she played wretchedly, and ever since then Joan has managed to keep her feet firmly on the ground. Just mention "Salomy Jane" to Joan Bennett and watch her go pale. Joan Blondell is very sane about this career business, but, every now and then when she is being mobbed when leaving the theatre after one of her previews, she likes to play with the idea that she is really Miss Glamour Queen. But Sister Gloria takes the starch out of her right away. "Oh you were all right," says Gloria, "but you certainly looked fat." (There is no more devastating word in the movie dictionary than "fat.") And when the kids gather around for autographs, Gloria will toss off, "Sure they like you, but I wonder what the adults think!" Poor Joanie is so shriveled by then that she decides to start a course in stenography the next day.

I'll never forget my first Hollywood luncheon with a movie star. Jean Harlow, whom I had met in New York, invited me to have lunch with her and I stayed awake all night wondering whether to wear my imitation Hattie Carnegie or borrow some silver fox. I had visions of the tinkle of glasses and fascinating hors d'œuvres and glacés at the Lido, or the Vendome, or the Brown Derby. But when Miss Harlow called for me she was in slacks and bare-headed. "I know the best place down at the beach," she said, "where we can get the swellest hamburgers and onions." In Hollywood the onions don't even have a chance to be stuck-up—I haven't met with a scallion since I left New York.

"Everything Has Been Done Before"

[Continued from page 19]

There was a clippity cloppity sound which turned out to be La Lombard making a down-the-stairs entrance in a pair of mules. And a very good looking pair of pajamas I might add. With a few understatement regarding my ability as a writer Carole dropped onto her best tufted sofa, as only Carole can drop, lit a cigarette and gave out, "Now this is going to be fun. Miss Wilson is about to spring an idea on us, though personally I don't think she has had an idea in years. Fieldsie, better bring in some knick-knacks for her to chew on or she'll want to stay to dinner."

Remind me to have Paramount fire Miss Lombard.

"I've thought of an awfully ducky subject for this interview," I said with false enthusiasm. "Clothes."

"If I have given out one interview on clothes," said Carole with a sneer, "I've given out a hundred. I don't know why you writers always think I know so much about clothes. I grant you that an actress might make more of a study of clothes than the average woman, clothes are part of her business. . . ."

And letting an actress talk is part of my business, so I just sat—I do that awfully well anyway—and let Carole speak her mind. "Of course I do not think it takes the intelligent woman long to find out what colors are most becoming to her," Carole continued, "I say she should stick to those colors. She can wear all the various shades blended out of those colors and often she can combine two or more of those colors and in that way get away from wearing a solid shade all the time."

"You're doing an awful lot of talking about clothes, Miss Lombard," Fieldsie interrupted, "for an actress who doesn't know anything about them."

"I'm not talking about clothes," Carole snapped, "I'm just talking common sense."

"Isn't it funny, now, I could have sworn you were talking about clothes," and Fieldsie made for the door. "I guess we need a cocktail."

"While we're on the subject of clothes," I said hastily, hoping to keep Carole talking, "what about your winter wardrobe?"

"Mine is the same as it was last winter, only older," said Carole. "Do you know something, Elizabeth Wilson? Do you know that we had this same interview exactly a year ago in my dressing room and you were eating a chicken sandwich and drinking coco cola and it was a stupid interview then and I don't think a year has improved it any. Think up something new." (Carole has an uncanny memory.)

"What kind of a cocktail do you want?" Fieldsie shrieked from the next room.

"Just a little Sherry for me," I said wistfully, "I don't drink."

So a few minutes later Fieldsie appeared with a shaker of "Between the Sheets" for herself and me, a glass of milk for Carole who is building up, and a tray of tiny sandwiches and nuts.

"Well," said Carole, "what about that interview. I've got better things to do than watch you two stuff yourselves. Where are all those angles you said you had? I haven't heard you mention anything but clothes so far, and clothes have been done before, millions of times."

I felt that it was up to me to think of something quick. Carole reached for a handful of nuts. "Nuts," said Fieldsie, "make your face break out."

"Fieldsie, my pet," said Carole caressingly, "don't you think you'd better go up-

stairs and make out my income tax or a revised list of telephone numbers or something?"

"I don't want to type any more this month," replied Miss Field, "it breaks off my finger-nails. Maybe you had better employ a typist to assist me."

"Oh, Oh, OH," shrieked Carole, going into one of her big emotional scenes. "To think that I should live to see the day that my own secretary should speak to me like this. Is there nothing sacred any more? And I suppose you, Miss Wilson, would like to have me write this story for you! REALLY."

"Now, Carole," I said soothingly, "I just want you to say a few intelligent things that I can print. Let's see now. There must be some good angle we haven't used before. How about the kind of home surroundings an actress should have. You know, should it be quiet and simple and restful, or gay with a touch of glamor."



Joe Mankiewicz got himself all wrought up talking about someone he considered particularly stupid, ignorant, incapable, etc., and, for the final touch, he burst out with, "Why, he's so dumb he has to take his shoes off to count to twenty."

"If I remember correctly," said Miss Lombard icily, "I discussed that with you in the November issue of SILVER SCREEN two years ago and you were eating salami and drinking martinis at that interview, and wearing a blue dress with white collars and cuffs, at least they had been white, and I don't think anybody gives a darn about my surroundings anyway."

"Neither do I," ups Fieldsie.

"You know very well," said Carole, "that an actress's home is no different from that of any other woman. Any home, I don't care who lives in it, should have as much charm and reflect the occupant's personality as much as possible. No, the home thing is out. You've done it before, and so has every one else."

"Have another sandwich," said Fieldsie.

"Give it to Wilson," said Lombard. "After all she doesn't have to appear before the camera. In fact she doesn't even have to appear!"

I got that dirty crack all right, but what with night coming on and no interview I

decided not to start resenting just here. "Well," I said, "now that you've mentioned it, what about dieting? We could make this interview about diets."

"We could, but we won't!" came back from Carole. "You know I never diet. And besides you interviewed me on that subject two summers ago, and since then nine other fan writers have done so—all of them fat."

Yes, indeed, I must speak to Mr. Zukor about having Lombard fired at once.

"I've got a dinner date," said Carole, "and I don't care if you cry your eyes out, you've got to leave here not a minute later than five-thirty. Think fast now and get a subject for this interview before you get thrown out."

"Well," I said, sort of floundering about, "what do you think of an actress marrying?"

"It's been done," said Carole, cleaning her nails with the pad I had brought to take notes on—optimistically.

"What do you think of technicolor?"

"Done."

"Do you have to love to live?"

"Done. Six times. Yours was the worst."

"How do you develop glamor?"

"Done."

"What made you decide to be a movie star?"

"Done."

"I never would have believed it," said Miss Field breaking into our routine, "but do you know that it is five-fifteen already. And I have a dinner date with my Uncle Bob Cobb. Don't you think he's swell?"

At that moment I had a bright idea. "Men," I shouted in exultation, and giving Fieldsie a grateful look. "I've never done that."

"Go on, Carole," urged Fieldsie, "tell Wilson about the men in your life. She won't print it—not much."

"Men," said Carole in beautiful contempt. "So you've ruined my afternoon to interview me on men. Well, I'll tell you now. I think that pictures are everything in this business. If you have good pictures you are a success and if you haven't you aren't, no matter if you are the greatest actress in the world. My job is to get good pictures and—"

"Have a heart, Carole," I mourned, "that's your career interview. Don't you remember, we did it last month. Don't ask me to do that over again."

"And don't ask me to stay here another minute," came from Carole. "You know very well that you haven't got an idea in your head for an interview, and never did have, and I want you to take your Christmas present now so you won't bother to come back until next year. Maybe by then you can think of something that's never been done before."

Well, dear reader, there I was and here I am. Can you think of anything that hasn't been done before in the way of a Lombard interview? Do you want my undying gratitude, or do you care?

"Psst," said Fieldsie, escorting me to the door with the air of a tragedy queen. "I have a swell gag for you if you ever have a chance to interview Carole on men. Have Lombard say, 'Who do you think I am? Helen of Troy or Cleopatra?' And then you say, 'The only difference is that neither of those girls lived to tell the tale, and you did.' How's that?"

"It's been done before," I said gloomily. "The editor deleted it from a story I did in 1932."



International

William Gargan,
Mrs. Leslie Howard,
Leslie Howard and
Mrs. William Gar-
gan relaxing at the
Trocadero.

The Tap-Dancers Are Fighting It Out

[Continued from page 25]

"Any girl who really is earnest about wanting to tap-dance can learn," Ruby thinks, "provided she has a strong will power. It is not an art for the weak-spirited! Only constant practise can produce results worth noticing."

No story on dancing can omit Fred Astaire. There is always one who is just better than all the others, and in tap-dancing Fred's name is entwined in laurel.

Ginger Rogers rehearses six hours daily with Fred and considers it "just sufficient exercise." She prefers loose clothes, slacks or shorts and a light-weight blouse, while practising. She eats normally, except that for lunch she is content with a salad. Fred designs their routines, Ginger offering variations.

Her vibrant energy always has been her main trait. Even in her cradle, her mother says, she danced, kicking her toes to the victrola's music. At fifteen she won the Texas Charleston championship.

"Top Hat" had one scene in which she and Fred talked with their toes. In a brisk pedal conversation, they questioned, parried, quarreled, pouted and made up—all with their flippant feet.

Right now she is going nautical, as they are evolving new numbers for "Follow the Fleet."

That tantalizing tapping that we all thought so wonderful in "Broadway Melody of 1936" cost Eleanor Powell thirty-six pairs of dancing slippers. She spins out the toes of her practise slippers in her speedy whirls.

Your ambition, however, may be less spectacular. During rehearsals she danced twenty-five miles! Have you her patient application?

You might break in your own slippers, too, thus saving your mothers that bother. Eleanor's mother has learned four simple routines from her daughter and obligingly takes that new stiffness out of her girl's slippers. It takes her three weeks to train a new pair of footwear.

Tapping "refreshes" the Powell girl! After such violent effort all day, she "rests" by working out impromptu numbers! Every free moment at the studio is spent experimenting; her feet are so alive that they

can't keep still.

One day she worked out a routine that she named "Temptation." Members of the crew called her aside, individually, and begged her to teach them "a few steps." It was very amusing. Each hard-boiled worker wanted to be up to date, but feared his pals would razz him.

In one corner she was teaching a "grip" how to do a time-step, in another she had an electrician perspiring over a spin, on an unused set a cameraman was kicking his kinks out.

Herding them all together, she said, "Listen, boys! Combine!"

After that, she gave daily lessons on the set. Almost the whole studio was on its individual toes and heels, practising foot-taps under her conscientious instruction.

"Of course, you all can learn!" she invigorated their lagging spirits when they tired. "Just let yourself go—follow the beat of the music. All right, everybody! Point!"

Eleanor rattled her rhythms on a platform of ironwood, a rare and expensive lumber, such as is used to sheathe boats that batter the ice-floes around the North Pole. Tests made by sound engineers proved it the most sturdy hardwood and the best recorder for the microphone. But any wood will do for your platform. You aren't competing with the top-notchers yet. Just starring in your sorority!

Eleanor eats sparingly of sweets, and doesn't smoke. Otherwise, she satisfies her appetite. She says that she has no time for parties, as she must stay home evenings and soak her feet!

The Powell prancer started dancing when she was six, concentrating on ballet and acrobatic technique. She took her first tap lesson when she was sixteen. Those spectacular spins and wild whirls are the result of much practise.

Through seasons in "Hot Cha," "The Follies" and "The Scandals," she stepped up to the top. That scene where she seemed to be a spinning sunburst, in her costume of gold sequins, was preceded by countless hours of careful timing.

So vital is eighteen-year-old Eleanor Whitney that, after a couple of hours'

brisk tapping, she will meet an interviewer and inquire, naively: "Would you like to see me dance? Please say yes!"

At ten, Eleanor had her first tap lesson, her teacher being Bill Robinson. In one hour she had mastered twenty steps.

This small child from Cleveland—she now measures exactly five feet—traveled in vaudeville with Rae Samuels. Appearances with Rudy Vallee, Jack Benny and other stars followed. She weighs just ninety-eight pounds.

She originates many of her steps, inspired by any sound with a steady rhythm—the motors of cars, the rumble of trains. Once she heard a machine-gun rat-tat-tat and immediately evolved a new routine. Incidentally, she beat it!

Tests proved her to be the fastest tap-dancer in the world. A record of her sole solo was "timed" in a play-back, in comparison with a machine-gun in action. She taps sixty taps each four seconds, to the quickest machine-gun's fifty-two shots during the same fraction of time.

Medical examination showed her to be perfectly normal except for an unusual development of the cerebellar portion of the brain, at its base, which section controls reflex action, and a slight increase in blood pressure and pulse. According to tests given her by doctors, she actually taps faster than she can think!

In "Millions in the Air" she struts "Doin' the Moochie," swaying with a fluent grace, and going into a swift heel-to-toe finish.

Like the other girl-tappers, she is very energetic, and eats heartily, though she dabbles lightly at sweets and does not smoke or drink. She requires lots of sleep, usually nine or ten hours.

"A steady disposition is about the most important thing," she gave her opinion. "If I let myself get excited or annoyed, it interferes with my rhythm. A tap-dancer mustn't ever get angry or upset."

This child never has been in a night club. Her recreations are shopping with her mother and going on picnics with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny.

How about it, girls? Are you going to be popular or passe? Will you tap to triumph in your social circle? It's up to you!

JUST LIKE A MAN-TO CHOOSE A PRETTY FACE



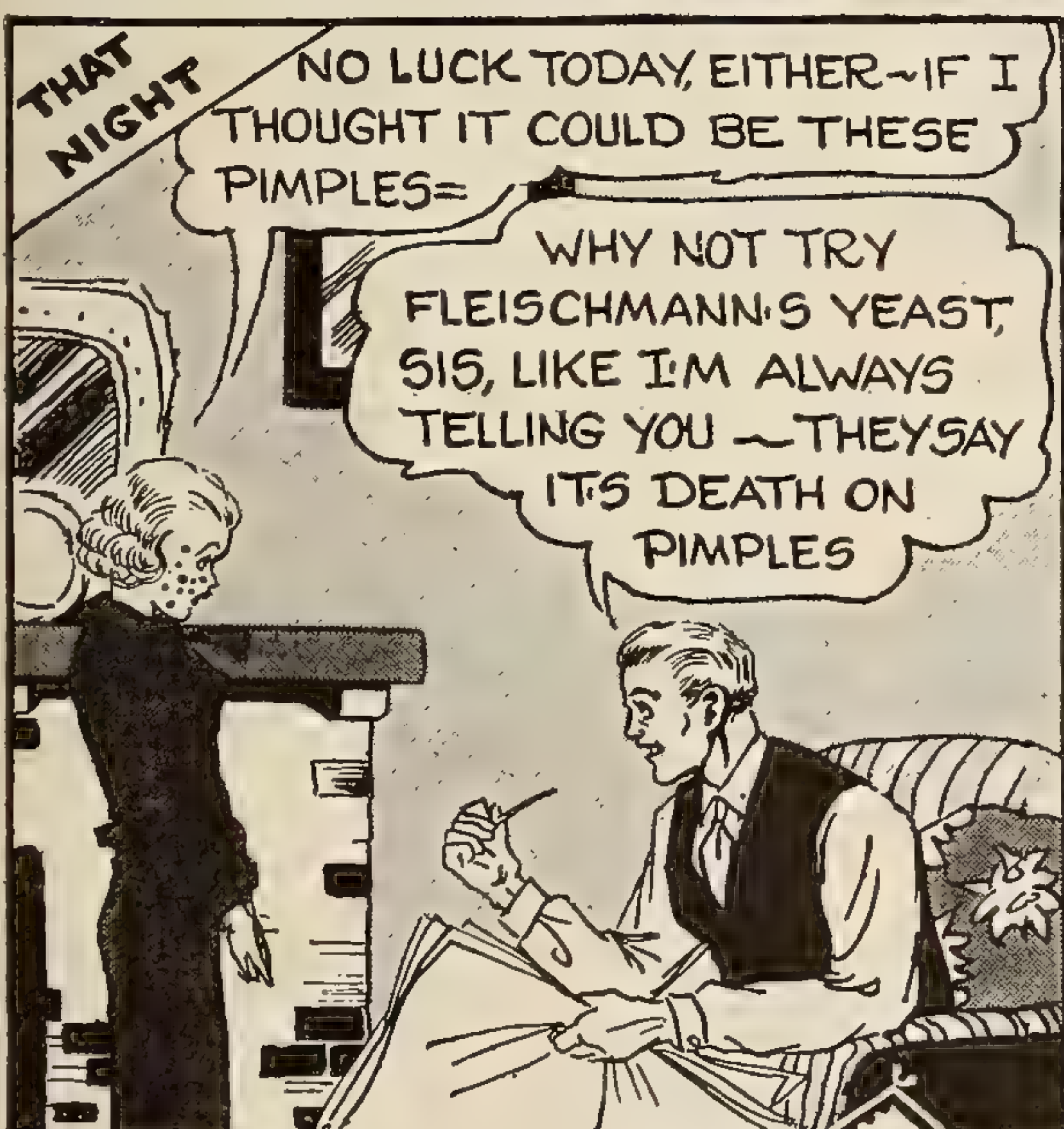
**Yet in her
heart she
knew her
bad skin
was no
asset for
any job**



WISH MY SKIN WAS CLEAR
LIKE HERS ~ BUT THIS IS NO
BEAUTY CONTEST- BET
I'M TWICE AS GOOD AT
THE WORK



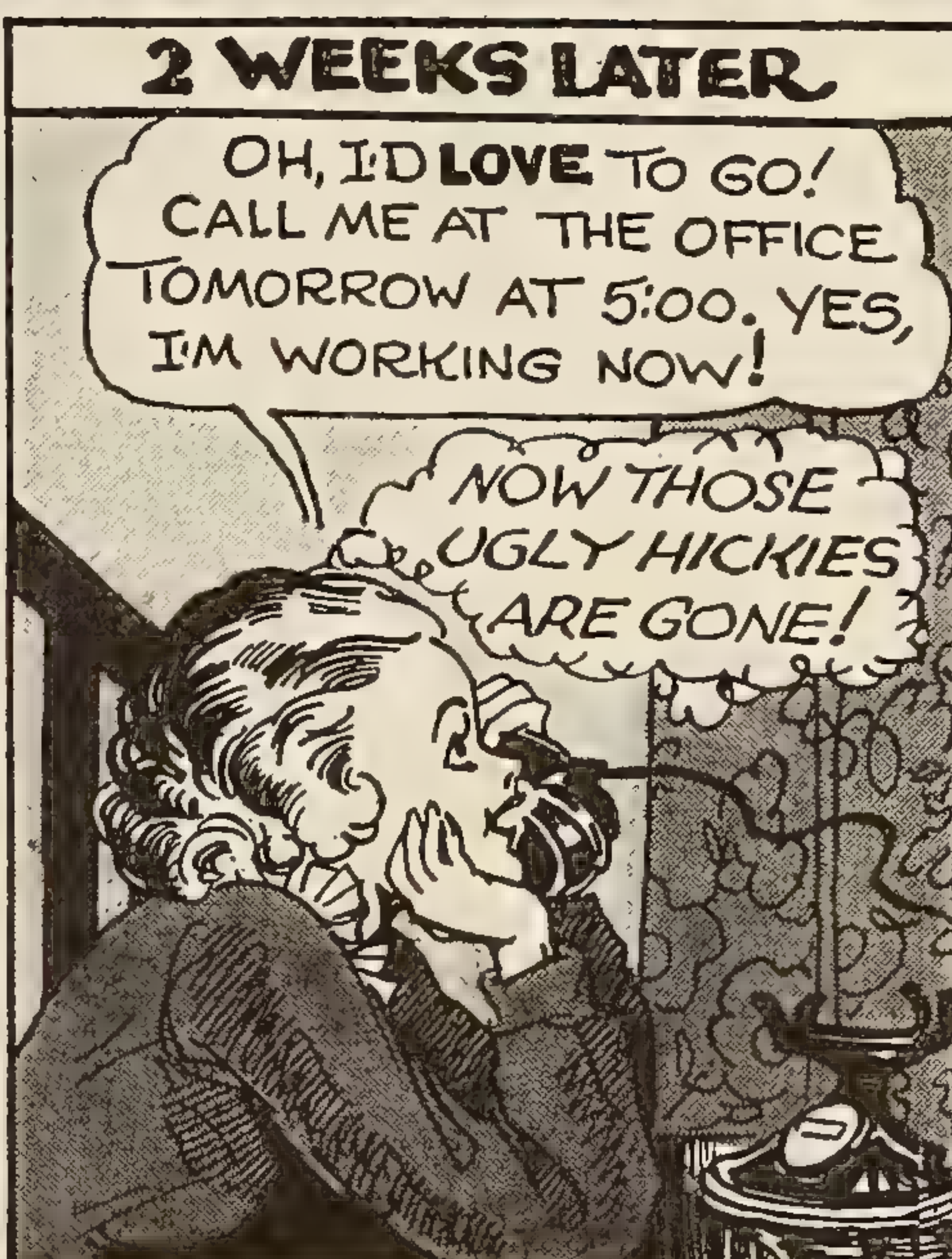
I WOULD HAVE HIRED
THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST
NOW. FINE REFERENCES--
SOUNDS CAPABLE ~ BUT
HER SKIN!



THAT
NIGHT

NO LUCK TODAY, EITHER-IF I
THOUGHT IT COULD BE THESE
PIMPLES=

WHY NOT TRY
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST,
SIS, LIKE I'M ALWAYS
TELLING YOU ~ THEY SAY
IT'S DEATH ON
PIMPLES



2 WEEKS LATER

OH, I'D LOVE TO GO!
CALL ME AT THE OFFICE
TOMORROW AT 5:00. YES,
I'M WORKING NOW!

NOW THOSE
UGLY HICKIES
ARE GONE!

**Don't let
adolescent pimples
keep YOU out of a job!**

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 27]



Take your
Laxative the
CHOCOLATE way

**Ex-Lax is so pleasant
to take . . . so gentle—
so effective**

YOU can, if you want to, swallow some nasty-tasting stuff while your whole self rebels against it. You can strain your system with some violent harsh cathartic. But . . . why?

Why—when you can take a laxative that tastes like a piece of delicious chocolate. And enjoy the mildest, most pleasant and painless relief from that dreaded old enemy to health and loveliness...constipation.

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Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at all drug stores.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

**When Nature forgets —
remember**

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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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Name
Address

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

her pa won't let her. So she goes down to the broadcasting station and registers under an assumed name. When the day of the Big Broadcast comes and she arrives for her audition she finds all the people I have told you about AND Andrew Toombes (her father's butler) who is tired of butling and thinks he should be another Phil Baker (only he doesn't realize there's only one Phil Baker).

Mr. Howard is called first. He plays the saxophone but he plays it badly and gets the gong. Then Wendy is called by Samuel S. Hindes (the Chief). "Marian Kelly, singer?" Hindes reads from her application.

"Yes," Wendy agrees.

"It says here," Hindes goes on, "you work in a five-and-ten cent store."

"Y-yes," says Wendy guiltily. Suddenly she re-acts to someone off the scene. Following her gaze we find her father, George Barbier, and her fiance (Alden Chase) in the control room glaring at her. Of course, they can hear every word. Mr. Barbier is practically apoplectic.

"It's—it's—" he sputters to Chase.

"You're absolutely right," Chase yesses him. "It is."

Mr. Hindes knowing nothing of all this drama going on under his nose, so to speak, continues his perusal of her application. "Father—unemployed! Occasionally peddles soap."

"Yes," says Wendy once more, knowing she's going to catch what-for and no longer caring.

"I hope he peddles *Keller's Soap*," Hindes hopes, getting in a plug for his sponsor and there is laughter from the audience. "All right, Marian Kelly. Go ahead."

So Wendy starts singing but she is so upset by this time she fizzles. Mr. Hindes suspects she can really sing so he tells her to start over and this time Howard sings along with her to give her confidence. As she hears his voice she steadies herself and they are a sensation. But Mr. B has the program stopped. He wants no radio entertainers in *his* family.

Eleanor Whitney is the young lady whom Paramount are confident is a better dancer than Eleanor Powell and young Mr. Cummings is a juvenile on whom they are pinning great hopes.

I'm pinning mine on young Mr. McCarey—if anyone is interested.

"Nevada" is on location so that finishes Paramount and we can now turn our attention to

M-G-M

FIRST we bump into "The Great Ziegfeld." Well! I'm telling you, never in all the years I've been a backstage johnny have I seen anything to equal the dressing room they have provided for Luise Rainer (who plays *Anna Held*). It is in the Palace Music Hall in London and must be sometime just after the turn of the century, as we say in the classics. There are gas lights with crystals hanging off the shades. There is a threefold screen covered with old rose satin. The dressing table is covered with crystal bottles and is draped in the satin, too. The door of the closet is open, revealing her gowns hanging there.

Then the door to the dressing room opens and Miss Held enters. She pauses in the doorway, catching her breath. On a small table in a huge white china elephant are sixteen dozen orchids. You never saw such orchids in your life. Some of them are yellow with red centres. The

maid (Marcelle Corday) is just taking a card from them.

"Ooh-la-la," Miss Rainer gasps as her eyes light on them. "For me, Marie?"

"Oui, madame," says Miss Corday.

"But who could have sent them?" Luise wonders. "Who could have gathered all the orchids in the world for me?"

"I do not know, madame," Marcelle informs her as she hands Luise the card, "but they must have cost a lot of francs."

"Eet ees very strange," Miss Rainer goes on, glancing at the card. "I learn to speak ze English words and sing ze English song—and yet I do not read ze English. You read it."

"My dear Miss Held," Marcelle reads with a strong accent, "it is very important to your future that you see me immediately after your performance tonight. I shall be waiting at the stage door. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr."



In "The Great Ziegfeld," Bill Powell plays the title rôle and Luise Rainer is supposed to represent Anna Held.

"Who ees thees Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.?" Luise demands in a disappointed tone.

"I do not know, madame," Marcelle chants.

"And why ees eet Junior? Ees he a leetle boy?" Luise wonders.

"I do not know, madame."

"An' why ees eet important to *me* to see heem, eh?"

"I do not know, madame."

"Pooh," says Luise walking to the dressing table. "I weel not see heem."

"But you will see Mr. Billings, madame?" Marcelle hopes anxiously.

"Oui," Luise agrees as she crosses the room to the orchids once more and glances at them. "The flowers are so lovely, Marie. I think perhaps I shall be polite and see thees Mr. Ziegfeld."

"Madame cannot tonight," Marcelle objects. "Mr. Billings is coming to see you about ze great American tour. Does not madame remember his cables?"

"Oui," Luise agrees, shrugging her shoulders as though the matter was ended. But she glances again at the beautiful basket of flowers. Suddenly she pulls one lone white orchid out of the centre. "But zey are so beautiful!" she exclaims. "I think

I shall be polite and see thees Mr. Ziegfeld."

Three cheers, gang! Ziggy is in!

I wish you all might have seen Miss Rainer as she stood in the doorway. The hour-glass figure, the gown of blue *crepe de chine* with its long train and lace bodice—the famous Anna Held hat, sitting way on the back of her head and held in place with a ribbon beneath the chin and a few hatpins. She was really a picture.

Next there is "Riff Raff," starring Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow. Almost the whole of this is laid in a fishing village and canning factory. There is a strike and Spencer gets mixed up in it. At first he's all right, then everyone turns against him, and then he's the great hero. He and Jean get married, and something happens and she gets sent to jail, and there's a baby. She and Spence both think the other one doesn't want the baby and she thinks Spence wants to be footloose as he was in "A Man's Castle."

But I'm getting ahead of my story. This scene I watch is just after he's become the great hero and there's a testimonial party for him on a pleasure boat tied up to the dock. There are signs all around—"Fishermen's Union, Local No. 7," etc. Spence, Joseph Calleia, J. Farrell McDonald and Vince Barnett are on the platform as the crowd presses about them.

"Listen, Nick," says Spence backing away. "What is this?"

"Dutch," Calleia says soothingly, "Nick is your frien'—he show you. (Aside to the crowd (Quiet, everyones. Now I tell you why we are all assembled in this splace for this sparty. Was in honor one man standing beside me right here. Was not necessary to tell you what this fellow, Dutch Muller, have done for us all—he save-a me my ships—he save-a you your jobs. Maybe he save-a us all our lives. Who can tell?"

There is a rousing cheer of applause at this. Spence looks around and spies Mickey Rooney. Mickey is looking up at him. He jerks his head over his shoulder trying to let him know he should come to the house as Jean has escaped from jail and is waiting for him. But Spence shows no concern and there is, seemingly, no question in his eyes. He merely looks offstage and sees Wade Boteler leaning against a wall watching him. Spence's brow furrows at this and when Spence's brow furrows, it really furrows.

Calleia, unmindful of all this by-play, is continuing with his speech. "And for cause he do this was give me great pleasure to present this big hero—our great frien'—this hundred dollars from Nick Louis, his great frien'."

He extends the money to Spence and there is deafening applause but Spence shakes his head. "Uh-uh—never mind, Louis—I don't—"

"Aw, come now—bygones for bygones, Dutch," Calleia pleads. "Get some new clothes, get a new girl, maybe, eh?"

Spence looks at him suddenly and grins. "Yeah. That's right. Clothes and maybe a new girl. Maybe I take a trip for myself. Thanks, Nick—"

"Sure," Calleia agrees. "A nice trip to the beer saloons, eh, Dutch?" He laughs uproariously at his idea of Dutch's taking a trip.

Vince Barnett is puzzled at Spence's taking the money. A man nudges McDonald who keeps trying to fathom Spence.

"Huh?" comes from McDonald, who is startled by the judge.

"Now," says the man. "Go ahead."

"Oh, yeah," McDonald agrees and turns to the crowd: "Quiet, everybody." Then he turns haltingly to Spence: "Dutch, the dough was Nick's idea but this is from the boys of Fishermen's Union, Local No. 7. This is the best way we know to tell

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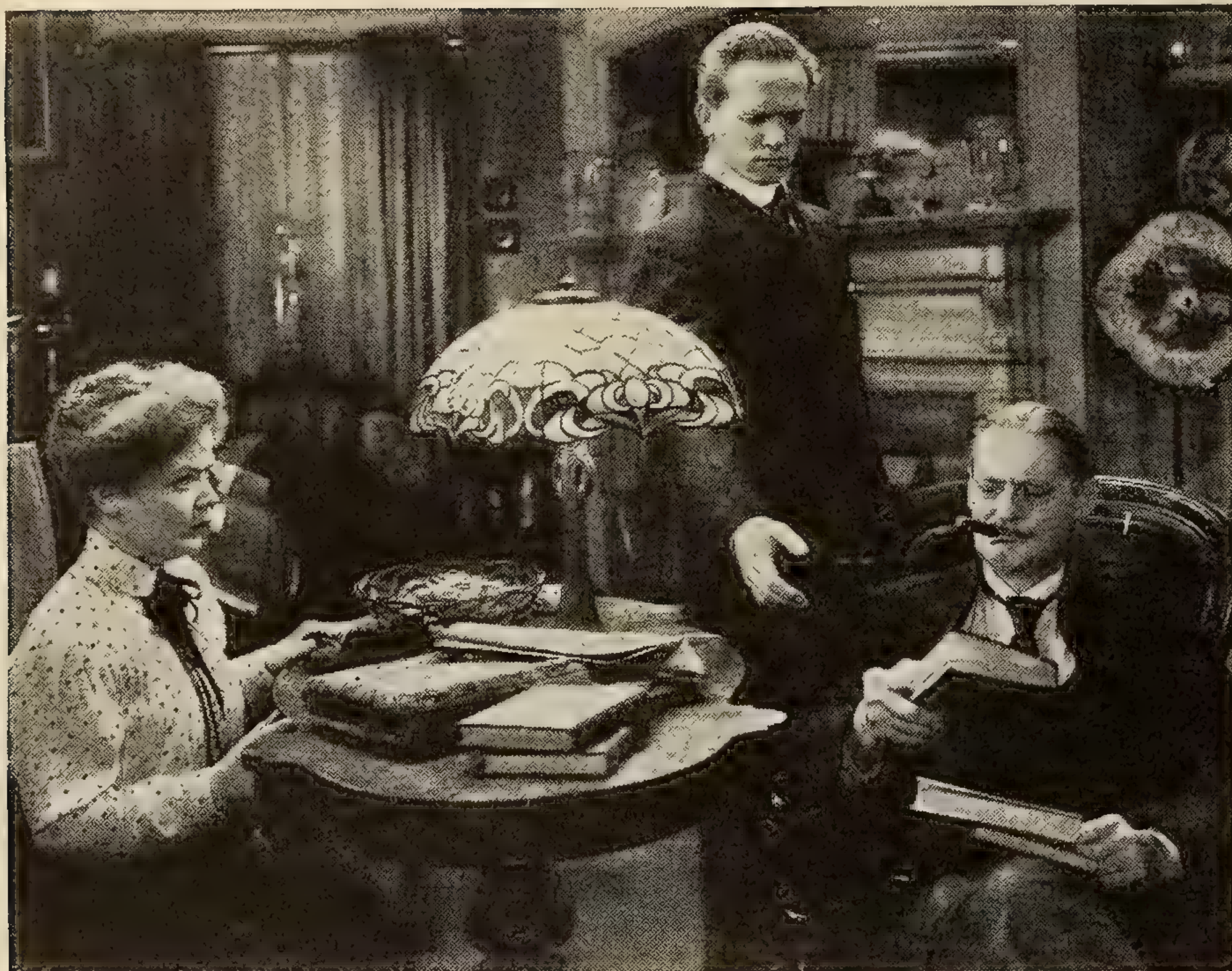
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"Ah, Wilderness" has returned from its location trip in Massachusetts, and Spring Byington, Eric Linden and Lionel Barrymore have made the interior scenes in Hollywood.

you how we all feel. Everybody knows what's in this package but you—so open it, and God bless you!"

Spence accepts the package, but his mind is not quite on the presentation. He opens it vaguely while the crowd falls to complete silence. It is his union card. He's been re-instated. For a moment he is terrifically touched. His emotion at seeing the card again is pathetic. "You mean—!" he begins, looking at McDonald and the people around him.

"Sure," says McDonald.

What a scene! And then it's all over and Spence is shaking hands with me, his re-instatement completely forgotten.

"Did you have a good time at our party?" he inquires anxiously.

"Sure," I enthuse. "It was swell."

"Come on out Sunday, then, and we'll have a small one for ourselves."

"Fine, but will you be home?" I come back.

"Well," Spence answers cautiously, "you better call up first."

So we let it ride on that hopeful note and I take myself over to the next set where "Ah, Wilderness" is shooting.

"Ah, Wilderness" is the famous play that George M. Cohan and Will Rogers played on the stage so successfully. Lionel Barrymore is playing that part, Spring Byington is playing his wife and Eric Linden is playing the part Elisha Cook, Jr., created so successfully on the stage.

It is the story of a middle-class American family and their problems (about 1900), particularly with their 17 year old son, Eric. His mother has caught him reading some books that she considers perfectly scandalous and she's told his father about them. Barrymore, *pere*, wants to see these outrageous books. He is sitting beside a table with a student lamp on it and Miss Byington sits across. Eric comes into the room carrying the books.

"Let me have them," Barrymore orders, holding out his hand. Eric reluctantly turns them over to his father, watching him anxiously.

"From Barbarism to Socialism," says Barrymore reading one of the titles.

"One of the greatest books I've ever read!" Eric exclaims enthusiastically.

It goes on like that, with Barrymore reading off the titles, Eric fervently en-

dorsing them and Miss Byington horrified at the mention of each. One of the books, as I recall, was "The Portrait of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde.

"That awful man they put in jail!" Miss B informs them.

"Plays by George Bernard Shaw."

"He wrote a play so vile they wouldn't even let it play New York," she sniffs.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

"It sounds terribly blasphemous—some parts I read," comes from the outraged mother heart.

"Everybody's reading that, Essie," Barrymore cuts in, "and it don't seem to do them any harm. Here," handing it to Eric, "you can keep that."

"What about the others?" Eric demands.

"Never you mind," his mother orders. "Go upstairs to bed and don't wake everybody up going up those stairs." She kisses him and gives him a push towards the steps. Eric goes out looking anxiously at his father and his books.

No one who saw Eric in his first picture, "Are These Our Children?" can ever forget his performance. He was hailed as "the find of the year" and the title was well deserved. Then a series of poor parts in mediocre pictures left him where he started. I'm sure with a part like this, Eric is again headed for big things.

Musing on the queer pranks fate plays on people in this business, I head for—

Fox

FOUR pictures going here. First there is "Professional Soldier" which stars Victor McLaglen. The scene is the interior of a palace with genuine plaster-of-paris marble pillars. A masquerade ball is in progress. Many women are in evening dress, merely wearing masks while others are in costume. Most of the men are in regulation evening dress, although a few of them are also in costume. McLaglen is in a monk's costume. He is awkwardly trying to make his way across the crowded dance floor, apparently trying to find someone. What an awful beating he takes. One pair of dancers stick their clasped hands in his face, another knocks his cap off, others jostle and step on him but finally he reaches the edge of the floor and that is all there is to the scene.

So I amble over to the "King of Burlesque" set. This number boasts the pres-

ence of Warner Baxter, Jack Oakie, Alice Faye, Mona Barrie, Dixie Dunbar, etc.

"Who is Dixie Dunbar?" I inquire. "I never heard of her."

"You will," my guide prophesies grimly. So look out for Miss Dunbar.

This is another of the increasing number of films which is being shot without a script so no one knows what it is about. Suffice it to say the scene I am about to watch is being shot in an old-time burlesque house and when I say "old-time" I really mean old-time. The chandeliers are combination gas and electric affairs. The lights about the proscenium arch are on the outside instead of the inside. There are antiquated boxes along the sides of the theatre with posts in front of them to support the upper boxes.

Sidney Lanfield is directing them. All at once he calls "Paxton Sisters and Miss Faye!"

There are voices offstage answering "Yeah?" and the three girls stick their heads out the side of the stage.

"This is just a rehearsal," Lanfield tells them, "so don't wear yourselves out, please." There is silence a moment and then Lanfield goes on: "Have you heard the sound track!" (He refers to the music to which they are to dance).

"We heard a few bars a few minutes ago," one of the Paxtons answers.

"That's always good—a big help," Lanfield answers sarcastically and I cannot help but think of the difference in his tone now and when he directed Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge" a couple of years ago.

The girls come out and do a soft shoe routine. They are dressed in short black satin costumes with big black and white ruffles and black and white hats—sort of poke bonnet affairs. La Faye is in the middle. They twist and wiggle as they dance. Mr. Lanfield watches for a moment and then his voice rings out: "Swing it, girls," and the hip wiggling is speeded up.

My guide and I are sitting in the back of the theatre on a couple of orchestra seats. The assistant director comes down the aisle and spots us. "Hey, are you guys working or just sitting in there for a gag?"

"We're just sitting," I answer.

"Well, sit over here on the other side with this girl. She's supposed to be in the audience and she's all alone. Women don't go to burlesque shows alone."

So we move to our new location and sit and sit and sit. But nothing happens and it begins to get late. "They've only made one shot all day," the lady who couldn't



Claire Trevor and Noel Madison in "Buccaneer," a dramatic story of the underworld.

go to the burlesque show alone tells us.

"Come on," I say to my guide. "I'm tired of being an actor. Let's go somewhere else."

So we leave Mr. Lanfield to get along as best he can with an unescorted lady and we mosey over to the next stage where—

"My Marriage" is shooting. This is the picture that has been so widely publicized because it is Claire Trevor's first really big part and she got the flu in the middle of it (the middle of the picture, not the part, I mean) and production was held up for over two weeks. She looks mighty chic in a brown, wool crepe dress with a yellow figured scarf. She sure knows how to wear clothes. With Claire in this fillum are Kent Taylor, Paul Frederick, Tom Beck and Noel Madison.

Noel is the villain of the piece. He, in that quiet, charming way of his, has been responsible for the death of Claire's rich father. She is in the living room of her hotel suite with Beck and Madison. The latter is talking to Beck.

"I told you I wanted fifty thousand dollars and before I get through here I'm going to get it," he snarls. He glances at Claire as he finishes.

It is apparent she is badly frightened but she is trying to keep her nerve. "I haven't any cash here—but I have—jewels," she says in a low voice.

Madison hesitates a second and nods. "Get them!"

She turns, crosses to her handbag, opens it and takes out a slender chain of keys when the phone rings. She jerks around, quick desperate hope showing in her eyes for a second as she looks towards the instrument.

"Never mind that—hurry up!" Madison orders.

The hope dies out of her eyes as she crosses to an overnight case on a chaise longue. The phone rings again and she stiffens imperceptibly. It continues ringing at short intervals, building the tension as, with shaking fingers, she tries to find the right key. She fumbles it and Madison moves closer to her, threatening and impatient. "Hurry up," he snaps, "you're stalling."

"I'm not," she whispers, her nerves on edge as she finally finds the key and opens the lock on one side.

The phone stops ringing—is silent a second and Claire looks sick with defeat. She jerks the key out of the one lock and fits it into the one on the other side when the phone starts again. This time Madison looks uneasy. At the second peal he looks at Claire. "Does the clerk know you're up here?" he asks tersely.

"Yes!"

Madison takes an automatic from his pocket.

"Answer it. Don't let anyone come up and don't try anything."

"Cut," calls the director and it's getting so late I haven't time to wait for the next shot to see what happens.

"You sure look good," I murmur to Claire as she comes off the set. "You don't look as though you'd been sick."

"Thank you," she smiles.

"Better go on and lie down and save your strength," I suggest.

"It pays to be sick," she laughs. "Everyone is so nice. I have a dressing room on the set and a couch and I've never had that before."

All I have to say is a girl as nice as Claire should have everything.

The other picture is "Your Uncle Dudley" starring Edward Everett Horton and featuring Alan Dinehart, Marjorie Gateson and another of my new favorites, Rosina Lawrence, who is as pretty as a picture.

The scene is the dining room of the *Thursday Morning Breakfast Club* and the occasion is a banquet given by the "Save Our Trees" Association.

Dudley Dixon (Horton) is seated at the centre of the table playing nervously with a salt shaker as Alan Dinehart is on his feet speaking. Dudley is the town glad-



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"Your Uncle Dudley" stars Edward Everett Horton, and about time, too. Alan Dinehart and Jack Mulhall are also in the cast.

handers, secretary and fall guy for every community organization. He is dressed conservatively and, while not shabbily, there is a frayed appearance about him.

"The man I'm thinking of is one who, because of his sterling labors in arranging for the Deepwater Music Company's contest in our lovely city of Fairview is deserving of our highest praise," Dinehart announces. He pauses and Horton thinks he is through. He starts to rise but Dinehart pushes him back down in his seat and continues. "He is a man who has given of his unselfish services to the community at large and has sacrificed time and money to do it." He pauses and again Horton starts to rise and again Dinehart pushes him back and continues: "And, because of our great appreciation and high esteem for this man, I take prideful pleasure in presenting this beautiful silver loving cup to our vice-president, Dudley Dixon!"

Horton having tried to rise twice now fails to get to his feet. Dinehart reaches under the table and brings forth the huge silver loving cup. Applause breaks out and Dinehart looks down at Horton. "Hey, Dudley," he whispers hoarsely, "Get up!" "Who—me?" Horton falsettoes in well simulated surprise.

It has been Horton's lifelong ambition to get a gold loving cup. His house is full of silver ones. But better a silver spoon in one's mouth than none at all, I always say.

I glance about the table and there at each end are Creighton Hale (looking like a kid) and Jack Mulhall. Once more musing on the capriciousness of the fate that rules this business and makes extras of yesterday's stars and stars of yesterday's extras, I journey over to—

R-K-O

MY LUCK is terrific here. "Sylvia Scarlett" is on location and there is only one other picture shooting—"It Happened in Hollywood." This picture has a studio background and there is no set. They are merely using one corner of a sound stage as it actually appears without trappings. It is the end of the picture but if R-K-O think they're going to double-cross me and make me tell the whole of the plot they're nuts. Wally Ford is a hair-brained publicity man and Brian Donlevy (wasn't he swell as Robinson's henchman in "Barbary Coast?") is a notorious killer who has had his face altered by plastic surgery and is now in the movies as a gangster.

This scene is where the game is up, the police have spread a dragnet for Brian, he has fired all the shots in his revolver and he and Wally are engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. There is no dialogue but the struggle is so realistically done I break out in a cold sweat and all the crease comes out of my freshly pressed suit.

I suggest to the director and Wally and

everyone else who will listen that they ought to send my suit to the wardrobe department and have it pressed because I was a good audience, but they all tell me there's a rule on the lot against people going around in their shorts while suits are being pressed, so I start kidding Wally and throw him into a fine rage. And then I tell him to give Martha (his wife) my love and the director grins and whispers to me, "You sure got his goat, all right," and I grin and go on out to—

Warner Brothers

OUT here "Captain Blood" is still shooting and they are making the most terrific scene I have ever witnessed. The "Blood Ship" and a French man-o-war are colliding. They actually collide, the cannons on the French ship are actually fired (only instead of real cannon balls coming out, balls of fire—real fire—are shot out.) A mast breaks on the French ship, falling and hitting one of the extras (a stunt man who is hired to "take it" on the shoulder). He takes it so realistically and goes down so well I thought he was actually hit but he wasn't. The pirates on the Blood Ship are throwing ropes with grappling hooks over the rail of the French ship, trying to drag it closer so they can get aboard for hand-to-hand fighting. Some of the pirates grab hold of ropes and swing themselves across the narrowing gap and land on the French ship. It is all very thrilling and very exciting.



Brian Donlevy, who stood out in "Barbary Coast," has a big part in "It Happened in Hollywood."

My excitement suffers a let-down, though, when we arrive on the next set and I find Dolores Del Rio working in "Meet the Duchess." "This is her last picture over here," someone whispers but I've heard that so often!

Anyhow, this is described as a "sprightly farce," adapted from the English stage play, "A Present from Margate." The Duchess of Rye (DD) is being sought by Lord and Lady Holloway (E. E. Clive and Mary Forbes) and Lady Maynard (Eily Malyon), the sophisticated relatives of her late husband. Del Rio, to escape boredom, has slipped out to the Casino for an evening at the gaming tables, where she meets Major Chepstow (Warren William). Returning from the Casino, Del Rio (disguised in widow's weeds with a long black veil over her face) is recognized by Rose Torrent (Louise Fazenda) and her husband,

John (Herbert Mundin).

"Good evening, Duchess," Louise beams but Del Rio pretends not to have heard her and hurries over toward the elevators. Louise looks frantically around at Herbie. "Come on—quick!" she ejaculates grabbing him by the arm and rushing towards the elevator.

"What's the matter—is there a fire?" demands the startled Mundin.

"There goes the Duchess of Rye, stupid," Louise snaps.

But just as they reach the elevator the door slams.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"We missed it!" Louise pants in mock dismay.

"Maybe it was the wrong car," Mundin suggests.



Dolores Del Rio, Louise Fazenda and Herbert Mundin in "Meet the Duchess," Del Rio's last picture for Warners.

Fazenda is really dolled up in a cloth of gold dress with a long train and a three-quarter length cape. She has a huge bunch of green, brown and orange flowers on her shoulder.

There are a lot of laughs on this set despite the aura of solemnity and dignity Miss Del Rio creates about her. I'll bet if a vote were taken Louise Fazenda would be elected the most popular woman in Hollywood. She's always kidding.

After the shot is finished, John Ellis, the still photographer on the set, grabs at the suspenders of the head electrician (a very fat gentleman) as he passes, pulls them way out and lets them snap. "Why do you wear suspenders?" Ellis asks.

"I'm not going to after tomorrow," the electrician informs him, ruefully rubbing his back where the suspenders have stung him as they snapped back. "I'm going to kill myself with a belt!"

And, lastly, we have "Men of Iron" which introduces Barton MacLane as a star. He has only recently been made General Foreman of the Balding Works—a huge plant in the town. Tonight he comes home to his patient ever-loving wife, Dorothy Peterson, to tell her he has again been promoted—this time to the General Managership. Trembling with excitement he embraces her. She is a little surprised at this but starts to return it when she suddenly sees the dirt on his arms where he has rolled up his sleeves.

"For a general foreman you sure bring home a workman's share of dirt!" she flips.

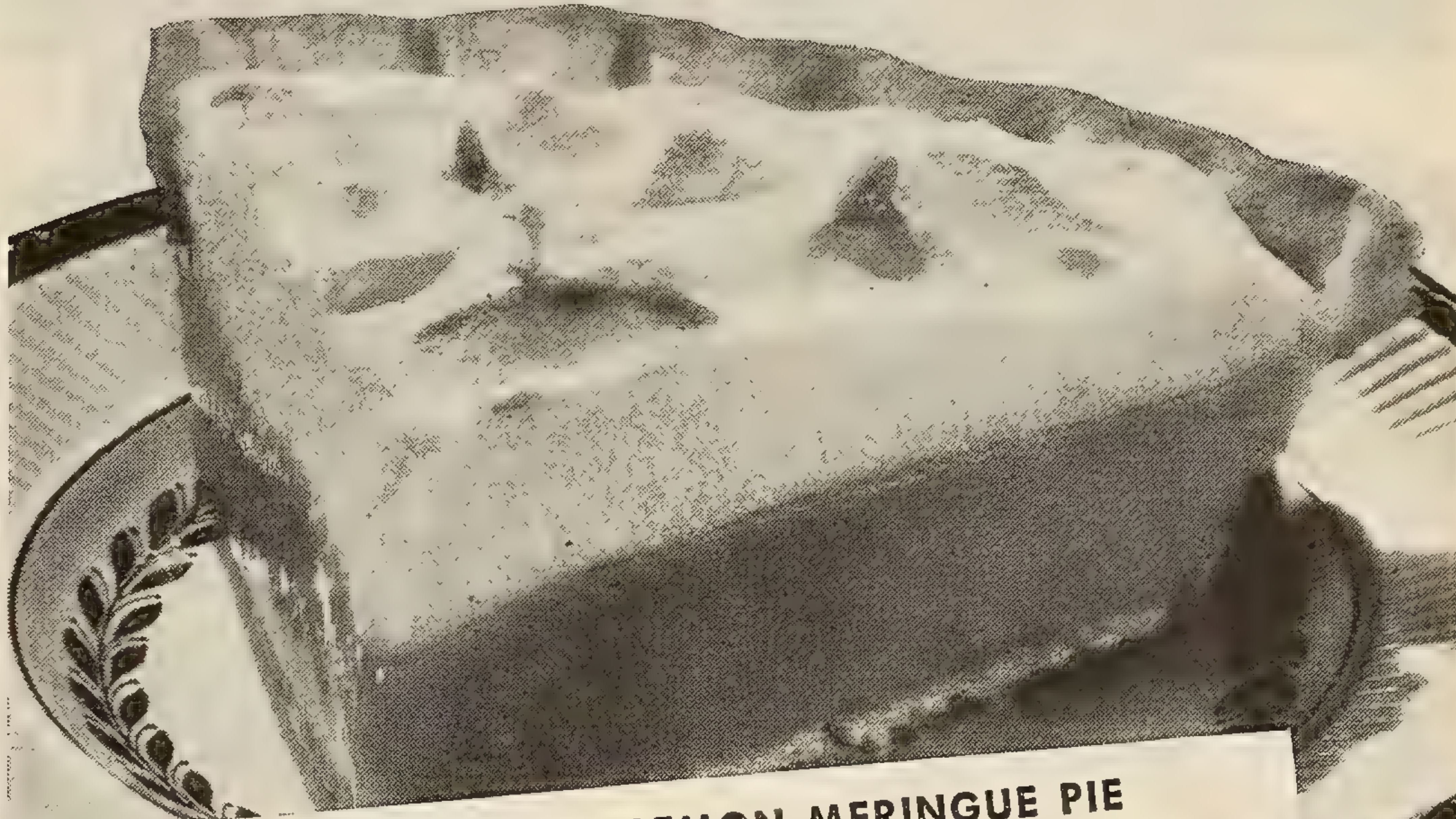
"General foreman?" he repeats triumphantly. "You are now looking at the new General Manager."

"General Manager," she sighs happily, "Oh, gee, Chris!" And then she notices his dirty shirt. "You'll have to get another clean shirt, Mr. General Manager."

That kind of thinking is apt to run up the expenses, so we button our coat up to the neck and fade out.

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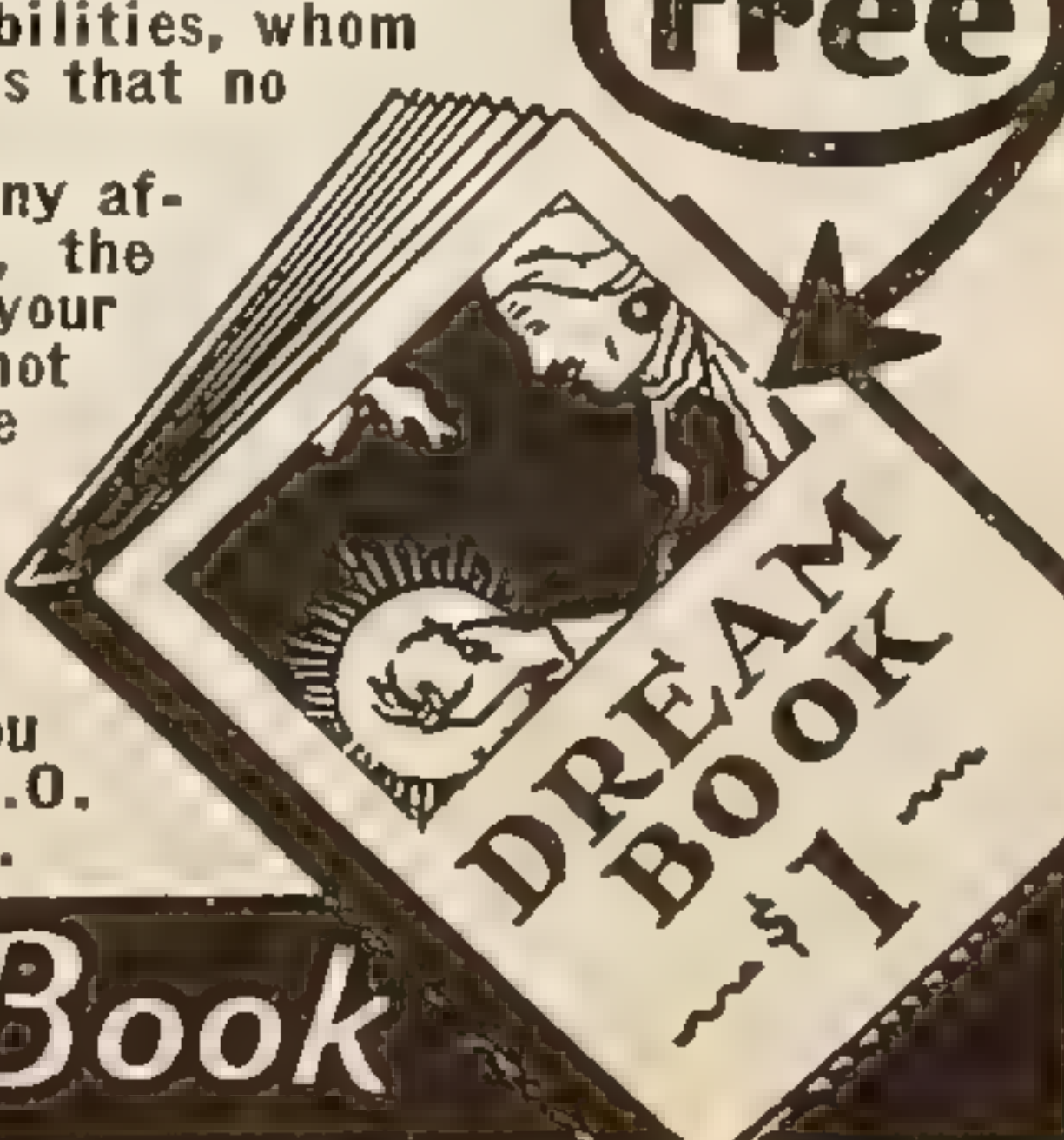


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A  Production

"Pamp"

[Continued from page 20]

It was like Pamp not to even ask their names. They were good fellows who knew good beer when they tasted it and that was all that mattered. And today, when approached, those same troopers remember the easy-to-like Cornell student, speak proudly of that party, and will tell you that "Pamp" Tone is not only a regular guy but the best actor in pictures... and mean it.

A few times he felt rebellious enough to drive his ancient Ford sedan, which Norm Bissell later inherited, across the campus grounds in the early morning hours. Once he almost ran over a night watchman, certainly he frightened him half to death. But these were merely the outbursts of exuberant youth, of a spirit whose unique individualism believed in "obeying that impulse."

Then there is the memorable occasion when Red Mason of Milwaukee, Norm Bissell and Pamp Tone went to Bailey Hall to listen to an organ recital.

"It was hot," says Professor Bissell, "and we were tired, chiefly from doing nothing. So we laid down on the stage and went to sleep. Of course, none of us heard a word of the recital but that didn't bother us any."

Perhaps the most significant thing about Franchot Tone is his unconscious absorption of the man who, to my way of thinking, left the greatest impression on this highly impressionable lad. J. F. Mason is Professor of Romance Languages at Cornell. It was under his tutorage that Franchot studied French, in which he majored. So sure was the professor that language, particularly French, was to play a part in Tone's future that he persuaded him to attend the University of Rennes at St. Malo during his Junior year vacation. But, basking in the sun on this strip of beach along the coast of Brittany, a book beneath the two locked hands which supported his head, Franchot's thoughts pursued a different, more exciting, more colorful career than teaching French to students.

"He was an excellent scholar," Professor Mason told me. "He would have made a splendid teacher."

"You disapproved of his choice of a profession?" I ventured.

"Well, yes," he replied. "But Pamp was a born actor and there was no stopping him. He was forever acting. He couldn't help it. Sometimes I would get a little tired and I'd say: 'Now, now, Barrymore.' The rebuke was always sufficient."

"I remember once Jacques Copeau was a guest of the Faculty. It was a considerable honor. Franchot met him. Later I asked Copeau what he thought of Franchot. 'You mean,' he replied. 'The young fellow I met at lunch? I liked him. I should like to have talked with him—he looks interesting, he has genius. I could see at once he was a born actor.'"

And Jacques Copeau should know. He has been at the helm of the Art Theatre in France for over thirty years. In 1917 the French Government sent him to us to produce their plays. It was sort of a good will tour. Years later he came over on a lecture tour and while here staged "The Brothers Karamazov" for the Theatre Guild. It was shortly after this that the above incident occurred.

Tone is a younger edition of this ultra-charming gentleman who says that Franchot has "nice instincts" and that he has never seen him do a discourteous or ungentlemanly thing or even an undiplomatic one... a fine compliment. Tone has the same mannerisms, the same subtle wit;

he has the alert mind, the humorous charm which characterizes Professor Mason and I feel, without knowing, that the professor must sense a touching pride and a keen responsibility when this mirror is held before his eyes.

Pamp was a member of the 10 O'Clock Club, which met three times a week with Professor Mason. During his last year at Cornell he did not have morning classes but on these three days he would drag himself from bed and, still half asleep, rush over to the meeting "for fear," said Professor Mason, "something might be said about him while he was away."

They have never lost track of each other, these two, though perhaps it is only once or twice a year that letters pass between them. And while he deplores the loss to the teaching profession Mason is inordinately proud of the success Franchot is building for himself.

On the other hand, Professor A. M. Drummond, in charge of Dramatics at Cornell, believes that Pamp did the best and wisest thing. He cannot see that there could ever have been a moment's indecision as to what Tone's career was meant to be. It was then and still is, according to this man, impossible for Tone not to get the best out of his chosen profession. Drummond's introduction to Franchot came when the latter tried out in his Freshman year for the part of Benchley in Shaw's "Arms and the Man"—tried out and got it. Professor Drummond was struck even then with the quality which is today making Tone one of our best light comedians. Some of Franchot's best training was received from Professor Drummond. Under his direction he appeared in such plays as Sheridan's "The Critic;" in the first productions of both "The House Into Which We Are Born" and Pirendello's "Right You Are If You Think So" which was later presented by the New York Theatre Guild; in "The Stranger" by Graycore; in plays by O'Neill, Barrie, Dunsany, Goodman, Mirabeau and others. And always the theatre came first with him... on this point everyone with whom I talked seemed agreed... it was the greatest love and joy of his life. He would forego any pleasure, any previous engagement for the chance to read a new part or do any work that meant advancement in the theatre. In his three years at Cornell he played a variety of parts, one of the most memorable and outstanding being that of Oberon in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

During his last year he was president of the Dramatic Club and he also staged and designed "The Masked Show" a production of the Savage Club, modernized after the Savage Club in London. I believe Tone was one of the organizers of this club.

It is interesting to compare the attitude of these two professors toward Franchot. Both are unashamedly proud of having had a hand in the shaping of his life. Professor Drummond is serious and in deadly earnest when he talks about Tone. He has facts and figures at his finger tips and you feel that he is an authority on his subject. Professor Mason is no less informed but his conversation takes on the form of reminiscing—the "I remember when" attitude. He chats with gracious informality about his association with Franchot, telling anecdotes which he frequently cautions are "off the record and not for publication." Always there is a humorous twinkle in his eyes and the smile on his lips which is so typical of Franchot.

Feminine friendship is as necessary to Franchot as the air he breathes and this

need was met in Ithaca by pretty Tessie Barton, now Mrs. Allan Tremaine of the family into which Irene Castle once married. They became great pals. They met at a tea at Pamp's fraternity . . . one of the few affairs of this kind he ever attended there, for Alpha Delta Phi distinctly disapproved of their brother until he covered them with more glory than they are likely to receive for many years to come. From Mrs. Tremaine I learned that Pamp had an excellent collection of Orthophonic records. He was particularly partial to the dramatic composers, Debussy and Wagner, and to all French and Russian music. Playing these records, reading aloud from "Alice in Wonderland," and working at his dramatic club formed his major activities in Cornell.

Tone was, according to both Professors Mason and Bissell, a remarkable but not a brilliant student. Even today Bissell recalls with considerable chagrin how he had to dig for the very things which Pamp Tone's retentive memory and photographic mind acquired with the utmost ease.

Somewhere I have read that Franchot was athletically inclined. Norm Bissell will tell you that he not only did not go in for sports but was not even interested enough to go to baseball or football games. He left that to his brother Jerry (Frank Jerome Tone, Jr.) who preceded him at Cornell and won considerable prominence in both sports. Pamp was only interested in dramatics . . . it became a kind of religion to him and he never allowed anything to interfere with it.

Franchot had a passion for books on the theatre and sophisticated literature. His family allowed him *carte blanche* in the purchase of such volumes and his theatrical library was considered by his Ithaca associates as the most complete of its kind they had ever seen. Norman Douglas' "South Wind" was his favorite book of modern fiction. He used to give autographed copies of it to all his friends.

Franchot was always interested in form and manners, so much so that during his stay at Cornell he wrote a report on the history of manners, in which he cited Chesterfield's letters. The thoroughness of this paper is still a matter of pride to his professors as is also a treatise he prepared on Wagner's music. Form and manners, music, literature and the allied arts make up the basic qualities of this very modern Pamp Tone with the contradictory streak of democratic ardor. He is always ready to take up the torch where some fallen crusader has dropped it in his struggle for a principle.

I asked Pamp about an occasion when he made stump speeches. He had quite forgotten all about it, and he laughed in what I could not decide was derision or the embarrassment a little boy feels when he has been caught in the jam pot.

"I must have been drunk, if I did that," he said. "I don't recall anything about it."

"From what I was told you didn't go in for that sort of thing," I said.

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh, parties and drinking. I understand you used to make one cocktail do all evening."

He chuckled.

"Say, listen, I'm a Kappa Beta Phi . . . don't let them kid you. I didn't miss

much fun."

One of the things about which Pamp is most proud is that he is the wearer of *both* the Phi Beta Kappa and the Kappa Beta Phi key . . . an almost unheard of occurrence. I only know one other person who has both these keys and, strangely enough, he is a professor of English . . . a former University of Virginia graduate. When a Kappa Beta Phi key is awarded two things are necessary, first, you must have flunked a subject; secondly the key is dropped into a bottle or glass of whiskey and in order to get it you must drink the whiskey, without removing the container from your lips, and take the key into your mouth at that time. And, of course, everyone knows that a Phi Beta Kappa key is a scholarship key. Which explains why both keys are almost never held by one person.

Tone had done a number of nice things on Broadway. He had worked with the New Playwriters' Guild and he had been a member of the original Group Theatre. His first real New York play was "The Age of Innocence," with Katherine Cornell, and he appeared in "Green Grow the Lilacs," "The House of Connelly" and "Success Story."

Out in Astoria, at the old Paramount Studio, he had had his first taste of film glory in "The Wiser Sex" with Claudette Colbert and William Boyd. This was in March 1932, just a little more than three years ago, and yet today Franchot Tone spells boxoffice in no uncertain quantity.

This has come to him on merit alone. He has not reached his present stature by riding, as has often been suggested, on the shoulders of certain friendships. He wasn't raised in a family which made grinding implements for nothing. A man with the brains and ability to develop Carborundum, a composition hard enough to cut diamonds, certainly could not fail to instill a little of this quality into his sons. Yes, sir, Pamp's backbone is in the right place. His career is founded on fact and will continue to thrive and blossom no matter in what soil it is planted. Tone, if given even one hundredth of a chance, is bound to become one of the unforgettable figures of the American screen . . . he can't miss.

And this is the lad who made dramatic history at Cornell. I have not talked with any of his professors, classmates, and friends in Ithaca since the release of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and I am wondering what they think of Pamp now. I am wondering how they will feel when they see him in "Mutiny on the Bounty," in a part totally different from anything he has ever played before.

On October 11th, in New York, Pamp married Joan Crawford, who has been so closely identified with his screen career. Romance has come to them both again. Somehow this seems right as rain. Clarence Brown who, as a director, has played a large part in their various successes, once told me that Joan Crawford's greatest success was yet to come. Certainly Franchot is just coming into his own. Perhaps this marriage is the thing which will turn the trick for both of them. When Destiny can't get a man or woman any other way she sends that little blind boy with his bow and arrow after them, and he never misses.

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A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal
Treatment



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE**

Gable Returns [Continued from page 49]

wagered a double martini just a few short days ago.

"Well, you win!" I murmured. "I'm on my way to the Capitol Theatre to see what Clark Gable does with the character of Fletcher Christian in 'Mutiny on the

Bounty.' You know, I was simply crazy about that book . . ." And before he could utter one "I told you so" I gently hung up the receiver and walked towards the first corner I had ever turned in search of a Clark Gable film.

"The Milky Way"

[Continued from page 29]



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seeing Burleigh's hands in the air, made a logical conclusion that here indeed was a hold-up beneath his very nose.

The cop would listen to no explanations, but with a huge revolver against Spider's ribs he marched him to the station house.

Burleigh, now that the familiar peace of the early morning had returned, went swiftly about the business of the trip. He took his tray full of bottles and ran lightly as the dawn to back door and dumbwaiter, returning again and again to the wagon as a paint brush between strokes returns to the pail of paint.

But drama, intense and horrifying, was abroad on this memorable morning and a more sinister note had struck! In the midst of Burleigh's pleasant routine, dread disaster had overtaken the shining white equipage, which was as full of milk as a coconut, and laid Agnes low. When Burleigh appeared from the basement entrance of 49 Roosevelt Court he found the faithful Agnes lying despairingly on her side. Burleigh's world had crashed.

"Help! Help! Help!" he cried.

Heads appeared at many windows, and what but a moment before had seemed a deserted city became quite alive, clamorous and vocative.

"What's the matter down there?"

"Stop the racket."

"How do you expect me to sleep?"

"What's the trouble?"

The whole block seemed to be yelling questions and all cackling together as one hen will set a whole hen roost to squawking.

"I gotta use a phone," Burleigh explained to the now thoroughly aroused citizenry. His plea failed to impress any one of the more vocal members of his audience, so Polly, as pretty a maid as ever wore a nightgown, (played by Ida Lupino), called down to the distracted milkman, "What do you want to use a 'phone for?"

"It's a matter of life and death—I need help," Burleigh answered.

"All right, you can use mine. Apartment 313," said Polly.

Burleigh ran to Polly's room and, as he entered, Polly popped into bed.

The ensuing phone conversation startled Polly considerably.

"Mr. Kinny . . . hello—hello! . . . Mr. Kinny, something's happened to Agnes," bawled Burleigh. After the conversation Polly suggested, "You better bring the lady up here." But when Burleigh explained that Agnes was a horse, the reaction was too much for Polly's composure and she fairly rolled with laughter and, carried away with mirth, unconsciously appeared very, very attractive and disclosed many a praiseworthy curve, round and luscious, until Burleigh fled from the laughing maid, covered with bashfulness and—leaving his cap behind.

Through that unpretentious bit of head gear, another meeting came about between Polly and Burleigh Sullivan, and romance began to ride about in the shining milk wagon until a flower almost sprouted from each Grade A milk bottle and honey from each Grade B.

Gabby Sloan's idea was taking form and in spite of hell and high milk prices, the day arrived when Burleigh, fascinated, listened to the voice of the tempter, for Gabby was wily, adroit and convincing.

"You're in the ring. They're yelling at you, calling you The Tiger. See? There's eighty thousand people to see you. You're the main guy—you got dough, thousands and thousands. The crowd is yelling—Tiger! Tiger!" Gabby paused for breath

and just then the phone rang. Burleigh answered the call and from the bewildered expression on his face Gabby became aware that again tedious turmoil and trouble were abroad in the land.

"But, Mr. Kinny," Burleigh remonstrated, "Agnes was sick and of course I sent her to the hospital. But, Mr. Kinny, I never had sixty dollars. I can't pay, Mr. Kinny!"

And then over the face of Burleigh, the milkman who had seen so many dawns come creeping, kissing tower and steeple, there came the dawn of an idea. His radiant face turned to Gabby Sloan.

"I'll do it," he yelled. "I'll fight, I'll fight."

Gabby decided that the training of Burleigh, now called "The Tiger," would be best conducted in a retreat far from inquisitive newspaper reporters. So as the warm days of summer drowsed away and the mosquitoes sang their litany, the old Jenkins place on the Saw Mill Road became a changed habitation. The erstwhile chicken coop was now the dressing room of "The Tiger" and, in the yard by the side of the lilac bushes where once Mrs. Jenkins had grown cauliflower, there stood, four square to all the world, a roped arena complete with canvas and bell. The training program, however, did not go forward. Burleigh listened attentively to the Spider and tried to profit by the wisdom of his remarks, but the manly art seemed indeed quite unintelligible to him.

Ann even took a hand in teaching Burleigh to move his feet and danced with him around the ring while Spider looked over in complete disgust. The girls, Mae and Polly, arrived at the training camp, and, as the shadows grew long across the meadow in front of the farm house, Speed and Mae walked and talked, quite happily together. And behind the barn, Burleigh and Polly talked to one another, smilingly, and from across the lower pasture the red-winged blackbirds by the river edge so lustily sang their trilling song, that it, too, seemed just a little more of the same delightful story.

Finally the night of The Tiger's first fight arrived and Gabby Sloan was reassuring him in his corner. But the milkman was plainly terrified. He heard the advice of Gabby, but he seemed hardly confident of the outcome of his coming battle.

". . . And not only that," said Gabby, "but you got your charm with you and when you have that old horse's tail there ain't nothing to worry about."

Burleigh was searching for something, but alas, whatever it was his search brought nothing to light, and as Gabby turned toward the announcer the Fighting Milkman sneaked through the ropes and escaped. The crowd hooted and yelled and when Gabby turned around he was nonplussed to see the empty corner. Gabby, quick to realize what had happened, rushed from the arena in pursuit. Later, the lost charm was found, and equipped with the magic horse's tail, Burleigh again entered the ring. The crowd jeered at him and the huge incandescent lamps revealed each tremor of fear.

At Burleigh's apartment were Speed and Mae, while at the barber shop Polly listened and manicured feverishly as the blow by blow description was broadcast.

"He's down. The Tornado is down," yelled the radio announcer. The crowd cheered wildly for The Tiger. His remarkable ducking had kept The Tornado from landing and his left jabs seemed to have jolted The Tornado into helplessness.



International

Paulette Goddard playing mother to Charlie Chaplin's boys, Sidney, left, and Charles, Jr. Shirley Temple joins the fun.

"Nine . . . ten and you're out," came over the radio and Mae and Speed embraced happily while at the barber shop Polly beamed upon every customer. Soon her hero would be at her side, she thought. But Gabby had other plans and Burleigh only had time to send an apologetic wire to Polly before he and Gabby were entrained and off to the next city and the fistic honors that the perfidious Gabby had arranged.

During the trip, Burleigh lived over again his sensations when the crowd was cheering and he questioned Gabby concerning popular heroes and fame, and learned that the crowd always loves the picturesque figures. He wondered how he should dress and act, and at his words Gabby became strangely thoughtful.

A few days later Typhoon Tommy became the second victim of the ducking milkman. But this time, as the prize-fighter groggily looked for Burleigh, the famous Fighting Milkman was over in his corner drinking a glass of milk. The crafty Gabby's publicity plans were taking shape.

The newspapers had flaunted the glory of Burleigh's triumphal battles continuously, so that on the day he was to reach his home town every man, woman and child was in holiday mood. At the station the Milkmen's Band blared and tooted and the breeze rippled a thousand flags and banners, while above the heads of the crowd huge balloons advertised to all the world the prowess of Burleigh Sullivan, now The Tiger, The Fighting Milkman.

The train drew into the station and pandemonium broke loose. Cheers rent the air. The balloons lurched and tugged at their restraining ropes, confetti whitened the shoulders of the thousands of welcoming citizens. Gabby and Burleigh at last appeared and the frenzied crowd yelled and sang, pounded one another's backs and milled about their hero.

"Tiger!"

"Tiger Milkman!"

"Hey, Tiger. Champ!"

Gabby, dressed like a ring master, had met Ann and was explaining the ballyhoo, while Burleigh, in clothes so loud that the plaids and stripes seemed to weigh him down, took the bows and kept the excitement going. He patronized Speed and kissed his sister, Mae. She tried to tell him something, but Burleigh had spotted Polly and rushed to her while news weekly cameramen ground their cameras and the admiring fans hurled long paper streamers at them. Prominent among the important

arrivals was Mr. Wilbur Austin, head of the Dairy Company and Burleigh's former boss. He took many bows and grinned as Burleigh introduced him to the crowd as his new manager. Ann questioned Gabby and learned that The Tiger had been sold by him to Austin, but that the \$50,000 purchase price had all been bet on Speed to win over Burleigh. Some fight fans in the crowd did not seem impressed with Burleigh's horse-play and one went so far as to put his head into the cab in which Speed and Mae were leaving, asking:

"Hey, Speed! What round you goin' to flatten that guy?" indicating Burleigh.

Mae turned to Speed, an expression of amazement in her eyes. "You never told me you were going to fight my brother," she said coldly. As Speed tried to escape her questioning, Mae at last saw the whole hideous plot. "I get it," she cried. "Six knockouts in a row. The fight fans get all hopped up—then you step in and send my brother to the hospital. Keep your dirty hands off me."

Speed tried to reassure her, but Mae, fathoming the whole campaign clearly for the first time, refused to be placated.

That night was the occasion for the big reception at the palatial Austin home. Mrs. Winthrop Lemoyne, sponsor of the Milk Fund, was there to meet the principals, and the fight articles were ready to be signed by Burleigh and Speed for their appearance at the Milk Fund Fights. Gabby sent for the fighters to get their signatures and Speed, looking very serious, entered with Mae.

Gabby greeted him. "Okay Speed. Now you sign on the bottom line. I'd sign Elwood McFarland instead of Speed, that'll make it look more legal."

"I'm not fightin', Gabby," said Speed as he refused the pen. "The scrap's off."

Slowly it dawned upon Gabby that Speed really meant to refuse to sign. He looked around wildly. The others in the room gasped in open-mouthed wonder. For a moment Gabby watched the swinging pendulum of a tall clock as if fascinated. Then he let his eyes travel around the luxurious room and come to rest on Speed.

"You sign that contract," he yelled.

To Gabby's horror Speed took the contract and tore it into bits. "I'm not going to fight my brother-in-law," he said, and Mae lifted her chin defiantly. "Speed," moaned Gabby, "you know my blood pressure. Do you want to kill me?"

The butler announced Burleigh, who came in dressed in full evening dress. He went to the center of the room and demanded to know the reason for the tense situation. Gabby whirled on him dramatically and, pointing to the torn fight articles, said:

"He done it! Ha! Go ahead, Speed, tell him so we can all laugh."

"It's like I said," said Speed. "I'm not going to fight my brother-in-law."

Burleigh in his ballyhoo mood made fun of Speed and left the room with Mrs. Lemoyne. But no sooner did Mae realize how her happiness, her home and her darling to-come-babies were being jeopardized than she entirely changed her mind and demanded that Speed sign up at once, much to Speed's delight.

Meanwhile, Burleigh had taught the "knee action duck" to Mrs. Lemoyne. When Polly appeared, Mrs. Lemoyne left them alone, but Polly surprised Burleigh by refusing to have anything to do with him. She called him a killer and finally got him to promise that he would not fight. It was only when Gabby had pled the cause of the helpless babies crying for milk that Burleigh signed and the great fight was on.

But Polly felt that she could not bear to see Burleigh almost murder the former



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by Jane Heath



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champ, so she went to plead with Speed.

"He ain't going to hurt nobody," laughed Speed. "I'm carrying him for three rounds, then—zing!"

"I'm going to tell him," cried Polly.

"Oh, no you ain't," said Speed as he grabbed Polly and tussled with her, trying to lock her in the closet. But Polly was furious at him, and, kicking the door with her full strength, she swung it open just as Speed charged at her and his head struck the edge of the door with such force that he slumped to the floor out cold.

Polly tried to make good her threat to Speed and so went to Burleigh's dressing room to tell him the news, but to her consternation Burleigh was missing. The pine boards of the cheaply made rooms echoed hollowly to her calls and she realized that once more the heavy hand of the unexpected held their destinies in danger. Could she have seen Burleigh she would have realized that the soft heart of the milkman that she had so instinctively liked still actuated his every act, for Burleigh had slipped away to the hospital to see Agnes, his once devoted horse. His trip was well rewarded, for he found the veterinary all smiles and Agnes, too, seemed very happy to see him. There, by the side of his former business associate, was a weak-legged pony whose gentle gaze entirely won Burleigh's heart.

Spider had been told to keep an eye on The Tiger so; after Burleigh disappeared, Spider took to Gabby the note Burleigh had left: "Tell Gabby I'll be a little late for the fight."

Gabby was desperate. The thousands of fight fans roared at the preliminary fighters and Gabby knew they were in a tough mood. When the time for the main bout came and still Burleigh was missing, Gabby went to get Speed to fill in the time and found him on the floor still groggy. "Get me the ammonia . . . wait a minute . . . I got it myself." But alas, it was the sleeping medicine all the time! Gabby put the bottle to Speed's mouth, made him drink and so another complication came into the picture.

Later, Gabby Sloan took the mike to tell the audience at the fights the thrilling story of The Tiger, and as Speed nodded in his corner, Burleigh, with the colt, tried to get into the other side of the ring. The fight fans yelled with delight. The Fighting Milkman was being as funny as ever. "He's a sketch, that guy!" "Hey, Tiger!" they yelled vociferously.

Overhead a lazy blimp flashed electric words to hasten the wheels of commerce. The last glint of daylight faded from the western sky. Soda and cigarette boys called raucously to the excited fans and the peace of night had a hard time to find a place to settle.

For life is all a comedy to fight fans and philosophers, and as Speed and Burleigh stepped to the middle of the ring to receive their final instructions Mae and Polly flung their arms about one another, their young hearts fluttering with terror.

The bell rang for round one!

O-Kay Francis

[Continued from page 17]

possessions and does not have them on display. Most of her books are lined around her bedroom, some even in the bathroom. Likes to read in the tub, but is very careful about her bookcovers. Kay is not a careless person.

But she is very cagey on the romance subject. Won't discuss it. However, there are ways of finding out things about a lady

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whose romances can be kept about as sub rosa as a brass band. What the public wants to know, the public discovers.

The romance is Delmer Daves, writer on the Warner lot, and the only writer there, we are told, whose contract permits him to write at home. So you see, Delmer rates. He is tall, red-headed, intelligent, not handsome, and very quiet. Went to Stanford and studied law. He wrote "Flirtation Walk" and was never noticed on the set when that picture was shooting. He wrote "Stranded" for Kay, and was on the set all day long. Kay gave the romance a vacation to see if she could forget him—and he arrived back in town with her. He had gone up to San Francisco to meet her train from Lake Banff. They refuse to be photographed together so they go to previews and sit in the balcony, after which Delmer descends to the main floor, looks the situation over, and beckons to Kay if the coast is clear. That's all I know about the romantic life of Kay Francis, and your imagination will have to supply the details. In fact, that's all *anybody* knows, except her close friends and Delmer Daves.

About houses—to get down to earth again—Kay says "no house can have more than comfort, convenience, and an inviting atmosphere. Beyond that is vanity. My friends take me as I am, and I have no desire to impress strangers." My gosh, she sounds too sensible to be a movie star. I

wish there were more like her.

Kay is an economical lady, with planned economy, and will some day be, undoubtedly, one of Hollywood's wealthiest women. It's a cinch she will never be in an extra line, begging for work, when she is old and gray. She seems to subscribe to the Nietzschean (but maybe it was Kant) theory that one's first duty to the world is to take care of one's self. Anyway, it's a good theory no matter who thought it up.

There have been three Fords in Kay's Hollywood career. (She hates, she says, the "limousine attitude" toward life.) When a child, she had a penchant for naming things, and still does. The Ford is called Rabbit the Third and Peter and She-Peter are the cats. The goldfish are the Seven Vestal Virgins. The Dachshund is Weinie. The bird is Napoleon the Second. A noisy bull-frog that moves all around with her (that is, he has moved to three houses in seven years) is called Basso Profundo.

Kay dislikes jewelry and never wears it. In a safe deposit vault in Wall Street two jewels shine unseen, a diamond and an emerald. They are the symbols of a departed love, and their history is kept a deep secret.

Her next picture is to be "Lovely Lady," and no picture ever had a more appropriate title. She is lovely. And she has the background, the discrimination, the selectivity, that really constitutes a lady.

The Gentleman from New Guinea [Continued from page 16]

A travelogue film expedition fired his soul with sudden thespic yearnings. Deciding to do something about it, he returned to England.

His career began with stock companies, after which he played on the London stage with Herbert Marshall in "Another Language," had the lead in "Othello" and starred in John Drinkwater's drama, "A Man's House." His dashing personality in an English film brought him the coveted role of *Peter Blood*.

A confessed fatalist, he regards the movies as just another adventure. This career business isn't turning out such a snap as he had anticipated. If it had, he probably would have quit by now.

"I never worry about anything." He settled his sinewy length in a big chair and lit a cigaret.

"Acting interests me—just now, anyhow—because it is a reproduction of life's drama. No matter how energetic one is, one can't go everywhere and do everything, except vicariously. That's why the movies appeal to me more than the stage, with their wide panorama of locales and dramas, their vivid action. I can't stand routine.

"I had read of Hollywood as a cruel place, where hopes were dashed, an insular world self-sufficient, excluding outsiders. I haven't found it so. Except for their justifiable competitive spirit, the people are friendly. They are clever and interesting, and smart individualists.

"However," his eyes twinkled, "I can see where it is going to be my toughest adventure. That's why it appeals to me.

As all current fans know, he married Lili Damita in a whirl-wind elopement to Yuma. They had met on shipboard, en route to America.

I had thought of Lili as the international fiancée, as she had been reported engaged to Prince Louis Ferdinand of Germany, to Hugo Brassie of England, to Sidney Smith and Joseph M. Schenck, Americans. But who can compete against those beguiling Irishmen?

The diamond in her engagement ring was bought five years ago in New Guinea with part of the money for which he had

sold his gold strike, as he thought it would be easier to carry out his new wealth in rough-cut stones. He traded the others for stocks, which promptly slid off the exchange, but kept that one sparkler as a good luck emblem.

Though he represented England at the Amsterdam Olympics in 1928, in the heavy-weight boxing class, he doesn't follow any daily dozen athletic routine, except that he has been practicing fencing for his "Captain Blood" role. His boxing career was "just fun," and he likes tennis and swimming, too.

He has written short stories and a book describing the dangers and thrills of pearl-fishing. He never dived, himself, but watched his natives win battles against sharks.

Twice he decided he had had enough of New Guinea, and left, and twice he was called back by the fascinating spell of the tropics. The primitive naturalness of life down there appeals to him.

Watching actors' shadows flicker across a sheet stretched between trees down there, little did he dream that some day he would be performing such exploits on the screen, himself!

"In small towns in the tropics, the reactions of both natives and whites are similar to ours. The films are old ones; there are almost no sound movies—at least, I never saw any, though there may be some by now in the bigger places. Silent Western pictures, starring Bill Hart and Hoot Gibson, are run until they are completely worn out. The drawing-room 'problem plays' haven't reached there yet.

"Yes, it does seem strange to be in Hollywood, meeting actors whom I knew only as images from a distant civilization. But one can't get to know people well here; the social life is amusing but superficial. However, remember that I am just a savage, from the jungles! Perhaps when I am tamed, I will jump through the social hoops, too."

I don't think so. He always will be an Irish lad challenging, enjoying and evaluating life, and contributing his vibrant personality to new and exciting adventures.



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"The Feed Bag"

[Continued from page 8]

front gate. The ranch house sprawls comfortably beneath any number of beautiful cottonwoods and walnut trees, and an atmosphere of peace and quiet prevails. Hollywood seems a long way off from there, although Buck makes it in to town in twenty minutes in his high-powered car.

In summer Buck doesn't eat much for his morning meal. Coffee, raisin-toast and cereal, usually. In winter, however, he generally spends several hours working around the ranch corrals, helping rub down his horses and looking after his powerful Danes. His appetite is keen therefore, and he likes a man's size breakfast of ham and eggs or bacon and eggs with either waffles or hot cakes and coffee.

For lunch, he eats in the studio lunchroom and orders whatever he prefers on the bill-of-fare offered him.

Dinner is something else again. He likes vegetable soup, watercress or combination salad with mayonnaise.

Buck hunts a great deal and often brings home a brace of wild ducks. Odelle always cooks them herself, because she knows exactly how Buck likes them prepared. He prefers this meat rare. Buck cleans them well for her, then she bakes them, without stuffing, in a roaster in a hot oven for twenty or thirty minutes. She bastes the meat with water and frequently she uses orange juice in place of water, as the tang of orange improves the wild flavor of the meat. She covers the breast of the ducks with thin slices of salt pork when roasting. She often places a few stalks of celery inside the duck if it is to be served quite rare. When guests are invited for a duck dinner, she cooks it longer than when the family is dining alone.

Here is a sample menu of a Buck Jones Duck Dinner:

Onion soup
Wild Duck with Wild Rice Currant Jelly
Salad (Cress and Endive or Lettuce and Cress)
French Fried Potatoes
Spinach or Asparagus
Lemon tarts Cheese Coffee

Buck prefers duck to turkey and it is not unusual for them to have an appetizing duck dinner on Christmas day. Neither Buck nor Odelle are the type to do something just because it is considered the regular or routine thing to do. They live their lives as they see fit and proper themselves. Because they are happiest in simple living, they do not attempt to go social or make an impression, although the Jones bank account compares favorably with some of the screen's most popular stars.

Odelle gave me her recipe for making lemon tarts. They are much better to serve with duck than lemon pie. Here it is:

To make the tart shells:
½ pound butter 6 tablespoons sugar
2 cups flour 4 egg yolks
½ teaspoon salt

Work salt, flour, and butter together; add egg yolks and a tablespoon of water if mixture is too thick. Work it only just long enough to have dough blended. Put in ice box to chill.

To bake tart shells—

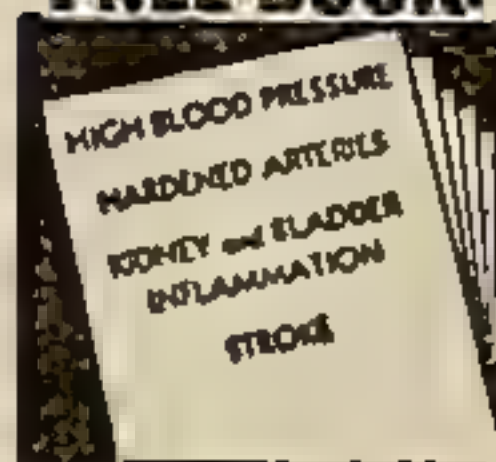
Line patty shell tins, or large muffin tins, or individual baking molds, according to the size tart you want, with thinly rolled paste, fluting the edges, and pressing to molds, so that crust will not shrink away in baking. Bake in medium hot oven but do not brown too thoroughly. For the filling, use the same recipe as for lemon pie filling.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of Silver Screen, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joshua Superior, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Silver Screen and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Screenland Magazine, Inc., 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Editor, Eliot Keen, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Managing Editor, Eliot Keen, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; Business Manager, Joshua Superior, 45 W. 45th St., New York City. 2. That the owners are: V. G. Heimbucher, 45 W. 45th St., New York City; J. S. MacDermott, 45 W. 45th St., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Joshua Superior, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, 1935. Edward A. Geelan, Jr., Notary Public, Kings County No. 196. Certificate filed in New York County No. 526. (My commission expires March 30, 1936.) [Seal.]

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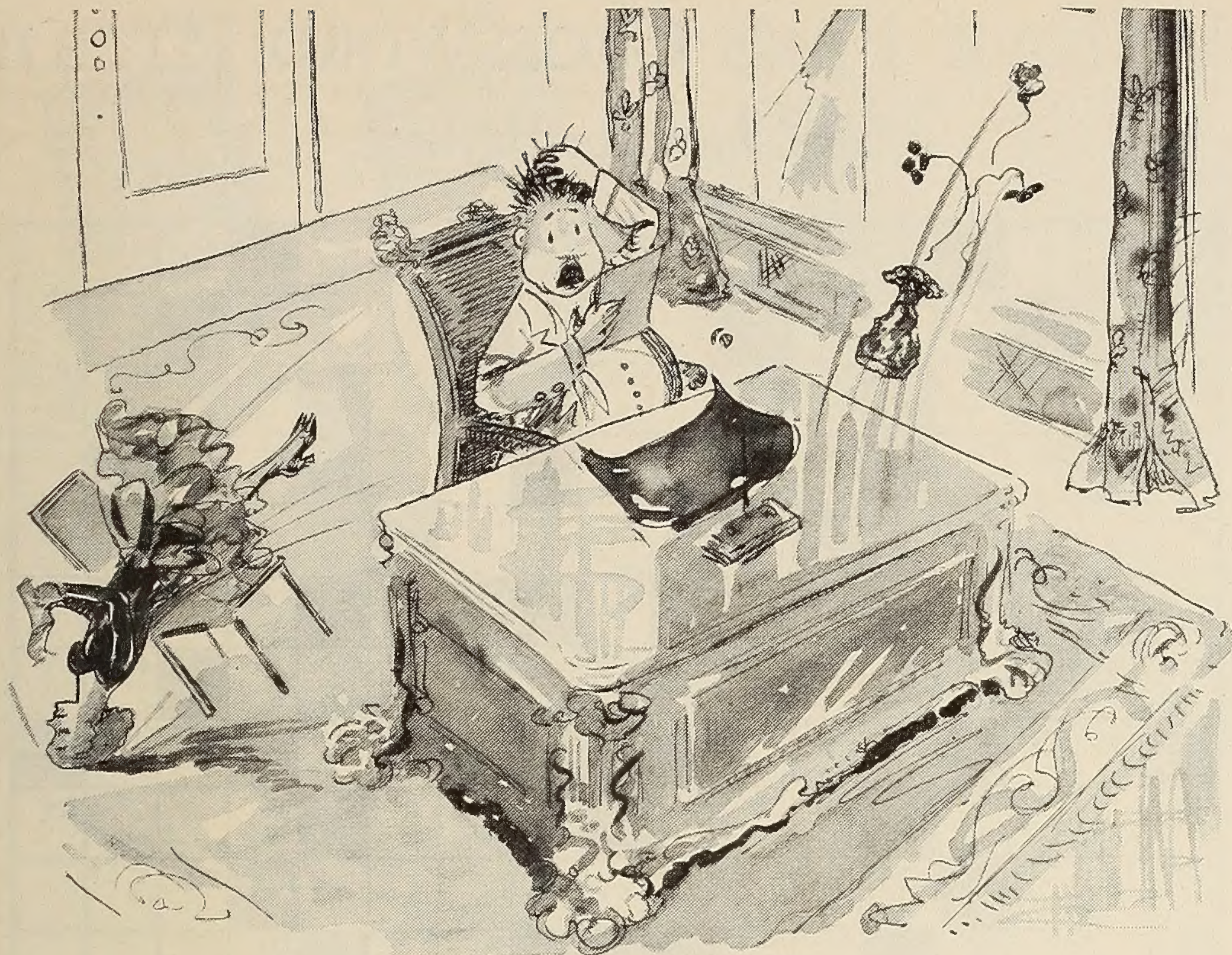
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Walter Winchell and Damon Runyon, who plotted doing a G-man story sometime ago, had an offer from a producer who had heard about it. The boys received a wire from him reading: "Would like to see a skeleton of your story."

"WOULD LIKE TO SEE A SKELETON OF YOUR DOUGH," was the wire they shot back.

Anne Shirley [Continued from page 21]

tirely forgotten. Now and then she would throw him a roguish glance to see if she were being properly appreciated, much to Farnum's amusement.

"What chance has a man got," he said laughing, "when they begin to coquette at the age of three."

Shortly after this picture Mrs. O'Day, acting on the advice of Mr. Brenon and several friends, packed up and went to Hollywood. Not only was there more opportunity there for the child in pictures, but living was cheaper and Hollywood a more livable place than New York for people in moderate circumstances.

For the first few years she did very well, then the tide turned and the struggle for existence became a rather terrible one. The little girl felt the strain, she was seven or eight by that time, as much as her mother did. She knew that earning the living was her responsibility, and although she was not fully aware of what it all meant she knew in her baby way that they were "up against it" and that she must find a way out. She didn't know how to do that, except to put her whole heart and soul into the work she had now grown to love. Solving an economic problem is heavy meat for a child so young and Dawn took it far more seriously than was best for her—and yet it was those years of anxiety that fostered a deep longing for something, she knew not what, that deepened the child's nature. Tides of emotion too obscure for her to express radiated from her in everything she did. They do yet. You saw it

in her eyes in "Anne of Green Gables," "Chasing Yesterday," and in the early scenes of "Steamboat Round the Bend."

They lived then in a little green bungalow on top of a hill which formed a part of Laurel Canyon. They owned the house and Dawn was very proud of it. She never wanted to have a great big house, she said, because things would seem so far away and she liked things she loved to be close to her. I wonder if, in the years which now promise a brilliant future, Anne will change her mind about "a great big house." I don't think so. She has moved to more commodious quarters, but she is not the luxuriant nor the flamboyant type of girl that demands diamonds and peacock plumes for herself.

In the story books the Prince comes along and rewards Cinderella. In Anne's case the Prince was a young director—George Nichols, Jr., who remembered a small part she did in a picture he had cut the year before. His first directorial assignment was as co-director on "Finishing School." There was a part in it that he felt no one should play but Anne, or Dawn as she still was, and he went to a good deal of trouble to secure the part for her, and to still more trouble to locate her after he had won.

Her performance, however, won the R-K-O executives to her side and she was given another part in "Bachelor Bait." She was featured in this and her reception was so great that R-K-O thought her ready for stardom. George Nichols, now a full fledged director, selected "Anne of Green Gables" for his first picture. The story was Dawn's favorite and Anne her favorite heroine. She asked to have her name changed to Anne Shirley and this was made legal by California law in time to use in her first starring picture. She was then sixteen and the youngest star, with the exception of Shirley Temple.

Her next picture will be an R-K-O version of Dickens' "Little Dorrit."

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* * * * *

DID you see the new kind of jokes in this issue? They are TRUECOMICS—jokes really made by the wits of Hollywood.

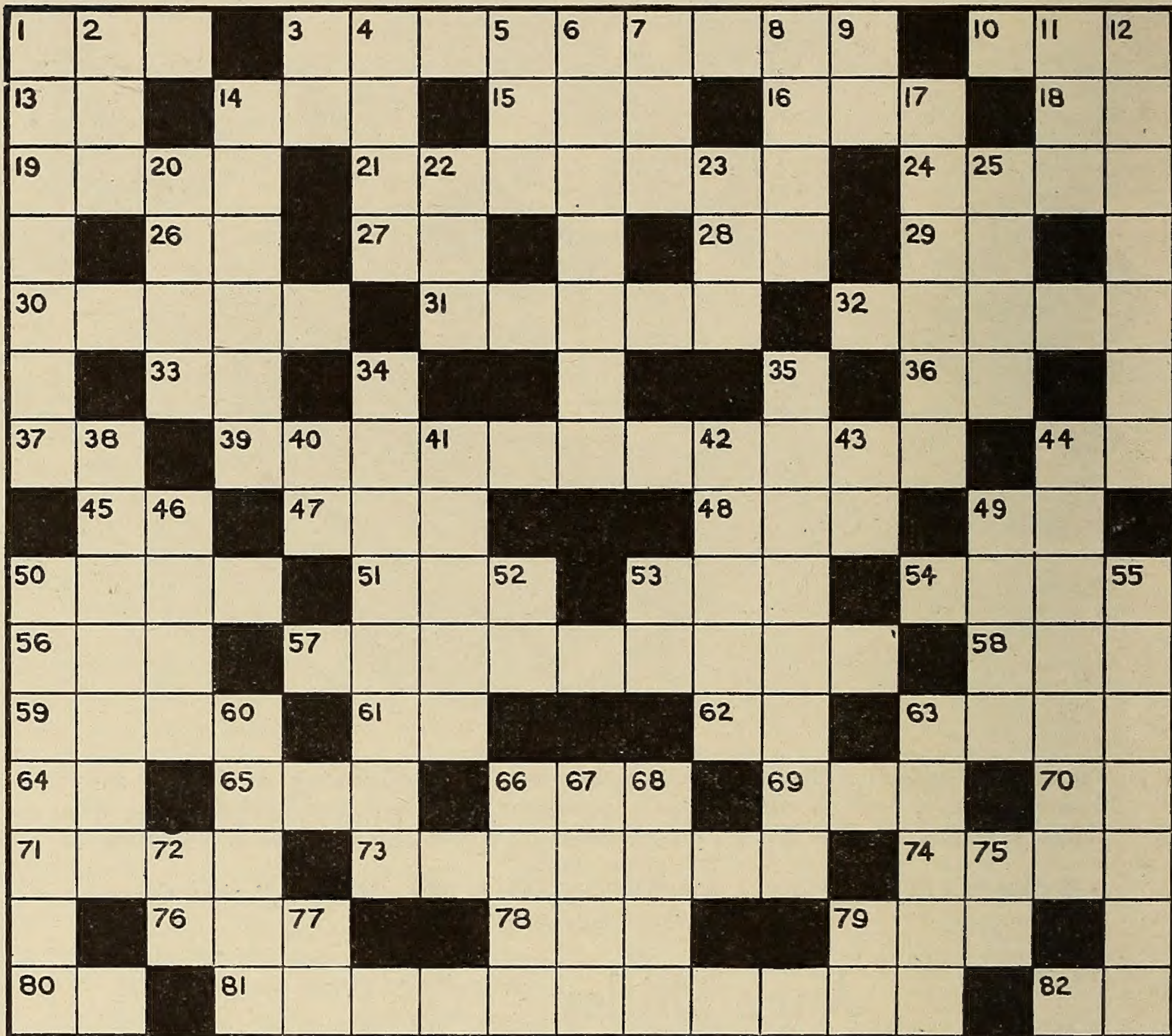
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Yours for a great 1936!

Short Keen
THE EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

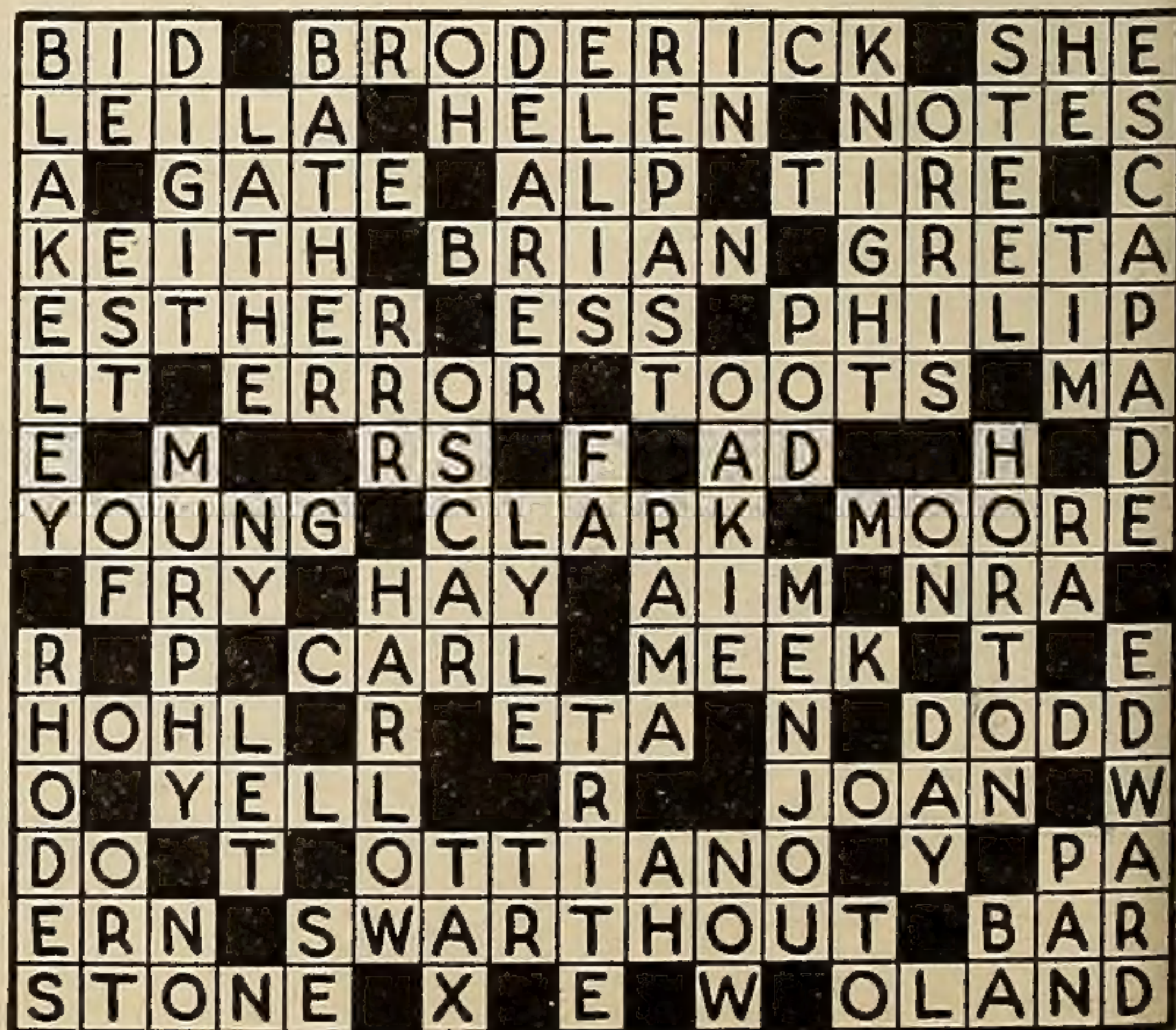
- 1-3 Director of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
- 10 Definite article
- 13 Ruby Keeler's husband
- 14 Nocturnal flying mammal
- 15 King (Fr.)
- 16 Vase
- 18 Article (It.)
- 19 Girl's first name
- 21 Soon to be seen in "Modern Times"
- 24 Otherwise
- 26 Speech of hesitancy
- 27 A call to excite attention
- 28 Definite article
- 29 The state Huey Long made famous (abbr.)
- 30 Her latest picture is "The Magnificent Obsession"
- 31 Joan Crawford's leading man in "I Live My Life"
- 32 "Captain Blood"
- 33 Myself
- 36 That is (abbr.)
- 37 Whether
- 39 An English poet and dramatist
- 44 Man's title of courtesy (abbr.)
- 45 Morning (abbr.)
- 47 Sea eagle
- 48 Skill
- 49 A degree (abbr.)
- 50 A dull whitish tint
- 51 Small mound
- 53 Unit of energy
- 54 He played a dual rôle in "All the King's Horses"
- 56 Fragment of a meal
- 57 Pertaining to an element
- 58 A beverage
- 59 An act
- 61 A suffix
- 62 He returns to the screen in "Rolling Along" (initials)
- 63 Extorted money from
- 64 Mrs. Bing Crosby (initials)
- 65 To decay
- 66 River in Switzerland
- 69 To commit a fault
- 70 Direction of compass (abbr.)
- 71 On the sheltered side
- 73 His glorious voice is heard again in "Metropolitan"
- 74 Above
- 76 The period from dawn to dark
- 78 Wager
- 79 A nocturnal bird
- 80 Perform
- 81 A famous composer
- 82 Either

DOWN

- 1 His first picture was "Here's To Romance"
- 2 The son of Mohammed
- 3 Royal Academy (abbr.)
- 4 To engrave with needle
- 5 Pres. Roosevelt's great recovery plan (abbr.)
- 6 Feminine star of "Barbary Coast"
- 7 To be ill

- 8 "The Daring Young Man"
- 9 Our "Rough Rider," president (initials)
- 11 Belonging to him
- 12 The delightful dancer in "Broadway Melody of 1936"
- 14 Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim"
- 17 A girl's nickname
- 20 Overflowing
- 22 The nave of a wheel
- 23 He appeared as Renny in "Jalna"
- 25 A lovely English actress
- 34 The gay young blade in "She Married Her Boss"
- 35 We shall soon see her in "So Red The Rose"
- 38 He makes a comeback in "Forbidden Heaven"
- 40 Masculine pronoun
- 41 Leg joints
- 42 The globe on which we dwell
- 43 Correct (abbr.)
- 44 Famous for her beautiful legs
- 46 To measure
- 49 The sun god
- 50 She is Chaplain's leading lady
- 52 Type measure
- 53 A prefix
- 55 He possesses much charm
- 60 An idle fancy
- 63 The comedian of "Bright Lights"
- 66 A curate
- 67 D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers"
- 68 Soaks
- 72 A man's name
- 75 One of the famous radio orchestra leaders (initials)
- 77 Biblical pronoun
- 79 Exclamation of surprise

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





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